

THE
AGE AND ITS ARCHITECTS:

TEN CHAPTERS

ON

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE,

IN RELATION TO THE TIMES.

BY

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P R E F A C E . .

To aid the great cause of Truth in its struggles through the age, so far as an infant may aid an angel, is the purpose of this volume.

The power which any book, the worthiest book—any man, the worthiest man—can possess, now-a-days, is very small. With men who think at all, individualism is a stern creed. Books like this, then, which you hold in your hand, possess a very inconsiderable share of power indeed. But there is a strange pleasure in communicating their thinkings and readings to their immediate fellow-thinkers and readers, and to this pleasure I plead guilty. I have jotted down the things in this book, not with the idea that any words of mine can be weighty enough to give a faith or a form to the intellect or the affections, but with the idea that they may, perhaps, awaken some minds to inquiry

into the various matters of human and social interest, and, perhaps, tend to confirm in some the belief in a Providence watching over the Age, and all Ages; and the belief further, in the high privilege conferred upon man to be a "fellow-worker" with that Providence for the weal of the globe.

I have used the pronoun in a very arbitrary manner; I am aware of it. The critics won't trouble their pates about me or my book. Probability is that it will be read by scarce any one out of my own circle of friends, and I am sure of pardon there.

Finally when I had proceeded in the printing of the volume some hundred and fifty pages, I found that I had heaped together so much matter beyond the possible space of publication, that I was obliged to condense; hence the brevity of the latter chapters as compared with the first.

E. P. H.

*Fulford, near York,
March 7th, 1850.*

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CHAPTER I.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AGES.

PROLOGUES OF QUOTATIONS.

"It is hard to find a whole age to imitate, or what century to propose for our example. Some have been far more approbative than others; but virtue and vice, panegyrics and satires, scatteringly to be found in all history, set down not only things laudable but abominable; things which should never have been, or never have been known. So that noble patterns must be fetched here and there from single persons rather than whole nations, and from whole nations rather than any one."

SIR THOMAS BROWN. "Christian Morals."

"Almost every one when a state of civilization is spoken of, understands by that phrase our own state, and that of the other most refined European nations. No doubt we are *more* civilized than our ancestors, and than the mass of mankind at the present day. But I hope and trust, that our posterity five centuries hence will look on us as semi-barbarians."

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY. "Political Economy."

"The slow progress of the race in true morality, is to be ascribed to the consecrated crudities of former ages. The ideas of mankind, naturally progressive on this as on all other subjects, are continually called back to the venerated models, while they have an irresistible tendency to depart from it. To borrow an expressive phrase from a modern writer, they are "tethered to the stump of all superstitions." Thus the morality of a nation may long remain rude, vacillating, and inconsistent amidst the wonders of mechanical art, the achievements of physical science, and the refinements of taste."

SAMUEL BAILEY. "Author of Essays on the Publication of Opinion."

THE AGE AND ITS ARCHITECTS.

CHAPTER I.

Simultaneous Development of Opinions and People: -
• Characters in Society, Mechanic and Or, mine - Influence of
• Great thoughts and Great Men - a New Age - Character-
istics - Science - Democracy - Difficulties in the way of
British Civilisation - Industry, its Power in Developing
the Life and Mind of a People - Achievements - Gold -
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gress - State of Ancient People and their Civilisation -
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gress - Clive - Defoe on the Poor - Improvement of
Social Condition - Curious Facts - Despairing views of
Lord Jersey, contrasted with those of Mr. Macaulay
Summary Review of the Ages of England - The Age of
Commercial Development - An Old English Fair - Age
of Elizabeth - Age of Parties - Prospects of the Present
Age of Action.

To the student of history no circumstance in the
• movement of humanity, is more remarkable and
note-worthy than the simultaneousness with
which the life of nations and races develops it-
self; there is apparently a wonderful and in-
stinctive unanimity in the characteristics and
thoughts of the ages, so that to a great degree
an idea is not confined to a nation, but spread-

ing, or spontaneously rising in other lands, diffuses itself over archipelagoes and continents, over oceans, and widely-scattered and divided states. The condition of our present civilization, and the easy methods of our communication, do not seem sufficient to account for this; for it is not a feature of our times alone, although in our times the fact is more wondrously developed than in any preceding day; probably it has its origin in the distinctive peculiarities of a race, perhaps the mind of the race, like the mind of the individual, necessarily and invariably pass through a series of processions and cycles identical in their manifestation, thus furnishing a strong proof of the original, fundamental uniformity of our common human nature. In the reign of barbaric magnificence, in the wanderings of sea-kings or of conquerors, in the wildness of anarchy and misrule, in law concentrating itself by force, in the night-time of the nations, in the vivid rayonance or glare of reformatations and revolutions—in all these, the people, especially of Europe, have shared or sought to share; by some nations the thought has been held with fervid clasp—by others with spasmodic or hysteric affection—by others with the faint, but agonistic death-clutch; as if a stronger or feebler current of electricity had run through each atmosphere, or a like life, with more or less vigour had stirred within their veins:—the first aspect of the necessitarian doctrine is a very humbling one, and a statement like that with which this book opens, in harmony as it is with facts of more intricate

detail, would almost compel us to the conclusion, that in the progress of the world little is left to the free will of man, the instincts of humanity seem to beat in harmony with great laws, as determinate and irresistible as the growth of vegetable life, and the arrangements of the starry universe. M. Quetelet has very clearly and sufficiently proved that the gales of passion and caprice, the crimes, the casualties, the marriages, the births, and the deaths of mankind, depend on inevitable though inscrutable causes; man's freedom in the most insignificant and trivial events of life is evidently limited: the law is in force in many instances where we do not see it; and this doctrine, so far from being the cause of atheism and despair, should be the fountain of grateful and pleasant emotions; it should be to us the perpetual assurance that we are not entirely orphans in the universe; we should hear the whisperings of providence in "the still sad music of humanity," running through all the ages of time; we should look upon actors, events, and discoveries, as properly belonging to the age when they appeared, as indeed created from the age,—a necessary part of its development if the man or the event ever fill our mind with consternation,—yet let us betake ourselves to the cheerful faith that order is the destiny of the universe, that even every aberration from order can only result in the final establishment of law, which is indeed but another name for providence. I have chosen to describe the changes which are produced in society as an architecture, but in

truth those changes are susceptible of a twofold delineation, if the social change is architectural, this results from the individual, and that is organic; the first influences are the result of building, the second of growth; the first are the result of plan, arrangement, and intention; the second arise from feeling, from faith, from strength growing out of a very sense of weakness and helplessness. The erection of society is like the erection of a building, it dates its origin from necessity, and it is in truth a series of results, every one of which is either a wise or an unwise adaptation; the social fabric rises like a minster or a mansion, it shows perhaps a variety of styles and compartments, and every part is the reflection or transcript of a different era of thought and life; institutions are like chapelries and rooms, and laws are like the bricks which compose the edifice; while these again are the crystalizing down into one tangible substance of the souls of former times, their strength, knowledge, wisdom, weakness, or virtue. But the growth of the soul is like the growth of the oak or the flower, it develops itself from within; the germination of the plant results from the sap, and this again results from the light, the heat, the mould, and a thousand imperceptible influences of nature: the oak must grow, it is the law of its nature, it must grow to be in unison with the influences within it and around it; the electric current, when it finds a tree unable to grow, its trunk and branches thickly scaled over each other in sturdy and obstinate conservatism, containing

sap unable further to develop its life, turns that sap into steam, which thus by its expansive force take a terrible revenge, and tears and rends the oak in pieces: do we not read here a solemn symbol of the nature of revolutions, those capital punishments of nations.

Society then may be described as a piece of architecture, for it is the objective side of human history; and if any persons demur on the term, as too mechanical, let them remember that the whole universe is a mechanism, is a building—one thing is so set against another, that we dare not look at it in its organic structure and character alone; our bodily frames, our souls, our human institutions, our histories, all bear the evidence of rearing powers; all our modes of expression, by which we describe life as an endeavour or a discipline, humanity with all its societies as a progress or development, all these suppose that there is behind all the forms of the ages a wise master-builder, that all men are so many minor builders and erectors of scaffolding for the great purposes contemplated by the primal Architect. Ages are the framework or the theatre on which the shifting tribes of Adam play their parts; men and thoughts thus become architects, remoulding, reconstructing, beneath, as has been said, the sanction of some imperative and overruling dispensation. In this view of things, history does not concern itself with the mere territory, the ground on which we move, it is not a question of space or of time, it has to do with the measure of the miles in space through which souls travelled, and the

length of time they took to travel in, this is history; it is the great time-keeper of our planet, it is the science of moral chronometry; the names struck by the clock have no value in themselves, they derive all their value from the fact that they indicate the hour. In the success or the failure of the man we read the disposition and the tendency of the world; for in fact, it is not always true that the most noted or the most memorable is the greatest among men;—true, some men create an age, some are created by their age; some by extraordinary intrepidity in threading the mazes of a new thought, in laying bare the intricacies of a new idea, even in a new theological dogma,—in a new scientific deduction,—with few believers in their own time, writing, it may be, in a tone so abstract, that only the thoughtful and the accomplished can understand either their phraseology or their reasoning, yet these men make an age—never, or but seldom, during their life-time, but frequently long years after: Bacon, Bentham, Kant, Voltaire, Rousseau, and many other well-known names, are illustrations that we can never estimate the value of a book or a thought, it has conclusions and results which call into existence a class of thinkers who demand some one man, a man of action, to do for the multitude what the more exalted genius had effected for them: it is needful that in that man's soul should be fused down the thoughts,—the feelings,—the impressions of myriads of men, not that he is really greater than they, perhaps not so great, but a clear-

sighted enthusiastic man, disposed to devote his life to be the captain of an idea; to marshal its labourers into their places, to give laws to labour, and to defend and apologise for the idea which has roused his enthusiasm. Such is frequently a great man.

Great men, then, are the architects of an age, —those men who, like mountains, first catch the glimpses of the light before it penetrates to the valleys; like mountains some men are so happily situated, so elevated, that they possess the power of collecting and refracting the rays which shines even on other hills. Great men may be variously described, either as those in whose souls the light of their few equals and contemporaries brightens, in whose souls are fused down the souls of preceding men and times, or the originators of new thoughts and opinions, the heralds of new impressions; perhaps the great difference between men is in the relative amount of intensity, sensibility, and patience, distinguishing their nature; of these, indeed, there have been but few, and these seem to have been a providence in the whole life of their time; their birth and their education, and the circumstances which called them before the world; a gifted and superior sensibility, when it is allied with active virtue, is the truest character of the reformer; yet these men, who have been lifted so far beyond the ordinary men of their race, who look out into the centuries so far beyond them, do not these men move in harmony with certain laws? Are not great men, therefore, to be regarded as the

individualizations of general thought? True, it may be said, that great men and great ages do not appear simultaneously; great men naturally precede great ages; the men who figure through the stages and theatres of the modern movement are little men compared with those who originated the ideas which have made them great. The true method, of course, of estimating men is by the amount of moral power they possess—force is the mere attribute of the brute; to become strong the man must have conversed deeply with himself, must know his own nature well, must have wrestled with the wild tyrannies threatening that nature. Great men satisfy the present, but they then advance to the future; the same intentions and teachings which have enabled them to serve their own time, have also enabled them to advance forward to the future times; for while with most men the necessity of change is an appetite merely of the senses, the man who proposes to society the method by which its order is to be adjusted, does so in virtue of a spiritual and moral appetite within him, he, therefore, of all men, does not rest on the attained, or even on the apparently attainable; nay, it very frequently happens that he well knows what modern society demands, but knows too that there are men able to do *that* work, and he applies himself, therefore, to a labour at once more congenial to his moral tastes, and less likely to be performed; thus political action must be the work of lowest political estimation, since the political ques-

tions of the day are the moral problems of other preceding ages; while, in their turn, the moral problems of our own times will be the political questions of a future day.

The architecture of an age, then, is its outward manifestations, the power possessed by strong and intelligent minds of moulding its materials into buildings, its principles into institutions, its conclusions into laws; its architects, therefore, are its obvious and palpable workers, not so much in theorists and its speculative minds not its organic influences, but its distinct evident workers and workings,—the difference, in short, is as great as between the well-known action of steam and its boundless adventures, applications and modifications and the electric current scarce known at all, as yet in the very infancy of its development; as great as between the enlargement of the franchise or the freedom of commerce; and the efforts for the remedying of prison discipline, the organization of labour, or the moral culture of the people.

Meantime it is exceedingly difficult, if it be not impossible, to define an age. From time to time we have seen ponderous treatises on, “our age,” “our era.” What do we mean by these terms? Is it true that as time revolves man enters into new cycles—that a series of years have in a sense the appearance of a lifetime, marked by peculiar temperaments, habit, and events—that they manifest their periods of youthfulness, strength, and decline? Has the world epochs? Does humanity move

through a zodiac; or is there some law by which it is borne up to a higher plane in the moral heavens. It is even so. History truly recorded is the chronicle of those great events which have expanded the souls of nations and have made some days of our world's life like years, and some years like ages. History truly read is the narrative of the reciprocal influence of the world on man, and man of the world; it is the record of moral geography—it is the development of the march of ideas—it is the survey of the progress of thoughts and of principles. There are periods in the development of our race, when great discoveries, the enunciation of great truths, change the relation of men to each other, and to the whole world; in these period, families and kingdoms are broken up, a new crusade or enterprise is published, the soul starts into mankind more readily than in milder times, and circumstances more tame; the whole mind of the world receives the impression of the new idea, the new faith; it imprints itself upon domestic institutions; it infuses itself into literature; it remoulds and reconstructs political forms and frames; the religious life itself is touched, and in some measure controlled by it. It is not always easy to discover when the new age is born; it is not easy to tell when the old age expires; it is perhaps wrong in philosophy to attempt to cut off any period of time from its preceding and subsequent times by distinct lines; but it is most easy to discern a new position. Thus, then, upon such an era have we entered, more,

we are being borne rapidly on to its very midst ; externally, it is the age of Science ; internally, it is the age of Democracy. These two give the most important impressions and characteristics to our moral and social state. Our position is not unlike that to which the states of Europe and the people of the world were reduced by the introduction of gunpowder on the battle-field ; the decision of the Battle of Life is in some degree taken from man, and science is made the arbiter of his destiny. The achievements of science in this age are transcendant ; her pathway of old was in the heavens, she now condescends very visibly to walk the earth as well. The consequences of the inductive process are everywhere around us, combining the simplest with the most magnificent results. Meantime there has been induced a disposition to calculation and to caution. Science has invested the times in a cold, chill robing ; has made us, so it is said, unpoetical people ; it has destroyed the colouring of mere sentimental devotion ; has rooted and put to flight the motley tribe of superstitions. It must be admitted that in many instances it has dispelled the faith of man for a time, for the scepticism of the day results from the so obvious conquest obtained by man over nature, whose whole empire seems so clearly laid bare to his power, that he in many instances foolishly reasons that the inductions of mind should be as easily and clearly demonstrated as those of chemical or mathematical science. It is science which has called so wonderfully into play the

new conceptions of man, partly true, partly false, but all terminating in the idea of power. Man in the civilized world feels a kind of omnipotence. Science has given to our age a feeling of haughty ambition, an overweening contempt, a vulgar strut. Hence we hear frequently of the greatness of man, the godhead of man, things profoundly true in themselves, but frequently uttered rather as the manifestations of an effected than a real conception of the truth, and hence the struggles of democracy for ascendancy. Those struggles there can be little doubt proceed in most instances from a feeling of lawlessness; but the lawless working always finds its way either by punishment or self-sacrifice to the highest law. Evident enough it is that the great year of democracy is opening over the whole civilized world; perhaps that year may cause to set in upon us nights of more solemn unrest than any we have yet experienced. Universally, in one order of mind, there is a dread of these two, science and democracy, the eldest born of science; hence that distrust of education in the conservative mind, and in the same mind a dread of the shadow of popular power as it falls upon the dial of time.

It is said that the characteristic of *our* times is Democracy; but in truth ours must have been a dull planet without the democratic element in *any* times. This has relieved the monotony of life, and has called into existence, at the same time, the most illustrious virtues and the most execrable vices. Democracy is

the thirst of the human intellect for power, and as intelligence is diffused over the widely-scattered people, the thirst for power shapes itself into an idea, begins to select its materials and its agents, and eventually embodies the dream in a country or an institution. Democracy is virtuous just as it is associated with virtuous methods and objects. It is an instinct; and when the lawless man aspires to be the ruler and the leader of faction and of demagogues, he too, opposite as his life may seem, manifests the same phase of soul manifested by more tyrannous and persecuting priestcrafts, it is the over prevalent sense of power, the consciousness of injustice too. This democratic element has been in every age the anvil on which time has beaten out the great changes of the globe; it has been at the foundation of all states. Hence Theseus performed his feats of valour in the wild Hellenic forests. Hence Romulus laid the foundation of the seven-hilled city. Hence the wild black raven of the northman sea-king flapped its wing over the Danube, the Rhone, the Baltic, the continents of Europe, and the islands of the sea. Impelled by the democracy of Christianity, the Venetii founded their mighty dams upon the mud and the rushes of the Adriatic; and, piloted by the same genius, the *Bonny Mayflower* cast anchor among the rocks of Plymouth Sound, carrying on board the seeds of democracies to make one world and build another. The Grecian history, with its piracies, its Persian or Lacedamonian strug-
glings—Rome with its legions outpoured over

the earth, the heroism of Regulus, or the perfidy of Cæsar, the floods of incursionary Teutones—all these are but commentaries on this great assertive element of human power, an element that insists upon the record of its history, whether we survey it in the agricultural tribe of eastern wanderers, pitching their tents in the outlawry of the desert or the forest, or in the rude bark drifting to the lone isle from the toils and meshes of oppression, or amidst the tumultuary horde vindictively trampling on the last vestiges of beauty or order, or lifting up its voice like a thunder-chant, amidst the intelligence of a mighty people, proudly daring, or hopefully inspiring. The spirit of democracy should ever be regarded, not as the foe, but as the friend of man, the spirit to which we owe the stout yeomanry of that elder day, when such yeomanry were indeed formidable, the men of the middle ages; the spirit to which we owe, indeed, all the amenities and institutions which have made citizenship noble, or conferred a moral lustre or renown on our human name. But as liberty is not the final charter of human destiny, so neither is democracy the greatest boon; indeed this truth is not sufficiently perceived, that what we pant for is not so much freedom as faith. Noble minds seek the highest liberty, only that they may rise to the perception of the highest law.

The history of the growth and development of England is the history of democracy. A people's character results from its external circumstances; the Grecian character was indebt-

ed to its blue skies and the forests of the Morea, and the loveliness that for ever brooded over island and wave—it was impossible but that a people born beneath such heavens, surrounded by such earth, such seas, must have been a beautiful people. Britain wrought out the more wonderful problem of making a noble character and shaping a beautiful literature, from circumstances of most opposing difficulty. The Teutone has conquered the climate in which he was born, he did not find nature like a graceful goddess weaving festoons and garlands to celebrate his approach; wherever our Teutonic fathers moved, they beheld nature looking sternly upon them, through her gloomy forests and desolate rocks and moors. It was a struggle with nature, and nature gave up the struggle. Situated as our island is in these northern seas, cut off from all communication with other peoples, exposed to all the horrors of an hyperborean winter, in lands where the presence of dense forests spread a perpetual gloom, or where the swamp and the miasma prevented the growth of food on them, for even the scantling people; yet here, even here, man by following nature, has conquered nature, has himself hung a fair and a propitious sky over his island home, has clothed his fields not only with verdure but with health and opulence; has caused each savage aspect to retire before his cultivating hand, and if removing some of those elements which seemed essential to sublimity of thought, has yet robed the country in the truest and highest grace. The English-

man's character is pre-eminently his own, and he impresses his character permanently wherever he moves; as of old time he was trained to rugged work, so he can work after the same fashion still; hence wherever he sets his foot, whatever he touches he moulds and fashions, it is his ancestral character, derived from Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Saracenic* forefathers. The Englishman lives thus then to move and to struggle, to conquer and to build, he is an architect; to visit all seas, to diffuse the genius of his character over all nations. Industry, Protestantism,† Liberty, seem born of the Teutonic race, nor perhaps is it too much to say, that to that race God has committed the conservation as well as the spread of truth, and upon that race, therefore, mainly depends the civilization and progress of the world.

The Democracy of a nation depends upon its Industry, these two weigh each other; nor does it seem wonderful, that every advance made by man in industry, should penetrate his mind more and more with the idea of power. Already it has been said, that the battles of labour are a perpetual struggle with nature, yet that struggle in every age has led to conquest and nobility; from the first rude time, when man determining no longer to tear the ground himself for sustenance, constructed the

* I believe there can be little doubt that the Saracens are the last democratic wave of those great tribes which swept over our continent. It is pretty clear that Celt and Teutone are Asian in their origin.

† It has often been remarked, that Protestantism has been almost exclusively confined to the Teutonic race.

blunt aratory instrument, and caught the wild horse or buffalo, and made it do his bidding—from that moment to this, the progress of humanity has been a continued and perpetual triumph over difficulties and obstacles; at every step he has shown his mastery, by compelling earth to help him, when he turned the courses of the waters and made them move his wheels and mills,—when he filled his sails with the sportive zephyrs or angry and chafing winds, and launching his vessel, whether it were a rude cobbler, or like a mighty city sitting on the waters, imprisoned those winds to fill the canvas and bear the messenger across the deep, or taking captive the flying steam to move his myriad of spinning jennies—to send his “Iron Missionary” over the land, or his snorting sea-horse over the deep; or when seizing the light, he made it the ministrant to his dearest joys, striking by it the portrait of affection and love. What are the wires saying, placed along our lines of railway, can we bound their significance, are they not a prophecy of mightier things to come?

Is it wonderful that man, comprehending so much, performing so much, should believe that he is something more and better than an atheistic philosophy, or a paganized form and ritual would make him; he knows that his deeds of industry shame those proudly recorded ones of steel-clad barons, of caballing statesmen, and tinselled princes; he knows that, either by speculation or action, industry has wrought all the marvels of which civilization makes its

boast; he tore up the forest that the carriage might move through; it, made a highway through the old granite rock, called up the city from the desolation of the desert, with the sound of whirring wheels, tall chimnies, and smoky skies, but issuing forth bales of paper, cotton, cloth, and books, for the world's young colonies and farms: it is industry that makes the waves of the Mersey, Thames, and Tyne, each in itself a mightier poem than the waters of Helicon, or the waves of Tivoli or Pactolus. Magic! Wizardry! Who ever heard of magic like that of industry? from the breast of the barren hills, from the depths of the green sea, now picking up gems and pearls, twining them with graceful fingers into necklaces for the fair aristocratic necks of the countess or duchess, while they, poor nothings, sneer at the fingers to which they owe their gewgaw beauty; the magic which descends into the quarry for the marble, to the mine for the iron and the bronze. And lo! far off in the all but inaccessible woods, we may hearken to the ringing of the axe, while yonder, on the distant sea, a hundred sails whiten, where lone fishers watch amidst the waste and hungry waters; or stand still and look up—What hands reared that awful fabric, that noble anthem of middle-age “music frozen” music into stone? Stormy old baron, he could crowd his feudal chamber with the victims of cruelty and break a lance in the lists, but he could not rear his castle and fence it round with the munitions, the towers, bastions, and barbican. And is it possible that

all these could be the product of the strong arm and working of man, and man, the worker, not feel his indwelling power? Thus it was that our freedom was purchased. Industry won our national pre-eminence, in the commercial contests of the nations the burgesses of the middle-ages marked and cherished the trampled and invaded right, and from those cities where labour first exhibited its mighty triumphs, freedom first moved to lighten over the darkened and enslaved people.

The History of Britain in its noblest aspect, —in the only aspect really worthy of contemplation, for that includes its domestic life, its literature, and its science, is the History of Industry. The workman endowed by nature for his long and mighty toils,—the workshop with its mighty tools and utensils and means of labour, and the warehouse with its vast and wonderful stores,—the city and the capital. Industry has stood at the foundation of every state,—but in Britain it has been the industry of necessity, not of luxury; this characteristic makes the great distinction between the ancient and the modern nations, and hence the difference of their forms of civilization; the industry of old nations purchased for them but few comforts, and these are the gauge of civilization: they had not learned to make the most of their country; we hear of their gauds and grandeur, but nothing of those more precious mementos of a nation's happiness which abound with us. “The flags of London, which occupy about one-sixth of the public way, and are the

sanctuary of the poor, (these are better than Pentelic marble or Corinthian brass, and may the stones which form them never be dug up, though they were to be converted into edifices like the Capitol.)*

If you were called on to say what, in the old world, best expressed the character of its age, you would say GOLD; if you were called to express what best characterises ours, you would say IRON; and there is a world of thought suggested by these two symbols. Our civilization and industry has stamped a value on Iron, transcendently beyond the value of the finest gold: gold is but a negative, a fiction of man's invention, a ticket to the great world's playhouse; it is but a symbol, and can do nothing: but Iron is positive, no fiction in it, what cannot it do? Gold is an ancient thing, and it speaks a language universally spoken and understood; but of it what more dare we say, it is brilliant,—true, the monarch's crown, the queen's tiara are of gold, bracelets, brooches, chains, and other such solemn toys and follies flash out brightly,—they are of gold: fond indeed we are of it, the books in our library we trick out with it, the letters over our shops, our names we inscribe with it, with the ring of gold we wed our bride, and we close the coffins of the great with nails and studs of gold: yet the gold of our age bears no proportion in value to its iron. Poor shivering wretches, cowering cold around the glaring glittering eyes of the

* Chenevix.

gold fiend, do they not know that the way to the gold mine is through the iron mine? and do they not know that the black smelting iron after all, outweighs the gold? For as has been said just now, what cannot Iron do? A country rich in gold mines alone would not be a rich country after all. Suppose the foundations of our earth were the wedges of gold instead of the wedges of iron, alas, for us! vain that, they would form a coronet—vain, that they would hang in the ears of proud beauties,—vain, that they would dazzle in the palace—fancy that curse, a world whose Iron was stricken into Gold!. But iron! from it we fashion the wedge, the lever, the hammer, the plough, the nail; the progress and weal of the world depends upon the workers in iron: thus the present is, in a good and noble sense, the iron age. Why, look at those two men who have indeed both made noises in the world, the WARRIOR and the BLACKSMITH; cover the warrior with his medals, and robes, and stars, and legions of honour; yet even *he* could not be, unless the blacksmith shaped for him his sword; stand by a blacksmith's anvil when "the sparks rush out with their scarlet rout," his broad brawny arm rapidly descending amid the flashing light of the forge, his creations lying there about him: say, is there any wonder that in early days ~~we~~ too had worshippers, as a god, a hero, a strong man amongst men? Is it wonderful that Mythology had its Vulcan? and these two, gold and iron—the warrior and the blacksmith—furnish us with a key to states

of society. Where gold is honoured, society will be in its most unhealthy, and morally, in its most infantile state; as those persons most dazzled by pomp will ever be the lowest and meanest of the human family; so those kingdoms dazzled by the merely sensuous exterior in society, will ever be at the lowest ebb of civilization too; society when it puts on its chains: the love of finery is the badge of slavery as well as vanity,—it is the evidence of social caste and false distinction. Odin, the great chief of Teutonic Mythology, is described as performing his feats of valour with his hammer. Odin's hammer is fabled to have made earthquakes; and how can labour be so well symbolized as by the hammer? The man with the hammer, is he not the nearest ideal to civilization? he is the most kingly among the workers of the social state. The sword is borne before the civil magistrate—the swords surround the queen when she appears in state before her people: it would be nobler and more appropriate, if there must be a symbol, to make the hammer the symbol. There is nothing truly royal in the sword; sword worship is fetichism, the idolatry of the demon principle of the world; but the man with the hammer stands at the highway of all improvement—not a cottage, not a mansion, not a temple can rise without him. Let man learn to use the hammer, it is better than the sword, the thunder of its strokes will be the best bolts to destroy tyranny; raised aloft, it braces the muscle for bold encounter with fierce elements, moral as

well as physical: nay, may it not almost be said, "Teach a man to wield the hammer, and he ceases to be a slave?"

As men become producers they cease to be serfs—as they make Nature more compliant with their demands—as they increase their facilities for production by looking more clearly and keenly through the mysteries of things,—as the auxiliaries of comfort are more numerous spread around them, they become less tolerant of impertinence and injustice,—as the labourer looks upon the wonderful transformations effected by him,—as he learns that nature has done nothing more for human improvement than to supply materials and powers, and that he is the agent by which power acts on the material; that fertility of soil, abundance of minerals, propitious climate, without habitual energy in labour, skill, knowledge, and trustworthiness, that whether the labour be mediate or remote from the object in making tools or winning from nature the subjects of transformation, or in making the desirable article accessible; that, in short, luxuries and necessities proceed alike from him: he regards himself as the main-spring of the social world, and that knowledge, if he be a right-minded man, teaches him to deprecate the luxurious tastes of society. The most elegant and costly gold watch in the shop of jeweller or goldsmith, or in the cabinet of the princess, depends on the small steel main-spring within the works; gold and jewels may be round it, but *they* may be dispensed with, *that* cannot; its removal is fatal to the

whole mechanism, even there the iron in value outweighs the gold : or in the social state, beneath the superincumbent weight of luxuries, have we not forgotten the main-spring, or have thought it a trivial matter that the rust and corrosion was there, but this neglect has been fatal to the whole mechanism. Only when the people are virtuous and respected and happy, can the social chronometer keep true time. Have they been respected? Are they virtuous? Are they happy? Our political economy has hitherto been a systematic breaking of them on the wheel—our political science has struck them down with the brute mace of power—our religious law has been prompt to take from them tax and rate, but it has offered few consolations to the bowed and broken-spirited man.

Look at it well, this social state of ours; time was when every mouth in the land had a pair of hands ; the sad fact of our day is, that there are now three mouths at the very least to one pair of hands ; a fact still more sad is, that there are those who are willing enough to acknowledge that they have a mouth, but are ashamed to plead guilty to the charge of feeding themselves. It would be a happy land and happy world, far as human effort could make it so, if every man and every woman would feed themselves, would do work, work of some kind, would sedulously find out what they were fit for, and set about it as soon as the task was found. Time was, when every child was born to labour : the first residents on our globe were neither idlers nor savages, and the eldest

chronicles of history are the records of ancient inventions, and discoveries, and labours. STRENGTH and CUNNING have been the two foes to labour, the two chief tyrants and oppressors of mankind; the one made spears and cannons, the other priests and creeds; the one led on to battle-fields, fostered war, and sang battle-songs; the other invented the mysterious rite, erected the costly temple, the shrine, the vestment, the robe, and the imposing mummery; both have sheltered idleness, both have retarded civilization: the one forged a chain for the hand of the labourer, the other mingled an opiate to blind the eye and lull the senses to sleep, while the chain was rivetting; between these two, the working man, the serf of every age and day, stands petrified and powerless. Strength taxes, imprisons, murders; Cunning cajoles, exercises, and deceives; the one racks and tortures the body in this world, but the other follows into the next with the threat of priestly power.

The happiness and well-being of a people have been entrusted to foresight, labour, and faith, but Strength and Cunning have inverted their intention, until the vision of foresight has been dimmed, and made rather tributary to the tactics of war, than to the teachings of prudence, science, and art; faith has been made subservient to superstition, and labour has either been bound hand and foot, or compelled to contribute to the maintenance of the usurping two.

Oh! reader, is it wonderful that the labourer

should be an irreligious man, when he meditates superficially on what he is in society? Is it wonderful that the thought steals over him frequently, that "he is without hope and without God in the world?" What is his political condition? all things are from him—we have seen that no building can rise, no ship sail, no engine move, no elegancies attend us, without him: without him, the whole current of social progress, would be arrested: yet the simple position of the labourer is this—he is denied the right of a citizen, he is told that all he has to do with the laws is to obey them; himself the parent cause of the state, he is told that labour has no voice there. He hears of religion, but almost everywhere it is presented to him in such an aspect that it prejudices his mind against it; the minister too frequently has but little sympathy with him, or his pursuits, or class—he is generally too proud to know him or to be acquainted with his sorrows; he is perhaps a wealthy priest, the minister at a costly altar, levying unjust taxes by the arm of the law to support his rich and glittering shrines; from him the poor labourer turns to social life, the doom follows him still, he pays more dearly for his provisions than his rich neighbour, gives perhaps a fourth of his poor earnings in rent for his cottage, his poverty is taxed more highly than his master's wealth; broken-hearted he turns away with the impression, that the world is given over entirely into the hands of a minority of men neither the worthiest or noblest, wise as the serpent,

shameless as the vulture. Is it wonderful that the poor man says sometimes in the bitterness of his heart, No God? the unsympathetic rich man, and the selfish priest are both ministers at the altar of atheism.

Yet we hear in all circles of the civilization of the present age, and indeed wherever we go, we are surrounded by what seem to be the evidences of a very advanced and refined state of society. If it be true, that the evidence of advance is in the number of wants created and supplied, then, every shop is a monument of our social progress; go to the most insignificant country town, it seems to be a little metropolis, it has its elegant houses, perhaps its monuments and squares; it has elegant booksellers' shops, abounding with the master-pieces of modern literature, and the best engravings from modern artists, its reading clubs, perhaps its lecture halls; its shops bear the evident stamp of taste and fashion, their exterior in many instances is costly, the order everywhere preserved exhibits respect for law and liberty: when from the merely local province, we ascend to the great metropolis, or to the large manufacturing town, the evidences of social prosperity become still more ample and imposing, refinements and splendours are poured all round with a most unsparing affluence, graceful buildings meet us in every prominent street, the choicest architecture of the Mediterranean or the Rhine, proofs of the most unbounded wealth astonish us; in some places, the factories illuminated in the distance like the fairy

temples of labour and industry; in other districts, the noise of hammers, the smoke of mines and the glare of foundries, deafen and startle; other places sit on the landscape like ancient, haughty monarchs on their thrones, reposing in solemn ancestral quiet beneath the shadows of minster-turret or castle-tower the old buildings of the Plantagenets or Tudors; these places, if they do not exhibit immense wealth, yet show a stationary and fixed importance worthy of an old realm, proud of its ecclesiastical and feudal heirship. Now, we will be bound to say, if a stranger were to fly through the land he would be amazed by its imposing display of wealth, he would not deny to us great refinement and civilization; he would perhaps say, Have these people any misery? Are there any poor? Where are they?

Ah, there is indeed another aspect in which, looking through the nation, we might well doubt whether as a people we are civilized at all; would it be possible to go through any town without meeting gaunt poverty? behind those gorged piles, those structures startling in their magnificence, are clusters of rude huts and hovels; the wigwam of the Indian, the kraal of the Hottentôt, are not so sad; looking at the surrounding illustrations of pomp, they are like the slime of the reptile in the temple of the Lord; from these no city is exempt, they may be out of sight, perhaps have to be looked for, but they are at no distant remove from even the most costly productions of the city; there live the city's producers and builders,

without those poor beings festering there beneath the irritating scorn of those proud ones, to whose needs they contribute, whose luxuries they pamper, that city could no more exist than if nature were to suspend her forces; there they are, supporting and sustaining it like a coral rock, beneath the vast weight of those who have built upon it amidst its splendid furniture of woods, and groves, and singing birds, and waters. So the architects of our social fabric are out of sight, lost, crushed beneath the superincumbent weight of which they are the supporters; surrounded with splendour, *they* pine in squalor; the very sinews of power in others, they are powerless; their valour is appealed to to defend, their loyalty to cheer, institutions which spurn their individual rights; piles of food, firing, and clothing on every hand, they stand starving and shivering, and naked. Our boast of the humanizing genius of our times, seems as false as the boast of the splendid literary achievements of the reign of Anne, of which John Foster has happily said, that it only resembled the kindling of some immense bonfire, while the surrounding inhabitants were perishing for lack of fuel.

Our estimate of the progress and civilization of a people must always be formed from the moral importance of the citizen himself; not from the meretricious trappings hung round the city. The small hamlet where every inhabitant is raised to the virtuous dignity of moral independence, where the wants are few

and abundantly supplied, where the body is strong, the mind clear, and the moral purpose happily balanced between duty to the supreme and duty to society, where in the absence of breathing marble and the solemn forms of life starting from stone, the abiding forms of nature perpetually stir and arrest the spirit; this hamlet with its scattered farms and cottages, its religious temples and schools would better indicate the progress and civilization than the most Athenic city decked forth in all the munificence of art, with every auxiliary of science to increase its wealth. If man were not supreme infinitely beyond the stone, the error of our modern civilization—as of all stages of civilization—has been the giving more importance to the exterior crust, the material development, than to the development of the soul; ever let it be remembered *the city was made for man, not man for the city*. The poor match-maker shuddering beneath the monumental column, or the gas light, is of immensely greater importance than a whole firmament of such artistic trophies, and to rescue *him* and *his* order from beggary and shame, to devise some true plan by which *he* and the thousands *he* represents may rise to virtue, to independence and happiness, would confer more honour on a nation than colonades and groves frescoed with all the creations of Flaxman, of Chantrey, or Westmacott, or galleries breathing with the living colours and affecting scenes of Turner, or Landseer, or Wilkie.

Then what proportion has our moral progress borne to our material? for it is surely known that, unless our moral freedom balances our achievements in taste and art, we are only on the high road downwards; if our powers have become enervated, our sense of freedom enfeebled, if true spiritual religion has dwindled into a mechanism and a form, if the bonds of social sympathy have relaxed their intensity of hold, we are indeed in a deplorable case. Before therefore, pointing out the present existing evils of society, it may be well to delineate some of the features of the old social state, in order that we may gather, whether or no there are any satisfactory data for improvement in the most desirable of all conditions, the moral life of the people.

There can then be no doubt, we apprehend, that the condition of the poor *has* been from many causes greatly ameliorated during the latter ages; to us it is enough to know, that there are many things in our social condition yet to amend, but we do not believe these times to be times of peculiar hardship, nay, we believe the present to be superior to the vaunted "good old times." "All times when old are good." It needs not now to be asserted, that the benignant genius of christianity has exercised a blessed influence upon the condition of poverty; let any man revert to the ancient Ages, to the yet more imperfect social conditions of our globe, and if now the state of the poorer classes seems deplorable, what must it then have been?

Let it be remembered that our large accessions and acquisitions of comfort have enhanced and aggravated our ideas of poverty ; to a large degree, poverty is now saved from positive inflictions, and cruelties ; in other times the poor were condemned to a perpetual serfdom and slavery—were murdered without pity—were dragged in triumph at the conqueror's chariot-wheel, or slaughtered by thousands on his tomb ; the gladiators of old may be said to have belonged to this trampled race, and of these, myriads in Rome were reserved like savage animals for public spectacles ; what nature now does not throb with pity and indignation, while contemplating the Spoliarum to which the poor victims, the killed or the wounded, were dragged by a hook from the amphitheatre. It was to grace the triumph of Trajan (and he was one of the mildest of the emperors,) over the Dacians that the spectacle was offered to the civilised Romans, of a combat of 10,000 gladiators, and 11,000 wild beasts. And there were insurrections of the working classes at that time, the name of Spartacus will be familiar to all readers, as one of the seventy-eight Roman slaves who escaped from confinement, and soon raised themselves into an army of 120,000, and they needed the whole genius of disciplined and military Rome to quell them too ; that insurrection terminated in 83,000 left dead on the field and 6000 taken prisoners, and all crucified, lining the road from Capua to Rome, monuments of Roman power and Roman refinement. The

cruel conduct of the masters of the seven-hilled city to their slaves is well known, of this Tacitus* gives us an illustration, and Seneca refers to the cries of the slaves at night chastised by their masters, he does not comment upon or condemn their barbarity, but reprobates their unneighbourly conduct, in thus disturbing the rest of the philosopher in the night ; the fact that in the reign of Claudius, Rome held 60,000,000 of slaves seems incredible, and while it guides us to the condition of the children of toil and labour, gives us the key to the speedy downfall of the empire. The process of the amelioration of the condition of the working classes was slow ; one of the ultimate results, doubtless, of the publication of the doctrines of Christianity, was the introduction of a new element into the social life of our world—social, and moral sympathy ; and it immediately wrought to the benefit of man. “Charity” became “the bond of perfectness,” and this even the Emperor Julian perceived ; pagan virtue even to the eyes of its most ardent devotees was cast into the shade, no one could pretend to find in Seneca’s morals a passage like the xiii chap. of 1st Corinthians, and there is a wide difference between the most choice prelections of Epictetus and the Epistle of James. It has

* Annals, Book xiv. p. 42. The speech of Caius Cassius, in defence of the execution of all the slaves in accordance with the ancient usage on the murder of the master, is so strong a piece of casuistic reasoning, so forcible and so apt, that every advocate of Capital Punishment now might make it a model.

been remarked that the moralists of the heathen world took notice of the condition of their fellow-men ; temperance, prudence, justice, and fortitude, their great cardinal virtues, all revolved round their own selfishness ; the most eminent instances of heathen virtue tend rather to shock our minds by revealing the rarity of moral action, than to charm us as the exhibitions of individual goodness.

The very worst passages of our own social life show to us a most delightful advance upon those times ; from the very earliest days of which we have any lucid record, from the first periods of legal definition or judicial interference, the poor have claimed and received a considerable share of attention, seldom we must admit, primarily for their benefit, yet exhibiting the transcendent importance of the idea of humanity in Christian over heathen times. The first accounts we have of the present English people, present to us a flock of slaves, villieng, who were annexed to manors, and as transferable by deed, sale, or conveyance from one owner to another, as the cattle—their companions, of any field in the realm ; and they were prohibited from ever procuring their liberty, because “all the cattell and gudes, of all bondsmen, are understood to be in the power and dominion of their maister.”* We have said that the religion of Jesus, the world’s great civilizer, contributed to the alleviation of the sufferings and the enfranchisement of the bodies

* *Auld Laws of Scotland*, Burke ii. Chap. 12, quoted by Sir F. M. Eden.

of the English slaves; but only in the year 1102 did the practice of slave-trading cease in England; from the villiens and ancient thralls were derived those who first independently employed in agriculture, and who, instead of being engaged in servile offices, were only called upon to render service in kind for the tenure of the manor, such as reaping, harrowing, felling timber, draining fish ponds, &c. The Norman conquest reduced to serfdom and bondage thousands who were, perhaps, before holders of farms on the terms above mentioned, and in many instances lords of manors. Of all the Normans who invaded our shore, history has only preserved the name of one whose features look like those of a man and a brother, Robert de Rulos, who in the fens of Lincolnshire, endeavoured to reclaim waste nature, and to consult his own interest in the interest of the natives of the soil. In that day there were no poor; the people were kept, as we have already said, like herds of cattle, by the great lords of the soil. The rise of the poor, as a class, is to be traced to the gradual growth of commerce, industry, and independence. In that remote period, a poor sheep or horse might be spoken of in the same breath with a poor man; but while occupying something like the same place, the poor had not the natural advantages of the oxen or the sheep. We may safely question whether their hovels were so comfortable as the fold, the stable, or the sheep-cote—whether their food was so healthy and unvarying—and whether their happiness was so complete.

Gurth, the swine-herd, and Wamba the witless, and Cedmon the ploughman, must frequently have had their spirits touched and wakened up by the presence of the scenes of nature and religion around them; and, slaves as they were, the sublime dissatisfaction, which the brute can never know, must have steeped their souls in those oaken and ashen glades and forests in sorrow and discomfort."

It was the Norman Conquest which gave rise to a feature in social life, till then unknown in England, or comparatively so, though ancient to the nations of the East,—VILLAGES,—the term was derived from the relation of the lord to his vassal and retainer; and properly to understand the elements of our modern history, we must read the history of these two modifying but active causes side by side; the history of the village, and the history of the great town; the history of slavery and bondage on the one side, the history of independence and freedom on the other; the history of the baron and the monk, the history of the burgher and the merchant. Nor let us forget, that we owe a debt of gratitude to the feudal lord and the feudal priest, especially to the latter; the abbey and the monastic institutions have suffered much reviling, they have been spoken of as rich and wealthy, it is only honest to admit that, in most instances, they were made so by the diligence and sagacity of the monks themselves; our rich fields and farms, and cultivated lordships, are to be traced to them; the clergy were more generous cultivators of the lands, paid

more, demanded less temporal return, and altogether claim more from our gratitude than does the feudal lord. Modern times have made the fields still more fruitful, but to the priests we owe the first draining of many a marish marsh, the first cutting down of the timber, the first hedging and laying out of the field. But it is to the rise of the town that we are to trace the origin of truly independent labour, to the existence of such places as cities, and boroughs; and the panting independence that from lonely villages throbbed towards those supposed seats of liberty and wealth, that we are to trace the origin of the first interferences of legislation with labour. It is indeed most interesting to watch the gradual escape of serfs from servitude, and their first adventures in art and industry; to watch their gradual historic growth, until in yet greater numbers they fly from their lords, and appear before us no longer working as slaves, but as a people for hire, no longer weak and succourless, but as a people strong and powerful, though clad as yet only in fustian or cloth of frieze, yet able gradually to wring charters, guilds, and protections from kings, and to cope with haughty barons who despised their birth, but were unable to curb their power.

The remorselessness of old taxation, grim and hungry to the uttermost farthing, gives us not only an insight into the poverty, but the independence of that period. In 1296, there was a levy of a seventh on the town of Colchester for the war with France, and thus we know the amount of the property of one of the first re-

fuges and homes of industrious liberty; it was clearly no better than a poor hamlet, composed of rude huts, strangely composed of twigs from the neighbouring wood, mud and dried pantiles; and the furniture, we may well guess, even the best of it, would make a sorry figure amongst the humblest modern fashions; but there is a venerable glory over these old relics, which modern fashions will never wear. A bed then was valued at 3s., another at 6s., brass pots from 1s. to 3s., silver cups from 1s. to 2s.; there was a poor shoemaker whose whole stock in trade was not worth more than 7s., handmills 12d.; this rude hamlet in the wild forest possessed no chimneys to its huts, and, plainly, its most respectable homes would bear no comparison with the poorest within our general knowledge. 1301, another valuation took place to levy a fifteenth, and we find a carpenter's whole stock worth only 1s., a blacksmith's from 2s. to 5s. The name of poor Alice Maynard (a genuine good Saxon name) drifts up before us like a poor broken raft from the great ocean of the past,—poor Alice, she has long, long, been entire dust, and we had known nothing of her, but from the chronicle of the tax-gatherer,—who entered her humble cottage on the skirts of the yet unfelled forest, and the only things she had taxable were a brass pot, valued at 10d., and a towel at 5d.; a baker's old coat was 2d., and a hatchet was the only tool a carpenter possessed. Amidst these valuations and exactions from carpenters and blacksmiths, bakers and poor women, even to a towel and an old coat, as

usual the clergy go scot free. The value, however, of these valuations is, that they prove, that at the dates recorded above, the people had coats, and hatchets, and towels, which were really acknowledged to be theirs, thus old Colchester becomes venerable in our eyes; not Eboracum, not Londinivm, have so certain and excellent a veracity about their foundation as this rude collection of Saxon hearts and huts.

The statute of labourers of the time of Edward III. guides us to their condition at that period of our history; and here we first notice the commencement of that long series of impertinent interferences of legislation with industry which in late years became interference with commerce; though the people had secured some share of independence, the brand of serf was to be upon them still. All persons acquainted with country towns know those annual gatherings of hinds, and serving-men and maid servants, in the streets, on the occasions provincially called moppes or statiz—properly STATUTES, from the assembly being in accordance with the statute above mentioned; by the letter of the above statute, servants were enjoined to go to the market town in order to be hired, with some badge or mark expressive of his or her occupation. If we could only obtain a view of one of those meetings, it would give us an immediate insight into the state of the labourer at that day, nor does the fancy find it difficult to visit the old market town, to walk before the curious old houses with their quaint gables and casements, to stroll through the crowd, a most

motley group to our eyes; some actively enough occupied cheapening their goods—here and there a minstrel singing to the surrounding number news improbable enough, but awakening no doubt in the mind of the true believers of that time. In his coarse robe of black, seen far off by his cowed or shaven head, you would notice the priest; and by the hostel or spital, drinking and singing till the landlord trembled for his license, sat the soldier just returned from the wars, full of strange oaths, and mockeries, and legends of blood; and here at last we have the party waiting to be hired, idly lolling against the church gates, or sitting on the ill-paved street, much indeed after the fashion you have seen them in your own modernised town. You are perhaps surprised to find that the clothing of these people is better than you anticipated, but notice too, that although it is a warm summer day, the labourer can only wear that thick and most roughly woven gaberdine. There stands the carter, know him by the piece of whipcord in his head covering, and yonder is a cowherd with a piece of cowhair in his; the bonny girl whose dress is so slatternly is a dairy-maid, by the somewhat rough ensigns of cowhair in her breast; yonder bouquet of flowers seems to be bestowed appropriately enough, for he who has them is a gardener; but what a graceful ornament they make, one could imagine them plucked by the trunk of an elephant, and indeed they are fastened to the coarse frieze by a rough piece of hemp; one would think that these statutes do not please yon blacksmith standing there ham-

mer in hand, for he is talking vehemently enough to yonder carpenter, who certainly has the roughest handsaw your eyes have ever seen. Such were some of the regulations of the statutes which also the great wisdom of the government made to regulate wages, and labourers were sworn to observe twice in the year, or to be put in the stocks; the terms enjoined by law, per day, were for master carpenters, 3*d.*, for freemasons 4*d.*, other carpenters 2*d.*, other masons 3*d.*, their knaves 1½*d.*, tilers 3*d.*, thatchers' 3*d.*, their knaves 1½*d.*, plasterers 3*d.*, their knaves 1½*d.* Our wonder at these legal interferences will cease when we remember that at this period of which we speak, on many estates and farms men and women were still slaves, still personal property; they are mentioned as such in Magna Charta; and in 1225, there are prohibitions forbidding the wasting of *men or cattle*. We have the record in 1283, of a slave and family sold by the Abbot of Dunstable for 13*s.* 4*d.*; in 1333 a lord granted a chantry to several messuages with the bodies of eight natives and *all their chattels and offspring*; in 1339, a female slave a neif was given away, and all her family and all the goods she might acquire.

We are aware how easy it is to produce evidence both of the inferior and superior condition of the early times of British History, the mistake we apprehend consists in the extreme views of theorists, who will have either that we have made advance in everything or nothing. The language of Sir John Fortescue,

Chief Justice of England, about 1460, has often been quoted; speaking of the English people, he says, "They drink no water, unless it be that some for devotion and upon a zeal of penance do abstain from other drink, they eat plentifully of all kinds of flesh and fish, they wear fine woollen cloth in their apparel, they have also abundance of bed coverings in their houses, and of all other woollen stuff, they have great store of household furniture and household implements, they are plentifully supplied with all the instruments of husbandry, and with all other things that are requisite to the accomplishment of a quiet and wealthy life, according to their estates and degrees;" but it is evident that this is a portrait, not of the people of England, but of the middle classes of the time;* indeed this is certain from contemporary portraiture and evi-

* As a set off to this picture, we may quote the following from old Harrison, who wrote in the reign of Elizabeth,—
 "The bread throughout the land is made of such graine as the soil yeldeth, nevertheless the gentilitie commonlie provide themselves sufficientlie with wheat for their owne tables, whilst their household and poore neighbours in some shires are enforced to content themselves with rie and barleie; yea, and in time of dearthe, manie with bread made either of bran, peason, or otes, or of altogether, and some acorus among; of which scourge the poorest doe soonest tast, sith they are least able to provide themselves of better. I will not saie this extremitie is oft so well to be seene in time of plentie, as of dearth; but if I should, I could easily bring my triall." Sir F. M. Eden says, that substantiability of diet for which the 16th century was renowned was confined chiefly to the tables of persons of rank. "A maid of honour, perhaps, breakfasted on roast beef; but the ploughman, I fear, in these good old times, as they are called, could only banquet on the strength of water gruel."

dence, it is clear that the right of property in the working classes of that day was not respected, the labourer had no exclusive right guaranteed to him; in the reign of Henry II. the slaves of England, that is the Anglo-Saxons, were imported in large numbers into Ireland; wheaten bread was never tasted by the labourer, but vast herds of swine formed the great provision for the people; so late as the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. not a single potatoe, cabbage, turnip, or carrot, not a single edible root grew in any part of England; the blessing of freedom was but little comprehended even in the ranks of those who had a certain share of intelligence, by the people it was altogether unknown, except as an undefined and unexpressed want. Our surprise then will cease, that another regulation of the statutes was for the branding of the slave who absented himself from work, and by the same law "all alliances and covines of carpenters and masons set to be wholly annulled;" the object of these statutes was to fix a maximum for wages to benefit masters rather than servants; perhaps the most severe enactments were those of Edward VI., in them, idleness was punished by two years' slavery; for the second offence, branding and perpetual slavery; and finally hanging: in that reign, too, kidnapping was the law of the land, for children were slaves to those who could catch them; but the most singular coercion touched the rising burgher and worker, they aimed at restricting the labourer in the expenditure of his slender earnings.

In 1363, several acts passed regulating the diet and apparel of servants; acts are still unrepealed ordaining that no one shall be served with more than two courses; they direct that servants shall once a day receive milk, meat, and cheese; oxherds, and shepherds were not to exceed cloth of one shilling per yard; yeomen, tradesmen, and artificers one shilling and sixpence. For the first time we hear of beggars, idlers, vagrants, and staff strikers. During those periods when society was passing through the transition state from slavish dependence, to the first intimations of the independent state, all that the government could do to repress this was done. By the 7th of Richard II. restraint fell alike on masters and on men, and fines were imposed on those who gave and those who took more than the wages appointed by the statute. Space would not allow the giving anything like an outline of all the foolish things attempted by the legislature we have referred to. By an enactment of the reign of Edward IV. the apparel of the people was fixed; and yeomen were commanded not to wear "bolsters or stuff of wool cotton, or cadas, or other stuff in their doublets, except for linings; and that no one under the degree of a gentleman do wear pikes to his shoes or boots exceeding in length eleven inches; and servants in husbandry and artisans not to wear broad cloth exceeding two shillings; wives not to wear kerchiefs exceeding twelve-pence." Hose and girdles were also regulated by fines. In 1488, we find the legislature apprehensive of the consolidation of small

farms. In the reign of Henry VIII., an act was passed regulating apparel again ; and another interference regulating the hours of labour ; while sailors, soldiers, and even scholars, were forbidden to travel without a passport. But amidst all these circumstances, we notice the advance of industry ; indeed, all these galling legal inflictions, read aright, are only the assurances of its upward marching ; though every succeeding age not only gives us evidence of the rising price of wheat, and articles of commerce, but the stationary price, or rather the diminishing price, of labour. The insurrection of Wat Tyler, in 1381, reveals to us both the growing power and the intelligence of the people of England, and the insurrection was prolific of great good ; all that was demanded was the abolition of slavery, freedom of commerce in market towns without tolls or imposts, and fixed rent on lands instead of services due by villenage.

The desire of bettering our condition, as has been again and again repeated, is the source of all virtue in our own or in any other age ; and this ennobling desire, to foster which should be the aim of every government, is that which has enabled the villien to rise into the burgher, to exchange the coarse canvass or leathern jerkin or jacket for woollen or fine linen—that noble desire has enabled him to exchange the dull chambers of a dreary castle for neat social human habitations, and for bare stone or at most whitened walls, warm hangings, glass and latticed windows. There were many rea-

sons which made the English people strong; in the first place very early Industry erected her pavilion and her exchange here; and Industry and Freedom grow together: very early our merchants brought the produce of other nations to this kingdom, and our artizans and our miners brought forth from the bowels of the earth, and fashioned and attempered even the dead metals to their skill; thus the people became strong, for wealth is strength, and not the less in days of injustice and times of fraud; the baron's chain mail, his casque, his banner and plume, were the produce of a nobler labour than he could conceive, and the rich tent of the monarch, and the luxurious idleness of his life, were fashioned from the argosies constantly floating in from the wealthy East to the store-houses of our burghesses and merchant princes; and hence the reason why we find that the people were appealed to by monarchs of the most tyrannical character. The king of England frequently in his very despair invoked their protection and threw himself into their arms; from the nature of the tenure of feudalism it was so, that the king the great feudal baron, and his barons were constantly quarrelling; the barons were the known foes of the people; the king in many instances found it policy to be their friend, and some of their privileges dated from services rendered to him in the hour of his distress; thus again freedom grew in England, every reign gave to its citizens ~~an~~ ^a more commanding position, the prince became ~~weaker~~ while from his weakness they obtained

concessions of right; the barons too became weaker, until the town superseded the village and trade feudalism: for when the battle smoke cleared up from the fields of Towton, Tewkesbury and Barnet, nearly the whole order of the barons was found lying dead on the field, while the popular cause does not seem to have suffered: but really it and all popular interests were found advancing and heightening: the battles of the Roses had in truth been the contests between the mercantile and landed interests of the day, the towns were enlarging and improving, filled with wealthy traders and healthy and independent manufacturers; hence if ours is to be called the "Age of Great Cities," the Tudor period may be called the age of rising cities; spite of all the tyranny on the throne, the eye turns affectionately back to the whole times from the seventh Henry through the day of Elizabeth; it was an age of prosperity and commercial triumph, and in the towns of that day we see sown the seeds of those mighty liberties and institutions we boast as so peculiarly our own. But from the power accumulated in those rising foci of industry we date also many of those evils we now deplore, and against which we seem inefficiently to struggle. Rousseau asks how it is that in a thriving city the poor are so miserable, while such extreme differences are hardly ever witnessed in those countries where there are no instances of immense wealth? The reason is obvious: in cities there is a larger number of poor, because there is a larger amount of inde-

pendence; hence from commerce and manufactures rose, not poverty indeed, but that class specially called *the poor*;—hence through the course of long years and ages, the poor as a class have perpetually called for attention; various pieces of social mechanism were contrived to meet their necessities, but unfortunately it has been the sad lot of poverty to suffer twofold evils, first from injustice in the sum received for the amount of labour, and next from its almost inevitably being confounded with “sturdy rogues and staff-strikers,” and the base and wicked of every time, to whom idleness was a gain, and sin a necessary recreation.

And hence it became necessary to institute Poor Laws; they existed, indeed, from the reign of Edward III., when the clergy were enjoined to appropriate portions of their revenue to the maintenance of the poor. The 43rd act of Elizabeth was derived from the statute of 1391, and we may instance also the statutes of 1406. He who would understand the interesting question of the progress of the people (which is in truth what we ought to mean by the History of England), must read the voluminous and learned work of Sir F. M. Eden, to which this chapter must acknowledge itself indebted for many of its facts, and compare the interesting statements in the first volume with the tables adduced in the last. During the course of many years, pens innumerable have been employed on the condition of the poor, and it is necessary to consult their writings to understand our position. The writings of Locke, of

Yarrowton, of Dr. Davenant, of Mr. Dunning, and Daniel Defoe, differing materially in every point, are all most instructive. The question of the extent to which a state should provide for its poor, is now a very old one. So long as 150 years since, the poor seem to have pressed as heavily on the mind of the country as now: it was about that time that Defoe published his work entitled "Giving Alms no Charity," an address to Parliament, and containing principles quite applicable to our own times. He reprobates the idea "that it is the business of the legislature to find the poor work, and to employ them rather than to oblige them to find work for themselves." He says, "from this mistaken notion come all our workhouses and corporations:" he says, "begging is in the able a scandal on their industry, in the impotent a scandal on their country. Giving alms is no charity. People have such a notion in England of being pitiful and charitable, that they encourage vagrants, and by a mistaken zeal do more harm than good. The poverty of England does not lie among the craving beggars, but among poor families where the children are numerous, where death or sickness has deprived them of the labour of the father; these are the houses that the sons and daughters of charity, if they would order it well, would do well to relieve. As for the craving poor, I am persuaded I do them no wrong when I say, that if they were incorporated, they would be the richest society in the nation; and the reason why so many pretend to want work is, that

they can live so well upon the pretence of wanting work, that they would be mad to leave it and work in earnest." Further, he goes on to say—and what truth is there in what he says for England in the nineteenth century?—"We are the most *lazy diligent* nation in the world; there is nothing more frequent than for an Englishman to work till he has got his pocket full of money, and then to go and be *idle, or perhaps drunk, till it is all gone*, and perhaps himself in debt; and ask him in his cups, what he intends, and he'll tell you honestly, *he'll drink as long as it lasts, and then go and work for more*. I make no difficulty to promise, on a short summons, to produce above a thousand families in England, within my particular knowledge, who go in rags, and their children wanting bread, whose fathers can earn their 15s. to 25s. per week, but will not work; who have work enough, but are too idle to seek after it; and hardly vouchsafe to earn any thing but bare subsistence and spending-money for themselves." "I can give," he goes on to say, "an incredible number of examples among our poor. I once paid six or seven men together on a Saturday night, the least 10s., and some 30s., and have seen them go with the money directly to an ale-house, lie there till Monday, spend every penny, and run in debt to boot, and not give a farthing of it to their families, though all had wives and children. From hence comes poverty, parish charges, and beggary." Thus we see that precisely the same moral causes afflict-

ing us now have been working for ages; we, perhaps, are the children whose teeth have been set on edge, because our fathers eat sour grapes.

It was proposed in the outset of this chapter, that the facts adduced should determine for us the question whether our social characteristics are more favourable than those of more youthful times—whether we could conscientiously cheer one another with the belief that past exertions had not been made in vain. Such improvement in all vital matters surely is traceable, in food, in lodging, in clothing. In 1760, of the 6,000,000 inhabitants of England and Wales, no fewer than 880,000 fed on rye. The rye-eaters have been universally changed to wheat-eaters. We are quite certain that not 20,000 persons use that species of grain now. Wheaten bread was only known as a luxury at Christmas time; it is now used all the year round by almost all persons. On the most moderate computation it may be affirmed, that the consumption of butcher's meat in the metropolis, as compared with the population, is twice as great at this moment as in 1740 or 1750, and in many parts of the country, the increase of consumption is even greater; and with reference to clothing, Mr. Baines says, most truly,—“A country wake in the nineteenth century may display as much finery as a drawing-room in the eighteenth; and a peasant's cottage may at this day, with good management, have as handsome furniture, of beds, tables, and windows, as the house of a

substantial tradesman sixty years since." Perhaps in lodging we have not kept pace with our improvements in food and clothing; it is an improvement depending more on our individual moral character, yet the best evidence clearly shows to us, that the number of inhabited houses, to the proportion of the population, is greater, and that in ventilation and construction, we have, notwithstanding the facts we will presently unfold, made a stride upon our forefathers.*

About the year 1750, Henry Fielding published his "Enquiry into the Increase of Robbers." It is gratifying, in reading it, to perceive that such a pamphlet could not now be written, nor could the accusation occurring in his charge to the Grand Jury of Westminster be made now. "Gentlemen," he says, "our newspapers, from the top of the page to the bottom, the corners of our streets, up to the very eaves of our houses, present us with nothing but a view of masquerades, balls, and assemblies of various kinds, fairs, wells, gardens, &c., tending to promote idleness, extravagance, and immorality among all sorts of people."† Venal as our newspaper press may be, and corrupt as our large towns are, we can give no such character of either as this:—Taking the vice of intemperance, too, the following is said to be the number of public-houses in London, in 1736, although it was but a fourth of its present size.

* Maculloch's Statistical Account of the British Empire, Vol. iii., 506.

† Fielding's Works, vol. xii., 271.

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|---------------|---------|
| Inns | 267 |
| Taverns | 447 |
| Coffee-houses | 551 |
| Ale-houses | 5,975 |
| Brandy-shops | 8,659 |
| Total | 15,899* |

The population of London at that time was above 630,000, the quantity of gin consumed annually amounted to 7,000,000 gallons; on the other hand, the population in 1835 was 1,776,000, the number of houses of this description did not exceed 5000, from which it would appear there were at the former period nine times as many spirit-shops in the metropolis as at the latter period, in proportion.† Nor shall we find any evidences of better manners, if from the metropolis we turn to the rural districts of that period. Mr. Marshall, in his "Rural Economy of Gloucestershire, gives the following remarkable, we might say incredible, instances. We shall cite his own words:—

"Drinking a gallon bottle-full at a draught is said to be no uncommon feat, a mere boyish trick, which will not bear to be bragged of; but to drain a two gallon bottle without taking it from the lips, as a labourer of the Vale of Evesham is said to have done, by way of being even with his master, who paid him short in money, is spoken of as an exploit which carried the art of draining a wooden bottle to its full pitch. Two gallons of cider are *not* a stomach full. Another man of the Vale undertook, for

* Maitland, vol ii., 735.

† Dr. Hogg. "London as it is," 280.

a trifling wager, to drink twenty pints, one immediately after another. He got down nineteen, as the story is gravely told, but *that*, filling the cask to the bung, the twentieth of course could not gain admittance. So that a Severn man's stomach holds exactly two gallons and three pints. But the quantity drunk by the men is trifling compared with that which their masters will swallow at a sitting. Four well-seasoned yeomen, having raised their courage with the juice of the apple, resolved to have a fresh hogshead tapped, and setting foot to foot, emptied it at one sitting."

Whether these instances are true or false, they illustrate the depth of debasement and depravity to which these labourers must have sunk, of whom such legends could be told. Sir Morton Eden says, writing in 1797, "It is not a very uncommon article of information in a newspaper, that a labourer has exchanged wives with his neighbour, or carried his bedfellow to market, with a halter about her neck, and sold her for the moderate price of 5s."*

Lord Jeffrey has employed his pen to attempt to convince us that there is no hope for any great social improvement.† He characterises the idea of progress, as "a splendid illusion" after cheering his readers with the delightful anticipation that wars shall *never* cease, and prophesying further, that, "with regard to the other glittering curses of life, the heartless dissipation, the cruel seductions, the selfish extra-

* "History of the Poor," vol. i., 627.

† Contributions to Edinburgh Review, vol. i., 81-105.

vagance, the rejection of all interesting occupation, or serious affection, which blast the summit of human fortune with perpetual barrenness and discomfort, we can only say, we do not think it very probable, at least, that they will be eradicated by rendering the species in general more intelligent." "The lower orders," he continues, "have less good fortune to reckon on." Nor are his foundations of this, most disconsolate of all views, so baseless as may be at first sight supposed; yet it is clear that, in morals, and in manners, in the constituents of comfort, and in respect to order and social law, all classes of the people have, during the last fifty years, made unparalleled progress.

We have seen that, however loudly we may talk of the intemperance of our times, there is no comparison between that vice, as it obtains in our age, and its prevalence in the last, that was the golden age of Bacchus. So in reference to crime, all statistics are equally favourable. Even crime itself is touched by the spirit of the times, renounces to a great degree the force of the arm, and appeals to the dexterity of the brain. Hounslow Heath has at once lost its horrors and its true old legendary existence. Not only Jack Falstaff, the Prince, and Poins have long left Blackheath, but all other bold highwaymen too; yet within the present century, it is said, a physician frequently necessitated to cross that place, at different times shot several highwaymen, by whom his carriage was surrounded. In the occupations of the people, in their relative productions, in execu-

tion, in social comfort, in general behaviour, we do not doubt but that there has spread over the whole country a most cheerful and general improvement. True, we are not worthy of our exalted privileges, of our gospel, of our industrial resources; there is room for boundless exertion and boundless improvement, and the instances of former degradation have been cited to rouse, to cheer, to inspire; all *that* has been achieved, all *this* remains to be done; let us remember that the evils of our social state are not of to-day or yesterday; there is a falsehood and a sophism in the teachings of all those who would make it appear that they are so. Tyranny and oppression, prejudice and intolerance, severe taxation, crushing poverty, want, famine, disease, all these are not new things in society; all times have been to many "hard times;" every age has beheld the many in vassalage beneath the grasp of power; every age too has beheld that power becoming weaker and weaker, that grasp feeble and feebler; true it is, the doom of the people has hitherto been to suffer in every clime, kingdom, age; in every clime, kingdom, and age, the spread of knowledge, combined with moral and religious truth, has ameliorated the condition of the people and lightened their doom.

Far more cheering than the views of Lord Jeffrey cited above, are those of another distinguished and elegant writer. He says,—“The benefit which all orders of society, and especially the lower orders, have derived from the mollifying influence of civilization upon the national

character, is most important. . . The general effect of the evidence which has been submitted to the reader, seems hardly to admit of doubt; yet, in spite of evidence, many will still image to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. But in truth, there is a constant improvement, precisely because there is a constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labour, and to save, with a view to the future. And, it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favourable estimate of the past. In truth, we are under a deception, similar to that which misleads the traveller in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare, but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward, and find nothing but sand, where an hour before they had seen a lake: they turn their eyes and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism, to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization; but if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. . .

It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts, the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers .

and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves, the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse—when men died faster in the purest country air than they now do on the coast of Guinea; we too shall in our turn be outstripped, and in our turn be envied. It may well be in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with fifteen shillings a week—that the carpenter of Greenwich may receive ten shillings a day—that labouring men may be as little used to dine without meat, as they are now to eat rye bread—that sanitary, police, and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life—that numerous comforts or luxuries which are now unknown or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty working-man. And yet it may then be the mode to assert, that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many; and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria, as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendour of the rich.”*

The heart is a cold one, and unworthy of our country, which does not sympathize with the anticipations thus eloquently expressed. No task is more delightful than the recapitulation

* Macaulay's History of England, vol. i. pp. 424-427.

of our country's history, and the deeds of its great men; and to exalt the character of the youthful citizen, no labour can be so effective as to throw back the mind to those magnificent epochs of our English Iliad, when the soil of the land was developing and maturing itself from the stakes of its martyrs and the scaffolds of its patriots. Reverting to the days of the haughty Plantagenets or Tudors, to the subsequent time of the Stuarts or the Commonwealth, who can doubt that it is the work of an age to develop an idea. The closing years of the Plantagenets formed the most important commercial age our country had known, and in spite of restrictions and taxations, the trading interests of the country were mightily advancing; it was the time of guilds and corporations. The FAIR of that day, too, was a most important commercial gathering; it was the great national exchange, frequented by prince and prelate, by baron and abbot; the trade of every town within seven miles was suspended, and the rude booths formed long lines of streets, where all the spoils of agriculture, the manufacturing skill, or the commercial enterprise of the day were exhibited. There the pedler, the rude Autolycus of the time, exhibited his wares, and cracked his jokes, and sung his songs; the merchant whose mind had been expanded by foreign travel, and intercommunion with the wise senators of republican and trading Italy, came with his spices and liquors, his jewels or rare curiosities, perhaps a bone of St. Jude, or a tear of St. Thomas,

which he had been commissioned to purchase for the monastery of St. Mary, or St. John; the wealthy Lombard or the old Jew, the Shylock or Isaac of Tadcaster, despite of gibes and sneers, was there to negotiate large loans on heavy interest; the clown was there with harlequin and columbine, on a rough stage, before a gaping crowd, performing his mysteries; and lately after the wonderful press of the London trader Caxton, had been set up, the poor suspected Lollard found his way there with a choice copy of the Word of Life for some faithful noble or burgess, who might be trusted—the Nicodemus, who was compelled to come to Jesus by night. Those fairs characterised the time: they were the great events of the year, of the country, of the life; no doubt they had an influence on the opening mind of that period similar to that of our large towns, with an amount of profligacy and folly, to which nothing within the last century may bear a parallel; the lengthy period to which they extended, ten, sixteen, twenty days, would give opportunity for the expression and interfusion of opinions among the more intelligent citizens. In those first fairs, took place the sale of human beings •—we can well conceive that the first anti-slavery speeches were made there; a few years more, and these sad outrages ceased to be a part of the commerce of the occasion. In an age when books were to the bulk of the people entirely unknown, the wonders of foreign lands, and the tales of travellers, sailors, and merchants, would open a new page to the mind. We can-

not now tell how great the benefit conferred by the wonders of the fair on the intellect, while the spot, where these assemblages took place, covered until then by wood and water, was cleared or drained; and a village or town sprung up to perpetuate to other ages the important site by the well-known name of Fairfield, or Mayfair, Fairford, Fareham, or Fairwood.

To this age succeeded the wonderful ELIZABETHAN ERA.

Then was the age of admiration, then
 Gods walk'd the earth or beings more than men.

Every ship as it returned to our shores brought the intelligence of some notable discoveries, the royal progresses from place to place rouse up the life of a neighbourhood even more than the fairs of the past age, the manufactures of all the large towns were mightily aided by the persecutions of the Duke d'Alva; in that day the last dying beams of chivalry and romance were reflected back from a more practical age, it was the brightening twilight of the commercial, moral, and intellectual morning of England, it was the age of thought—the wonderful realms visited by the philosopher and the poet, were even yet more wonderful than those laid bare by enterprise and discovery on our own terrestrial orb; to the greatest as well as to the meanest minds, appeals were perpetually made to the wondering faculties of the human soul; the thoughts of that day eminently illustrate the permanency, the immor-

talities of thought, and its power to influence all the future conditions of a people ; it was the time when the lamps were trimmed in the temple of knowledge, and that the boldest speculations became for the first time in the history of the world in some degree popularised ; it was the most poetical era of England, suspended between the mythical and heroic times and the days of stern reality and fact ; while still more interesting is it to notice, that then were heard the first resolute mutterings and outspokening of popular discontent.

When Elizabeth demanded subsidies from the House of Commons for a foreign war, Sergeant Heyle spake—" Mr. Speaker, I marvel much that the House will stand upon granting of a subsidy, or the time of payment, when all that we have is her Majesty's, and she may lawfully, at her pleasure, take it from us ; yea, she hath as much right to all our lands and goods as to any revenue of her crown." At which *all the house hemmed and laughed and talked.* " Well," quoth Sergeant Heyle, " all your hemming shall not put me out of countenance." Mr. Speaker stood up and said, " It is a great disorder that this should be used ; for it is the ancient use of every man to be silent when any one speaketh ; and he that is speaking should be suffered to deliver his mind without interruption." So the sergeant proceeded, and when he had spoken a little while, the house hemmed again, and so he sat down. In his latter speech, he said, " he could prove his former position by precedent in the times of Henry

the Third, King John, King Stephen, &c., which was the occasion of their hemming." Was not this significant of the growing independence of the people?—an independence made still more manifest by the bold speeches of Peter Wentworth and Mr. Strickland.

Thus intelligence and independence developed, ripened, until in the times of the succeeding Stuarts, the curtain of history rises and reveals the magnificent drama of the puritan and nonconformist struggle, THE AGE OF PARTISANS, an age the most prolific of great events of any chapter of modern history, when universally men became partizans, when democracy was first avowed as a religion and a law, when first from bold and daring hands the young truth was hurled against the antiquated and titled error. On the Continent, to this great period belong the battles of the league, the victories of Gustavus, and the struggles of Holland: it includes the rise of the American colonies; while closely in conjunction with this period, must be named that second night of Europe and of Britain, the day of the restored ascendancy of Bourbons and Stuarts: that might have been called an age of trifles, but it was an age of war too, marked by little of greatness or heroism, little of worth, either in literature or science; yet the elegant trifles in which that age abounded prepared for better times. Looking back to the seventeenth century, we cannot but feel for it much more affection than either admiration or respect; its warfare marked in an especial manner the spirit

of opinion even in the vicinity of cabinets and thrones, since it was the warfare of opinion and the contest of conflicting principles, those wars in reality were with tyrants and conspirators; over many sections of the European Continent, that age has not yet closed; in our own country, we may fondly hope, that it has passed, and that another has commenced; to an external observer, after the stormy excitements of the warlike period, it might almost seem as if we had fallen on the evening of the world. We have met with persons so isolated in our country, that it has seemed to them as if we had entered the age of peace. After the wild uproar of preceding times, it is not surely wonderful if our age seems rather like the sabbath of the universe. Judging from the first view of things, it would seem that life has greatly increased in its importance and value: old enemies have been visited as next-door neighbours; the Post Office has become the great national mission-house and benefactor; wonderful and incredible improvements in communication have taken place; towns and cities have sprung up, rivalling in immensity and importance, not merely the metropolis of the seventeenth century, but for commercial and political influence, the metropolis of our own day; beyond any other age, it is marked by simultaneousness, by the universal awakening of the nations to their right and destiny, by the fusion of parties, so interblending with each other, that we scarce can tell in what the distinction lies. Science is action, and this is

the age of experiment, everything is passed through some alembic; there is a strange absence truly of all present faith and belief, but the cheerful fact is, that almost all men are yearning after a faith, that the fires of the crucible are trying all things, creeds, principles, and institutions, and persons, of what sort they are. And unless we are passing through a process which contradicts every other process of nature, we are near the stationary state; certainly the present is by no means a happy ideal of life or society; let us hope we are on our way to order and to law; storms work themselves to rest; fermentation precedes deposition; action hastens repose; years may undoubtedly roll away before that period dawns; but without emulating the prophet's distinction, or the foresight of the seer, it seems consistent to believe, that the next age of our history will be the age of system, of combination in a higher and nobler sense than it has ever been defined as yet, an age of moral order and intelligence; for that age it is the especial mission of the present to prepare.

CHAPTER. II.

THE VICTORIAN COMMONWEALTH.

PROLOGUES OF QUOTATIONS.

"In our provinces a rich man visits his stable and his dog-kennel, if engaged, every day, who hardly five times in his life has entered a peasant's cottage, unless it might be for shelter from the rain, though perhaps the cottage was his own. His stable must be warm, yet well ventilated; his dog-kennel littered with clean straw, and abundantly supplied with running water; the cottage, meanwhile, has no cover to its draw-well,—no drain from its dung-hill, and no resident incumbent in its pigsty. He pats his horse, he plays with his spaniel (both of whom always are sure to be well fed); but for his poor Christian neighbour, it is sufficient familiarity if he condescend to touch his hat in return for his salutation."

ROBERT EVRES LANDON, M.A. — "Fountain of Arethusa."

"For in very truth it is a 'new era' a new practice has become indispensable in it. One has heard so often of new eras, new and newest eras, that the word has grown rather empty of late. Yet new eras do come; there is no fact surer than that they have come more than once. And always with a change of era, with a change of intrinsic conditions, there had to be a change of practice and outward relations brought about, if not peaceably, then by violence, for brought about it had to be; there could be no rest come till then. How many eras and epochs not noted at the moment, which, indeed, is the blesseddest condition of epochs, that they come quietly, making no proclamation of themselves, and are only visible long after. A Cromwell Rebellion, a French Revolution, 'striking on the horologe of time,' to tell all mortals what a clock it has become, are too expensive, if one could help it."

THOMAS CARLYLE. — "Chartism."

CHAPTER II..

Insignificance of England compared with its Influence—
Bad Social Circumstances—Exaggerated Views—Classification of the depressed and lower classes—Mendicant Classes—New Eras again—Dependence and Independence—Popular Discontent—Contented Misery—The Absorbent System—Power of Property as a means to Elevation of Sentiment.

EVERY Englishman must have felt the insignificance of the territory to which he belongs as compared with the influence it holds, and has in all times held, over the various nations of the globe. It is very marvellous—it is a mystery,—that a dot should rule almost a globe. If you look at the actual material position of the British nation, it will dwindle to a mere point: if you trace out the extent of its power and its influence on the map, you will have to follow it, and to note it in every parallel of latitude. But England, in herself, is a type of her more imperial and territorial power.—Almost might we suppose a pre-ordaining power and skill had defined her headlands and her cliffs—had scooped her harbours and bays—had wonderfully, in so small a space, comprehended the most difficult and yet the most generous soils, the most depressing yet the most inspiring climate; rich vales for the corn

and the herbage, and extensive moors and plains for pasturage; quarries abounding with marbles for genius or luxury, or the ruder stones for the more humble abode; mines for domestic comfort, or for the civil engineer, and mighty forests for the rearing of oaks for the ships of commerce and of trade. Let any intelligent traveller make the circuit of the land, and how impressed must he be to find the variation in the life of the people! Walking through Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, Devonshire, Somersetshire, he would seem to be amongst a people entirely agricultural; the small towns, quiet villages with the lonely spire, fields sloping down to the wide landscape, plentifully befringed and besprinkled with wood, quiet hedgerow paths, quiet rural scenes, over which peace perpetually broods, while the farms shed over the whole landscape the very spirit of domestic bliss. Staffordshire, Lancashire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, present a very different appearance. They seldom exhibit the picture of peace, but everywhere give evidences of power—their skies present a perpetual gloom, their fields a perpetual arid and desert appearance—dense populations gather and cluster in the neighbourhood of tall chimnies; air, water, and steam, are all taken prisoners and enslaved. Beneath those populations lie vast mines of coal and iron, in the neighbourhood of rivers, serving as outlets to distant seas, or channelling a way to the spots where the cloth manufacturer may dye his wools. But in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and the east of Yorkshire, the high

cliffs are covered with the sheep and the cattle; there, far removed from town or habitation, the shepherd has his lonely mountain shieling; those wild and terrible scenes of nature seem resolutely to defy cultivation, "the greenness shows man must be there," but it is the life of pastoral solitude. The life of England, in its variety, is most extraordinary. What an immense stride—the life on the banks of the Thames, and that on the banks of the Tyne—the life of the Quantock woodman—of the Cullercoats fisherman—of the Cornish miner—of the Mersey mariner; yet all these varieties, and innumerable others than these, occupy a place in the same small island, and are heirs of the same commonwealth.

The Victorian Commonwealth is the most wonderful picture on the face of the earth, perhaps on no other spot of ground has heaven ever grouped so bright a constellation of its best mercies; "He hath not done so with any people;" it is not self-adulation, it is not the outpouring of patriotism, it is the simple statement of a fact; and there is no reason why, for ages hence, as surely as in the ages past, England may not be the workshop of the world, the brain and thinker of the race, the mighty necessity of civilization. Walking through this great commonwealth, one is struck with the prodigious, the inexhaustible stores of wealth. What sight more solemn than London Bridge at night, and those dread forests of shipping? What thought more solemn than that, on this small spot of land, 20,000,000 of

human beings are all sternly engaged in struggling out the battle of life? And however divided into classes by the arbitrary distinction of political science, the true point of vision is that from which they are all regarded as one great commonwealth; each man in all that mighty company does something to give an individual character to the whole, and the truth is, seldom as it comes home with any appropriate force to any one of all the wrestlers on that small plain, the interests of one are identical with the interests of all, a sin committed against a member of the social state is a sin against the whole state. This is the condition of a commonwealth, as it is known that the incitement and enkindling of the destructive passions of our nature for the purpose of foreign warfare, in the end bring those passions to play with fearful interest at home; so injustice to our neighbours is suicidal. There cannot long be a large share of happiness where there is not an equal share of happiness—the circulation of prosperity, and justice and happiness through a state, is as necessary as the circulation of blood to the health of the system; where this is not, there can be literally and truly no commonwealth; hence the especial interest attaching to our own social state—true, it is studded with banks and palaces, with parks, estates, and fields; its custom-houses, and its stores are crowded with memorials and monuments of wealth; the resources of England by land and by sea, in the mine and the field, are immense as yet. But is the respect for justice

and honesty high among us? Is the respect for property, all property, mine as well as thine, the property of the muscle as well as the five-pound note, high among us? Is labour received with homage? Are our notions of law derived from the eternal distinction between good and evil? Are they founded on a clear perception of the rights of man from man, the responsibilities of man to man? These are things which make a commonwealth, when these are not there is none.

We have all heard "the Condition of England Question" spoken of; by some persons it is regarded as a question really of immense importance, others pass it by with summary contempt; but you, my dear reader, you have an impartial soul, you have an ear, a heart for justice struggling within you. I will suppose there are some feelings of patriotism and love for fatherland, or brotherhood and love of humanity, releasing the spirit from the bondage of prejudices and conventional usages. What do you find? Is it a happy social state in which you live? Answer me from the soul, while the eye is on the page—is it a state of justice, of veracity? What are the facts, the statistics of the Victorian Commonwealth?

Is it true that one out of every seven of us is a pauper?—that every six Englishmen have, in addition to their enormous burdens, to support a seventh between them, whose life is spent in consuming, but in adding nothing to the source of their common subsistence?

Is it true that the entire taxation of the

kingdom is 20 per cent. on its whole income, £80,000,000 of taxes, rates and duties, out of an annual production of £460,000,000! That this taxation proceeds upon a graduated scale, laying on the poor man's shoulders burdens grievous to be borne, but scarcely touching the rich with the least finger? That the men whose vast fortunes amount to £200,000 per year, pay about 5 per cent.; those whose incomes are from £10,000 to £20,000 per year, pay 10 per cent.; the middle classes, with incomes of from £1000 to £5000 per year, pay 15 per cent.; the smaller traders realizing from £200 to £300 a year, pay 20 per cent.; and the labouring classes, with incomes of from £25 to £50 per year, pay at least 30 per cent. of their income on the various commodities they consume. Is this a correct statement of this unjust gradation?

Is it true that crime is well housed, well fed, educated and indulged; while poverty is crushed, trampled, and left uncared for? That prisons have had expended upon them, sums beyond all conception in extravagance? The Reading Jail costing £220 per prisoner; Millbank £500 per prisoner; York enlarged at the prodigious expense of £1200 per prisoner. Is it true that, among the charges of the Poor Law Administration, are £59,801 for masters and matrons, school-masters and mistresses; chaplains, £59,431; medical officers, £124,532; and even nurses, £2161? Is it true that the honest independent labourer is in a worse posi-

tion than the pauper or the criminal? Yes, it is true.

Is it true that, during $6\frac{1}{2}$ years, *i.e.* from 1841 to 1847, the total railway expenditure in this country, according to *Blackwood's Magazine*, was £9,380,000, and this expenditure has revealed an amount of shameless extravagance, and recklessness in expenditure, and immorality in trade, tending to the shaking of all confidence in the transactions of man with each other?

And, finally, is there any ground for the statement that, during the same period of time, the cost to the country from intoxicating drinks alone, from the liquor consumed, and from the labour lost from the results of drinking, amounted to £1,007,500,000?

What a national state is indicated by these peculiarly startling figures! yet they reveal but little of the actual sorrow and deformity of our social condition; there is a want of health alike in thinking and in acting, there is a fierce craving for excitement, an ungovernable appetite for novelty; the ordinary and healthy food of humanity suffices not, old truths have become to a great degree tasteless and insipid: with all our professions of liberality too, what tyrants we are—what dogmatists. Many of us have reached the first desirable stage—we have learned to think for ourselves. But have we liberated our minds from the disposition to exercise inexorable tyranny over the thoughts of others? In many circles the calm and unobtrusive virtues are surrounded by no charms; virtues to be truly virtuous, must forfeit her

character, must be violent, vehement, extraordinary, *outré*—must walk with a strut and swagger, or better still, go upon stilts. Everything in social life is upheaved, nothing is defined or fixed, order seems lost; wild surges dash and play round the very landmarks of ages, threatening to sweep them away; stars start from their courses, and even atoms learn to rebel against a supposed universally binding law. And thus, if our moral condition is bad, of course our material condition is worse; if our veneration for “the aristocratic sentiment,” and “the professional sentiment,” our love of, and homage of wealth and robes mark out inner condition, so does it influence our outer condition. Hence there is through all society a disposition to live without labour, to amass wealth by any means so that it be amassed quickly: a frightful reflection is, that a very large portion of our population live without producing at all in any way, and are yet of course maintained out of the common social stock. In Great Britain, there are 70,000 persons who possess among them an annual revenue of £200,000,000, or about £2,300 a year each; on the average, our paupers, criminals and vagrants number two millions; and seventeen millions depend on wages, while of these there are annually about 100,000 mechanics and labourers out of employ. Sparta of old had 300,000 slaves to 30,000 freemen; does not our situation in some sort resemble hers? In the presence of a tremendous growth of evils like these, is not our position most ominous? Is he a wise or wary

man, is he the guardian of his state, who shuts his eyes to the approaching storm, and seeing no evil supposes that it has blown over? Beyond all doubt it is our duty to act the part of conservators of our social state; we should lay our hand upon every means for the giving stability to the bulwarks of society, and in order that we may see what rents there are, it will be necessary to tear away in many places the thickly clustering ivy, hiding the ruinous condition; our modern social state demands an entire revision of our political science. We must come to such revision with the love of justice strong within us, and with a cordial sympathy with human condition; we must unite with these, a sense of high religious duty, and we shall not fail to do and restore the right.

But what then really is the present condition of the people? for that is the next question which we are about to discuss; and it is a question, keep it down as you may, which still insists with true democratic boldness in coming up again to the surface of general thought; it makes men turn pale with afright—the question what must be done with the people—for the people? and unless miracles be wrought that question will press upon all with an earnestness to which the whole record of the past presents no analogy. What shall be done for the people? for already we have a revolution slumbering, but gathering power in all our cities, and still we pursue our way with intrepid stupidity, dreaming of Eden in the very midst of a reign of terror. The writer is no alarmist,

yet he has made but bad use of his eyes who has not seen things to fill them with alarm ; nor is the prophet's distinction coveted, yet must it be said, the look out from the observatory is portentous, the heavings of society are felt by all, wise men have said there are disturbing forces beneath sufficient to overthrow all our buttresses. We are surrounded by the collision of opposing interests, have called into existence the more distressing phenomena of opposing theories ; if it were not so terrible the spectacle would be amusing ; we are like men in a storm whose attention is attracted by the sight of some score or two patent life-preservers ; fortunate if the poor fellows among so many commendable members of the ' Humane Society be not washed overboard, for every body has his own little *ism*, his own little cockle-boat, by which alone the country can be saved. Now England has had from time immemorial hosts of croakers, who have threatened or prophecied her destruction, and there is therefore some ground for hoping that after all she may last our time ; still it must be admitted that the circumstances of *our* history are entirely new, never before had we to contend with so condensed a population, beneath the wing of so dark an ignorance, an ignorance more terrible from the fitful gleaming of crude principles over the gloom. In this fact lies the peculiarity and the danger of our age. Then there is the absence of humanity, there are taxations grievous in the last degree and imposed without the slightest deference to public

opinion on the part of government. Who does not fear the cold intellectual selfishness of the day?—who does not fear the peculiar forms of luxurious habit? Do they not indicate a most enervating and enfeebling life? Who does not fear the lust after excitement, the rage for the grotesque and unnatural? And more terrible still, we fear the disposition to enslave individual thinking, not only by the conservative but by the progressive party too; we fear the tendency to use the terms, public opinion, progress of the species, as battle-cries for bigotry and intolerance under a new mask and shield; we fear the conventional truth for it is the foundation of the conservative error; we fear the absence of true patriotism—the absence of the love of the senses and affections and manners of our own land. We fear that as a nation we have treated our sons ungratefully, and they have begun, though tardily, to turn their backs upon us, and are flying westward to build themselves new homes in the distant wilderness. But this is undoubtedly true, that all eyes are turning to England, all eyes are wondering how the problem of her destiny is to be solved. What is to be its future? All depends upon its people, upon its industrial resources, upon its capacity to cope with the new powers to which this age has given birth; how far it is fitted for struggling through the new seas of thought, the strange waves now apparently wasting around it. One thing is certain; as a nation, as a people we are unhappy. In this there is a higher evidence than that of the statist; this

is a question he cannot settle looking at our country ; place more reliance on your eyes than your ears, in reference both to the facts to be deplored and rejoiced over. With reference to statistics, it is only by examining many documents, accepting none, rejecting none, comparing all, that any knowledge can be obtained of our true condition ; the "groans of the Britons" are articulated plainly enough, and heard plainly enough, but the sound is uncertain, it is difficult to interpret the meaning. We have already expressed our conviction, that the state of the people and the land is far better than it ever has been before, and that the circumstances of our present unhappiness are to be traced to the operation of causes, none of which indicate national decline, many of which are the sure indications of national prosperity ; certainly, however, man is unhappy, yet it seems that this unhappiness is born of the Divine within him. Dr. Johnson's definition of a savage, as a being without a past or a future, meets the condition of very few of our globe's inhabitants. We have already seen that there is a disposition to mourn over the present as if we were stricken by a moral plague. It has been the fashion, too, to hold up our peasantry as the most comfortable in the world. We can do neither the one nor the other of those ; the mind of man naturally turns to the past or the future, the present is not, nor ever was intended to be, the great sphere of enjoyment ; we sigh for a lost paradise, we pant for a descending heaven.

We have already seen that the mind exaggerates the pictures of the past, until that which was deformed by the magic power of the spirit, is transformed into the beautiful. "Distance lends enchantment to the view;" this is in the present time, remarkably the case, was it ever so manifest before? all are turning the eye to the distant future or the distant past. In the galleries of painting how perpetually are you haunted by the attempt to realize the fashions and ideas of another day,—the poet mourns over the faded domestic beauty, the happy field, the noble character of other times; meantime, the same hearts, and others who cannot for a moment comprehend that extinguished torch, are sighing for and singing of the "good time coming." There was never before diffused through society so large a sense of unhappiness; for man, in some stages of human history, is a sort of shell-fish, unconscious of the world about him, or of his position in it;—oh, it is better to be unhappy than unconscious, for it is better to be than not to be, and the one is the sign of life, the other of death. True, there are in our cities and villages thousands whose life has never ranged beyond the oyster or the lobster life, yet the great majority of men may be defined as wrestling with a deep sense of misery; and, therefore, we should place quite another reading upon our social life than that to which our teacher Carlyle has arrived; he has reprobated the quackery of those who cry so loudly that this

is an healthy age; but if you believe the great preachers, the poets, the masters of thought, they tell you, not that their judgment is that we are in health, but that we are desiring to be so—that we feel we are beneath the dominion of malignant influences—that the present times demand an exertion of hearty sympathy—that what we need is cheerful faith, enlarged love, and active exertion; but still the sad fact is, that man in the land is not happy within. That corner of the country is nowhere to be found where there does not exist an amazing amount of deep suffering and sorrow; as you pass along the streets of even the simplest country town, the probability is that you meet a man, men, working men, whose faces wear the aspect of a profound and settled sorrow, if it be not that unmistakeable material woe, which so many feel, and which in the great city you so often meet, there is the appearance of doubt and mistrust—the whole age seems to be a suffering age. Many faces wear the appearance of a settled agony; this is the impression which haunts you—it haunts the writer perpetually. Yet, perhaps this is too much exaggerated; for it is more than presumed, that as no class is exempt from suffering, so no class is exempt from happiness: from that, man alone can shut himself. Greatly do we err, when we estimate the happiness of another by our own enjoyments; for as often as we have walked through the halls of nobles

and princes, we have said how cold, how unenviable this lot; as we have walked through the abode of squalor and distress, and have said how sad, how unbearable; and therefore to that man with the large dark eye, and the sunken cheek, and the compressed lips, and the broad looming brow, who seems the very picture of one who has hungered—from that poor being who stands at the crossing, broom in hand, and begs for a halfpenny; to these, and thousands like these, life has its moments of sunshine; half starving as they are, there are perhaps periods which hope sets apart in every day, which they look forward to every week; when there trembles over them the fluttering wing of serenity and content—when they expect to be happy. Happy! alas! seldom beneath the soothing of virtue; generally beneath the opiates of sin and vice.

For, endeavour to realise this picture of a lodging-house, given by a City Missionary, and quoted by Lord Shaftesbury:—The *parlour* (?) measures eighteen feet by sixteen feet: beds are arranged on each side of it, composed of straw, rags, and shavings. Here are twenty-seven male and female adults, and thirty-one children, with several dogs, in all fifty-eight human beings, in a contracted den, from which light and air are systematically excluded. It is impossible, he says, to give a just idea of their state. The quantities of vermin are amazing. I have entered a room, and in a few minutes I have felt them dropping on my hat from the ceiling like peas. ‘They may be gathered by

handfuls,' observed 'one of the inmates. 'I could fill a pail in a few minutes. I have been so tormented with the itch, that on two occasions I filled my pockets with stones, and waited till a policeman came up, and then broke a lamp that I might be sent to prison, and then be cleansed, as is required before new comers are admitted.' 'Ah,' said another, standing by, 'you can get a comfortable snooze and scrub there.' " Alas, where goes our theory of universal happiness now?

Dr. Scott, of Derby, states, in 1836, "I attended a family of thirteen, twelve of whom had typhus fever, without a bed, in a cellar, without straw or timber shavings--frequent substitutes. In another house I attended fourteen patients: all lay on the boards, and during their illness never had their clothes off. I met with many cases in similar conditions. Yet amidst the greatest destitution and want of domestic comfort, I never heard, during twelve years' practice, a complaint of inconvenient accommodation."* In the wide circle of our national woes, there is nothing so ominous as this contented degradation; instances like these--of human beings rotting away, without remorse or hope, too callous for even the impression of despair--better any thing than this. There is hope in even the savage growl of anarchy, for that even may be sanctified to true conservative political enthusiasm; but thousands of men and women herding with dogs,

* Sanitary Reports, vol. i. p. 274.

the prey of the most loathsome, foul, and incurable of all the Egyptian plagues, the victims of the most fearful and tremendous of diseases, lying like beaten or kenneled hounds, lashed and chained, yet without the power to reply even by the howl of suffering or fear,—the lazaretto of civilization,—the Bedouins of the peopled city,—these must ever be a source of far more solicitude to the statesman and the philanthropist, than the crowds of the disaffected and turbulent; they form the great social ulceration—the diseased aneurism of corrupting blood, which may affect the whole fountain of life, and destroy the human fabric of society.

But there is another exaggeration we must notice, when we write or speak of the people. It is too much the custom to speak as if there existed only one mass of unalleviated sorrow and distress, like that of which a feeble detail has just been presented. It would do the heart good to search out the lights and colourings of the opposite picture, and to sketch it. It is to the honour of our country and the working classes, (and we only fear the honour is becoming less and less frequent,) that there are very few places in our land which do not contain some who have sprung in many instances from the very lowest classes of life, and have not forgotten their origin. In many, and in most instances, however, they have come from “parents passed into the skies”—they have carried along with them through life a cheerful faith in Providence, an industrious frame, and a kindly heart; they may be in the minority

of the working classes, but there is a great number who fill humble homes, struggle manfully with difficulties, and, by prudence and self-respect, win for themselves estimation from the general world. These men are the local preachers, the tract distributors—they form the committees of Mechanics' Institutions and Temperance Societies,—the writer has shaken hands with thousands of such men. You will seldom find them at the meetings of the Political Club, but you will generally find them at the house of God. You never see them at the tap-room, but they are well known as the secretaries of the Building and Benefit Societies situated in the city or the village; their home wears the aspect of peace and comfort. Most likely you have frequently been invited to tea with them—you remember how the well-dressed wife bustled to make you welcome, and did you not amuse yourself and feel instructed while looking over the little library, bought with difficulty, well selected and neatly arranged. Thousands of these men will address large audiences with precision, with fluency, with eloquence. Many of them possess an amount of knowledge, which, if not scholastic and systematic, is varied and extensive. Their wages generally vary from £1 to £2 per week. Very frequently a father or a mother sits by their fireside, whose last years they smooth and gladden; yet notwithstanding this, their hospitality as well as their prudence are known in the gate. The hand writing this sentence has partaken of that hospitality again and again.

Ebenezer Elliott describes the home of these men; he calls it "the home of taste," the home of the proud mechanic, "rich as a king and less a slave,"—his elbow-chair, his sofa, his carpeted floor; the reader of Locke, wandering the woods for the winter rose, the lichen and the moss from the dingle, and the scarlet pimpernell from the sheltered stubble field. We realise that home, with the cleanly wife, the industrious daughter, the polished grate, and the new white curtains strung on pink tape, showing how mechanics may be "neat and clean, although they can't be fine." We realise that home, with the weather-glass John made, beside the cupboard-door, his flute, his telescope, his garden, with the dahlia and the flower that won the prize, and the bold hollyhock. All honour to these men, they are the glory and hope of the land. Nor is there anything more full of sorrow than that men of foresight like these men, should so frequently be leaving our shores and hasting away to other lands and colonies, founding for themselves new homes, and becoming the comfortable possessors of new farms, from want of faith in their own land. There is another class—the labouring class, whose employment is uncertain, and whose wages are of course equally uncertain, as a body always more ignorant than the artisan class, possessing neither its expansion of thought nor ardent independence: necessarily their home is small, its furniture, if worth calling furniture, scanty, though here too you are frequently surprised by what economy

and prudence can, do. The labourer seldom in the city occupies a self-inhabited house, so scanty are his wages, that you frequently wonder how with him life can possibly hold on. There are however exceptions, in which the wages of this class are even high; but its members are the descendants of the ancient English serf, they form in the agricultural districts the helotry of Britain; yet let no one suppose an entire absence of dignity or enjoyment among them; frequently, especially in the country, it is their boast that they have lived so long in the service of one employer. By large prudence many too in the city have succeeded in taking for themselves a house, perhaps letting a part of it. Many among them have by a singular intrepidity obtained for themselves a large measure of esteem, and a respectable standing in society; instructional influences have however exerted but little power over them—they are impervious to most of the pleasures and hopes of the class described above; the majority of them are bound to the ale-bench, and can comprehend little beyond its precincts. When we speak of intelligence, we are only describing the exception; and that intelligence we have intimated is far behind the average of the artizan and the mechanic. They are without mechanics' institutes, books, or schools: if they possess religion, it is seldom in its highest sense spiritual; the only avenue religion can find is sensational—an appeal to the eye and to the ear, and through these to the feelings. If Romanism were not in ill odour,—by the ter-

ror of its priestly power, and the gorgeous magnificence of its rite, it would find numerous devotees from this class. Its place is better supplied by the Primitive Methodists, who have been the apostles to "these lost sheep" of the land of Britain, and there is a high adaptation in the agent to the patient, which no other influence in Christendom could supply.

• But what shall we say of the other class—that fearfully large class—for the most part only to be found in the cities; how shall its numbers be put among the children of the people? How shall they be omitted? Is it not to our disgrace that such a body has not only been permitted to spring up, but to exist and multiply around us? A body living by the wages of idleness and fraud, whose home is the Ghetto of freedom and religion, the wild Ishmaels of society, a predatory horde, a clan who carry on a perpetual feudal guerilla warfare against all order, purity, and goodness. True, you may indeed find some even of this class whose hearts are homes of honesty, truth, and noble sentiment, but oh, how seldom! Why the virtue must be seraphic that can retain a vestige of her robe or a plume of her wing in such scenery. Of all the most momentous facts and interests in the universe most of these beings are utterly ignorant. They are indeed orphans. To them the universe is without a Creator, and they have no Father—no Christ Jesus the Saviour. Those blessed names they have probably never heard. For them there is no sacrifice for sin—no atonement. They have no idea of im-

mortality—of judgment—of the blessedness of the holy in companionship with God—of the doom of the impure in banishment from his presence, and the glory of his power. All the impressive retinue of nature is impressionless to them. Night lights up her solemn lamps, the moon unveils her tresses, and the sun “flames on the forehead of the dawn,” rivers move and murmur in majesty, and shady woods invite to contemplation, but not any or all of these combined create a thrill or a thought in their breasts. Nor are these unfortunates all the vagrants and outcasts of society. No, many of these are employed in our factories and mines, and many in our fields. In general, of course, the worse specimens of this class are found in the gloomy moral sepulchres of your great cities; but wherever existing, they are the type of human nature reaching its utmost degradation—sinking from some higher grade of being—the everlasting protest against those theorists who talk of the unaided progress of the species in goodness and happiness. Without human emotion, almost beyond the sense of pain, far beneath the fear of death, far beyond the reach of the ordinary missions to rouse from sin, and to redeem.

But how came they there?—down *there*, so far out of sight of all the charities that soothe and bless mankind. This inquiry guides us to a sad phenomenon in our social life, namely, the constant drafting away of the population from the country to the town. The streets of London were fabled to be paved with gold in

the middle ages ; and the folly which gave rise to the fable exists still. There are many who look upon the city as the only place where wealth can be sought for with any hope of success, and they hurry thither. • There are others literally starved into the town. • They held as long as they could by the old familiar fields ; but when the extraordinary pressure of severe times came upon them, they left the happy valley of old associations and simple joys. The awful density of our great cities is to be traced to those causes especially. As the poor and suffering of this island turn their eyes to the American continent, and fully believe if once they were there, their redemption might be effected, so also our rural citizens turn their eyes to the urban districts, and hope for salvation from thence ; and the means of reaching the city are easy—they have no sea to cross—they have but to throw the bundle over their backs, and walk the hundred miles intervening between the great town and their village ; so the population pours in. But there are no extensive acres to purchase at a cheap rate—there is no work to be obtained. A week or two convinces these pilgrims of the mistake they make ; a struggle or two utterly ineffective, and they soon sink into helpless, hopeless despair. When the landholders, the farmers, the lords of the soil, rebuke and sneer at the human features of the Great City, it might not be inappropriate to ask them to calculate how much of all its physical wretchedness is traceable to the iron policy which drove the peasant from the

fields. How easily might we follow a family from the country, and watch each member of it through every affliction, and disappointment, and sorrow, as they pass through the grades of suffering in the large town.* How would a poor but respectable family find itself situated on entering it? Why, its poverty compels it to take refuge in one of the most crowded districts of the town. The probability is that the neighbours are publicans, prostitutes, and thieves—some of these characters live beneath the same roof with them. The wages of sin seem to be so easily earned while they perish with hunger, and while they are pining in misery their neighbours indulge in riotous merriment—the foundations of virtue give way. Let us not pass too hasty a judgment. Perhaps we have never sustained our rectitude beneath the perpetual presence of vice; and no hand is stretched out to relieve—no kind voice speaks, to sympathize and to cheer, in that dark circle where the shadows of guilt and unhallowed pleasure perpetually obtrude—where the tumult of licentiousness and sin are perpetually heard—where the terrible struggle with poverty perpetually goes on—where the indulgence in guilt only leaves a craving for its renewal. Is it wonderful that the sons are inveigled with a gang of robbers and pickpockets? while the daughters soon go out into the streets, and wander there, to find, beneath the porches of passion and of vice, a speedy entrance to the hospital and the grave. But beside all these, there is a constantly descending class of citizens,

who are declining from stage to stage in the social scale. There is a constant series of events by which the wheel of social life is revolving. Thus, those who are highest to-day have only to take a few rounds, and they will be lowest to-morrow.

Our social philosophy has many a curious and unsolved problem; but the most curious, perhaps the most unsolvable, is the "beggar—the mendicant life of England. The preceding statements will in some degree guide to the fountains of mendicancy, from which its constant streams are supplied. There are the beggars from education and sloth, that ancient order of moral Ishmaelites and Bedouins of the city, infesting all states, including the drunkard, the wild gypsy wanderer, those who prefer begging to spinning and digging, the indolent and the criminal, a wonderfully large class who practice the very science of deception, an unique and entire body, who have their signs, their freemasonry, and their language, houses of meeting, and modes of correspondence, and thousand-fold plans to extort and to win money from those whom they determine to deceive. There are "lurkers" or silver beggars, who go about with briefs, containing statements of loss by fire or accidents, signed by magistrates, and sealed; "cadgers," persons who make begging their profession; "shallow coves," who beg through the country as shipwrecked sailors; "high-flyers," who profess to have experienced great losses, and are next in importance after the lurkers. It is calculated upon competent evi-

dence, that one-hundredth part of the population, or 150,000 persons, live on the wages of mendicancy;* supposing each family to consist of six persons, we have 25,000 begging families, and it is pretty fairly estimated that they raise £55 per annum each, or the total sum of £1,375,000, one-fourth of the average total amounts of poor rates. This calculation does not include the Irish mendicants, and yet they are in the proportion of one in three to the English, even in agricultural districts. It is believed that this is a constantly increasing class, that it is extending its territory, and increasing its population. The fact of its existence is terrible, but more terrible still the belief, founded on knowledge, that its increase on the part of agricultural and other labourers, is to be traced to the fact, that "wages are not high enough for the price of provisions, or provisions low enough for the price of labour." Thus the ranks of vagrancy are perpetually filled by those who did not from choice find their way there. Has not the manly English heart found itself sometimes, and frequently in that class? Sickiness, accident, want of employment, do frequently thrust the poor unconsciously into the degrading position of the beggar; it is found that more money is earned thus than by honest independent labour. The man who made but a sorry beggar at first, learns gradually the orthodox whine, the stereotyped slang, or perhaps himself never thoroughly learns the trade, but the

* Edinburgh Review, vol. lxxv. p. 467.

children are swallowed into the vortex of profligacy, and having no memory of a life of innocent enjoyment, give their whole heart without remorse to the learning the cajolery of mendicancy and living the life of shame.

Thus, then, a slight survey of society will show to us that, in the so-styled lower classes, there are three orders very generally confounded with each other: there are those who earn comparatively but little, and are, therefore, from their limited means, compelled to reside in economical houses, and to shape their desires to their incomings: there are those who earn still less, and whose education and tastes are alike of an inferior description: there are those, again, who are compelled to herd with the very vicious, who are the outlaws of society, whose existence is generally won from the most uncertain and disreputable sources. It is very difficult to determine between these classes, they melt by imperceptible shades into each other, and are compelled by the harsh judgment of society to bear one another's burdens! The facts that strike us about them is, that there is a perpetual drafting, as we have said, of so many from a state of comparative to another of positive degradation, either from want of work, intemperance, demoralization, or some other cause; and it is obvious, that if we would restore individuals of these classes to moral character and excellence, the means for benefiting of one will be wholly inapplicable to the other. The first classes need, principally, that all restrictions be removed in their seeking their

own elevation, or, at most, to be set upon the right track; but the last need to be lifted entirely from their present sphere, and surrounded by new circumstances and enlightened by new ideas.

But physiology must precede pathology; a knowledge of the system must precede the application of any means to restore and cure. Universally is the impression that society is morally diseased. Sad as is the condition of the industrious classes however, few agree as to the origin of the disease; and, perhaps, any attempt to lay down one general cause of our social distress would be but empirical, it would result not from an extended, but from a partial survey of the social state; but this is at least certain, that a knowledge of symptoms and states must be arrived at before the application of any remedy—there must be a collection of instances, before any science can be erected—there must be an extension of the ideas—there must be an enlargement of the knowledge of the individual members of the state; for, all the improvement of society is resolvable into this, whether it be educational, or political, or commercial: would you change the aspect, the position, the deeds of men?—then change their ideas. How will you best describe the barbarian—the serf—the criminal? A being with few ideas. No man whose soul is endowed with these can be a degraded man; and it is vain to seek the improvement of any men unless we put into their hands the mace of moral power; for the life of the man as the life of the

race is moral. You do not move men much by presenting to them in regimental array long figures and tables of statistical information; you do not effect much by making mechanical changes the great motive of conduct; the highest results are obtained by appealing to man's sense of the infinite and the responsible. There is no vital action in the world where these are not; the whole circle of change upon change in the life of the globe, is the result of the change in men's ideas of their rights and their duties: or, it may be, presenting to them ideas in place of that entire vacancy which marked their moral history before. Facilities of knowledge are only means for the transfusion into the soul of ideas; a new idea may work wonders in a man's life, or in the life of a nation; and ideas are the tools, too, with which we shape out the destiny of our life. A man is a sluggish, apathetic being, or an active and aspiring one, just as he has lofty and stirring ideas: the chronology of princes, the dynasty of conquerors and kings, is poor indeed when compared with the dynasty of a thought—the glory of the line of the Cæsars pales before the solemnity and adaptation of the municipal law—William the Norman shows poorly by the side of the printing-press; and the dynasty of the Bourbons, in its palmiest day, must yield to the dynasty of the steam-engine. Thus, whether men like to acknowledge it or not, the speculative life rules the globe, and all the inhabitants of the globe. The greatest benefactors to the world, therefore, are the distributors

of right, and noble, and new thoughts: hence, then, it seems we are to seek for a solution of the difficulties of modern society in moral causes.

It is worthy of considerable inquiry, how, and to what extent, the change in the relations of the age; is the cause of the abounding distress of the age; for, indeed, the whole aspect of society and social life has changed. Thus, when the appeal is made to sympathy, in behalf of the lower classes, we fear that the days of sympathy are almost gone by; or rather, perhaps, we ought to rejoice that sympathy is no longer a good-natured, good-humoured impulse; it is a solemn claim upon the constitution of our being: it, too, is resolvable into a right; it is a sacrament,—it is an ordinance of our manhood and our religion.

The times of poetical sentimental sympathy have passed, the time when the poor demanded and received the same kind of sympathy received also by dog and by horse; with this change has come either a gross and utter carelessness of the labouring classes, or a jealous defence of their rights, from a high conviction of their humanity. We despair, then, of any improvement of the people, until, in the minds of the wealthy monarchs of the labouring market there is a larger perception of their duty, and until, in the minds of the labouring-classes especially, there is a firm conviction of their rights and their duty too, and of their power, as growing out of these.

It is understood that the age has changed,

and that with that change have come many and most of the evils we deplore, so the age must bring the remedy. Undoubtedly, the increase of independence in our day is one of the great reasons why we labour apparently beneath evils at once so many and so new; the democratic element is the cause of our majesty and our misery. We need not say there have been proposed to society two theories of human position and duty. One may be called the theory of dependence. It is not unusual to find persons who represent the government and all the interests of the country, as vested in the hands of a few born heirs of wealth and social caste, who maintain that the labouring classes have no right whatever to the dignities and immunities of citizens; their opinions, if they have any at all, their customs in life, they are to receive from those said to be born above them. "We," say these kind patrons and tribunes of the people, "will take the management of matters altogether into our hands—kindly, paternally—we will save you the trouble of taking care of yourselves; depend upon us, feel your inferiority, look up to us, and we will look down on you; submit to our wisdom, believe that we *must* know what is best, and do what is best. God has placed you where you are, make yourselves contented with your circumstances; be humble, be dependent." But the times in which we live are not favourable to the manifestation of this spirit of dependence; on the contrary, there has sprung up in the world a

spirit of *independence and self-help*, there is a growing opinion that man should select his own credo, construct his own opinions, pay no deference to mere ancient usages and forms; that he should only venerate worth, and respect that, which is honourable. And no power or party can hold back the rapid current of this doctrine of self-help; it set in with the sermon on the mount, and the preachings of our divine Master and the first apostles of Christianity; it gathered renewed power from the voices and writings of Huss and Luther, and Calvin, and Wycliffe and Knox; the Lollards were the early English types of this noble spirit in religion, and the burghers of the middle ages in trade; the Waldenses and the Anabaptists (maligned as they have been) were noble counterparts on the continent of the Puritans and Nonconformists in our own country. And nothing can retard that current,—on it will flow, or it will overflow the banks of social order; before that stream can be intercepted, the last copy of the New Testament must be burned, the last printing-press destroyed; the lecturer must be prevented from speaking, the people from hearing, the school-master from teaching. And therefore the hearts of some men fail them for fear, therefore they heave and sigh over the ages, and times, and climes of theoretical beauty, they mourn that the relations obtaining in the old time between the master and the servant are no more; they would have, not the relation of respect and humanity, but of some intangible sentimental

simpering of condescension, on one hand, and gratitude on the other. It is vanity! it is the desire of approbation and praise! it is the gratification of the feeling of superiority and lordship!—for good or for evil, it is over; that day has past, henceforth man is taught that he is to be a self-helper, and those who wish well to man will simply labour to remove from him all the trammellings preventing him from aiding himself.

One thing has been remarked of our modern social state, that in a larger proportion than at any former period we seem called on to support THE ROBBER and THE DRONE—the plundering landlord and the pensioned placeman. It has been said, this is the Buccaneer stage of labour and civilization. It is admitted; there can be no doubt of it. When another age shall have passed away, many of our merchant lords and “railway kings,” if remembered at all, will only be remembered as the Captain Kidds and Henrich Hudsons of their day; already the brand of privateer is placed on some who bore the letters of marque. The evidence and the badge of this piratic spirit is indicated in the universal spirit of monopoly—universal selfishness, that legitimate child of grasping and unsanctified trade. The holiness of commerce needs to be vindicated. The compatibility of the most extensive dealings with the highest moral probity, the most untainted humanity, we have to learn that yet; we have to learn, strange as it may seem to say so, that there is a most unhealthy, as well as a most

healthy aspect, in the competitive system of the age. If competition is the source of our national glory, so it is also of our national shame; doubtless, in a purer state it will be the moral breath of trade. There is no hope for man until commerce shall be regarded as a moral dispensation. Drapers' shops and milliners' shops are most of them great monuments of dishonesty. You cannot pass them without feeling, as you look into the window, that there has been fearful wrong somewhere; and there is a general impression abroad that all commerce is a trickery, a kind of gambling, in which the luckiest gamester rides away in a chariot, and the unlucky crawls the whole of his days. And there is some justice in the idea too; for, as a people, we are not, as has been said, "miser-stricken and gold enchanted." We have made the gold of a man the criterion of his power, influence, and value; the image of gold is everywhere set up, and homage is paid to it. It is a wonderful transformer. It can send an unprincipled drunkard to the senate. It can bespangle so the black darkness of the slave-dealer, that he shall sit unreprieved in society, shall be fondled, flattered, and fawned upon, instead of being pitied, shuddered at, and shunned as the traitor and conspirator against the human family.

Few of us have indeed learned the great lesson, that not men but MAN should be supreme. We are suffering from the most afflictive combination of circumstances ever interfering with the growth of a people. In specifying them,

we run the risk of telling our leaders what must be known to them from their acquaintance with newspapers and political pamphlets. We stand in the midst of a perfect confluence of streams of sorrow. In the first place, our government has been the most recklessly expensive, ridiculously costly, and nefariously unjust, that any latter ages have exhibited to us. Certainly modern folly is not monopolised by cabinet councils. But what should we think of a railway company? Suppose several thousand persons, mutual shareholders, to construct a line to convey goods and bodies; this is the ground of compact. Suppose the directors, elevated to power, not contented with laying railway lines, build costly stations, involving an outlay of many thousands of pounds; build towns along the line, and erect and endow churches,—Would not this be clearly a departure from the compact of the company? Would it not be a most afflictive thing if the directors said to the company, we can not only return you no dividend, but we must call upon you for another sum of money, or you must forfeit your share in the line? Would not that reckless board of directors merit immediate expulsion from office, and punishment too, for their misapprehensions of duty? But this has been the pleasant economy of our government:—for many ages past large donations have been paid from our exchequer, because our legislators have misunderstood (to use the gentlest word,) the nature of their office; and every shareholder, every man in the nation, has

felt the pressure of the demand; and had it not been for the cunning device by which the tax was levied, long since the people would have been exasperated to frenzy and madness. By the cunning scheme of indirect taxation men have been made to pay for excise-officers and tax-gatherers, for palaces and harlots, for soldiers, for navies, for the gambling of princes, as if they were paying only the price of the article, when, perhaps, its price was most trivial, and the true expense was the iniquitous taxation. William Blaxland, of Birmingham, sent in June 1838, a petition to the House of Commons, stating that he then used in his family weekly, 2 oz. of tea, 2 oz. of coffee, 8 oz. of sugar, 3 lbs. 8 oz. of meat, 7 lbs. of flour, 7 pints of ale, $\frac{1}{4}$ -pint of brandy, and 1 oz. of tobacco, the cost of which, freed from tithe, corn, customs, and excise duties, would be 2s. 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ d. but with these taxes the article cost him 7s. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., being a weekly tax of 5s. 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ d. It is possible there may be some exaggerations in the statement, we apprehend not much; still, after we have even rebuked William Blaxland for wasting his money in the voluntary tax of beer, taxation presses upon the poorer classes of the people. In addition to this it is known that the rents paid by the poor in large towns are beyond all measure exorbitant, frequently amounting to a fourth of their earnings. The condition of the people awakens no interest in the mind of their rulers. Yet this is the constantly returning sybil with the enchanted leaves—and the power of the sybil, too, is in

the people. Reject them, treat them haughtily, disdainfully "put them down," but still, with ever renewed power they will return, and with every return will they be nearer to exasperation.

There are some persons who flatter themselves with the belief, the vain idea, that amongst the people all is happiness and peace. It is remarkable that there should be thousands wholly ignorant of our social state—fast asleep amidst downy luxuries. Now and then they wake up startled by a large chartist meeting, or the rumour of discontent in the factory districts; they wonder what can be the matter; trust to government to put all to rights, and go to sleep again. But it is on this discontent of the masses that the stability of our country rests. The fashion in other lands is to stifle the volcanic fire, until it gathers such power, that from an unseen source it breaks down all sense of law, all veneration for right, all regard for country; sweeping away as by a wave of fire, king, government, palace, and every object of popular indignation. In England, the vent of popular sentiment is, when seen aright, a warning, faint at first; the warning, like a thunder-peal, becomes louder and louder. The English people are not fond of revolutions; and therefore, to every wise statesman, the voices that alarm should be counsellors, soothsayers—giving warning of "the Ides of March." The warning too, is not merely to every statesman, but to every unjust man in authority; let us say to every unjust man.

It is undoubted, that the phrase of one law

for the rich and another for the poor, does to a great degree represent a fact; the working classes do meet with less justice than any other class of the country; there seems to be a general absence of moral principle in dealings with them, and towards them. It must be admitted, that labour is in the main shamefully paid; the interest upon the labourer's risk of life and expenditure of strength is poor indeed. Nor this alone: we have seen that he obtains less value than the middle or higher classes for an equal sum of money. It is a merciful extenuation of the miseries that the poor endure, to know that they are not felt in that equal degree in which we deplore them; wants which to us would be terrible are by them scarcely felt; they have no memory of comfortable habitation, or good food, or kindly word; there never was an hour when they obtained a glimpse of the true comforts of life, and therefore they never sorrow. This is the most tremendous chapter in the moral history of a nation, to have within its heart millions like these men and women, who only live to gratify the brutal instincts of their being, whose daily labour is only to fit them for the night of shame; compared with this inanition,—

“This nightmare life in death,
That thickens men's blood with cold.”*

all is preferable. We recur to the thought

* Coleridge.

expressed only two or three pages back : our labours should be to raise these beings from their death state, and to prevent by all sound and hallowed policy, the drifting of the vast numbers to those dreary haunts. Revolutions are not the only unhealthy diseases of nations—and they do not die of revolutions ; there is nothing mortal in that spasm ; we do not long for one—we are too happy ourselves to pray for the fire-girt reformer. While we long for change, we would that change should come as the seasons come, borne from the natural decay of the old. But the last worst stage of a nation is, when the change ceases to be hoped for, or sighed for ; when .

Slowly comes a hungry people as a lion creepeth nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying
fire.*

That “hungry people” is our times’ worst sign ; in cellars and in miserable hovels, pining away the great day of their being “in a cycle of Cathay.” All is preferable to this contented Socialism ; and here is a solemn community of sexes, of property, of horror, and of filth ; they have passed the limit when they began to feel in its acuteness either physical, or mental, or moral suffering ; they are reaching forward to the state of the savage, the Bushman, the Bosjeman ; they have no sense of the future ; they have lost all idea of higher wants ; they

* Tennyson.

are cut off from the great sympathies of humanity; alike in language and instinct, they are nearer to the outlaws of the African forest than to ourselves; there are thousands who pass their lives in chains, who have as high a sense of liberty, have many of them a nobler sense of happiness, a keener feeling of outrage, and cruelty, and degradation, and all that enters into the idea of humanity.

But there are those of the working classes, (and they form our hope after the despairing picture we have sketched,) who have known joys. The working man has once filled a home where there were happy faces. In his boyhood he had spread around him many comforts of which he is deprived now; the jostling competitive spirit of society has elbowed him out of the way. He was obliged to leave the home of his early happiness, but he has not left behind him memory and a sense of higher wants. Years ago he learned the sanctity of loneliness; he learned the superior happiness of retiring with his own family to his own roof—but the arrangements of society have denied him this now: still we say, he has within him a sense of high wants, of deprivations which he feels to be fatal to more than happiness. He looks down, and sees the yawning gulph of crime,—“the beggar’s broth” scene of Goethe invites him to partake; and from the depth of his heart there comes forth a wail, a long protracted wail of agony, a shriek of horror struggling with despair, to all loving human natures full of cause for tears—to most members of par-

liament, and gentlemen from dinner parties in white waistcoats, cause for laughter. But this man is not to be bowed easily to brute instincts. When some of the flippant spirits of the day have heard of, and it may be attended some public meeting, where thousands of the working classes have gathered, they have looked with supreme contempt upon them—have despised them; they should have been proud of them, they should have fostered and cheered them; they should have sought (only that they were powerless to do so,) to educate them; for these men showed, either that they had the memory of some better state from whence they had fallen, or that they had elevated themselves from some lower state beneath them, and that meeting was the rude, runic, scarce intelligible, articulation of their want—a moral and intellectual want—a want nobler than a beast's, a want of freedom, of knowledge, of happiness; all of which in their true sense and import are the cravings of a divine nature after the divine. And this is the true line of separation between the suffering and the degraded class. It is a dreadful thing when the sufferer crosses those borders. Suffering in itself is noble, is educational, is the furnace, the anvil on which the spirit, by fire and by strength, is made fit for its inheritance. But the chords of suffering, if they are to bless, must sometimes relax their tension and their force. And this is not merely suffering but misery. And there is “a degree of misery, especially when in proximity to sin,

which virtue is hardly able to resist."* Here, then, is the distinction between the children of labour and the children of shame; for it is impossible that any kind of labour can be followed at all, without in some degree ennobling the labourer, and leading him to a sense of self-respect. Labour of any kind sharpens the spirit; but labour which demands any amount of thought lightens the soul, and fits it for truly lofty struggles.

It has been our custom to pass by the pleadings of society, when they have been uttered with any degree of wildness, with contempt. Yet there is a meaning in every wild outbreak, in every social disorder. Hence, Chartism seems to be a most horrid and unnatural thing. Yet it is but the utterance of a people saying to their governors, "We are badly ruled; there is injustice towards us." Statesmen in white waistcoats, just returned from fashionable dinner parties, see inscribed before their eyes—Chartism! in flaming letters. Oh fie! hang me this man, transport that. Fools! as if that could remedy the matter—as if that did not make it worse. When governments lift the sword to strike a severe blow, to avenge outraged law, let them remember that the blow can only be effective, when the same arm that struck the blow remedies the wrong that caused the outrage. And so Socialism is but the utterance of the same classes, saying "We are not justly treated,

* Allison.

we are not fed, we are not paid ; give us our due, parcel out to us more fairly the produce of the land." The legislator in the white waist coat is very indignant at this, sees in all only one of the devil's falsehoods. The wise legislator sees error principally in the mode of manifestation, sees a current of light beneath all the darkness, a quiet stream of truth beneath the most turbid error ; he approaches this Chartism, this Socialism—looks down as into a gulph, shrinks from it, it may be, trembles at it, sees the active forms of injustice and gross inequality ; but behind all the injustice he sees standing the reality of truth.

The mode in which these things may be spoken may be harsh, there may be in the teacher of these things an injustice, but the error is rather the distortion of the truth by the misty medium through which it passes—truth is surely there. There will be found to be a heart of justice somewhere beneath all violent popular commotions. No thousands, no millions meet together without a meaning in their gathering. Every event the world has known threw a shadow before it—every great frenzy had its portent. Like the coming rain in the cloud, or the hurrying storm among the branches of the trees, the whispers and the speeches of the people are the index fingers on the nation's dial-face, telling when the revolution will strike its hour.

And therefore we say, hear the people. What are *they* saying ?—what are their aspirations, hopes ?—how much happiness have they ?—

especially what are they saving?—how look they towards the winter of life? Presently we will walk together through the land. Meantime, suppose we should find in our journeyings that we are in a land where the great bulk of the inhabitants are still regarded as foreigners, are unacknowledged as citizens; suppose we find ourselves in a land where the majority of the labourers have no life interest, no property to defend, no accession of happiness to hope for, to look forward to; suppose we find ourselves again in a country where the “public revenue is mortgaged to an immense and frightful amount, and that we are perpetually trusting to posterity to pay the incumbrances contracted by us or by our ancestors.” Will there be nothing fearful in this supposed condition? We shall find this to be our condition; and we shall find, nationally too, remedies for this condition, namely, the extension of political power and property to the labouring classes.

The foundation of independence is property; the great motive to exertion, to active virtue, is property; the most potent inspiration, next to religious motive, to a life of harmony with the highest laws, is property—property accumulated by our own hand, by justice, by labour, by upright conduct; though it be only a pig, a cow, a garden, a small cot, a field, no matter how insignificant the property is, it gives to its owner a loftiness of feeling, perhaps purer than that which rises in the breast of the stately ancestral baron, as he looks round on castle park, on gallery or grange. The con-

dition of man, in every nation on earth, seems predicable from the possession or non-possession of property: it has been said, and truly said, "Give a man nine years' lease of a garden, and he will turn it into a desert; give a man entire possession of a rock, and he will turn it into a garden."* The sense of property is the truest of magicians; it is the consciousness of power, it is the feeling of *value* of effort and exertion. It is very mournful to remember that the hope of obtaining property seems to have passed from the poor man; his providence and prudence are not aided, barriers and obstructions are laid in his way; turn his eye which way he will, all seems to speak only of absorption: large farms, large factories meet his eye in every direction. One of the most painful thoughts of our time is, the recollection of the number of small homes destroyed, to make way for large farms and extensive family mansions. It is stated, that about the year 1770, the lands of England were divided among no fewer than 250,000 families; at the close of the revolutionary war in 1815 they were found to be concentrated in the hands of 32,000, and the process of absorption still goes on; every day brings us nearer to the division of the nation into two great classes of the rich and the poor. The Rev. Mr. Worsley, in his *Essay on Juvenile Depravity*, says:—"The labourer's hope of rising in the world is a forlorn one. There is no graduated ascent up

* Arthur Young.

which the hardy respirant may toil, step by step, with patient drudgery; several rounds of the ladder are broken away and gone. A farm of some hundred acres, requiring for their due cultivation a large capital, would be a day-dream too gaudy ever to mix itself with the visions of the most ambitious labourer. Earning, on an average, probably less than nine shillings a-week, the agricultural workman's horizon is bounded by the high red brick walls of the union-house; his virtual marriage-settlement can only point to such a refugio, if troubles arise; his old age may there have to seek its last shelter. None can starve in England, thanks to the benevolence of our laws; but would we could indulge some hope of the poor labourer rising to comparative independence, by thrift, industry, and a proper regard to the moral duties of his station. As his case now stands his choice vacillates between the union and the prison." This indeed is terrible, for the truest way, the only way of aiding the labouring classes, in the village or the city, is by impressing upon them the importance of prudence, but prudence with such a prospect as Mr. Worley exhibits; the termination of prudence should be property; and at the same time that we call to prudence, in order to give any value to the call, as far as possible, all existing difficulties should be removed which stand in the way. We know there are instances of the truest and highest character with no property; but we are looking to the elevation of a class, and we must not expect the greater

bulk of the class to be influenced by feelings and motives more exalted than those which influence the ordinary and average members of society in raising the people. In speaking to these, we must not indulge in speculative opinions ; we can only expect a man to lay by his present gratification when the motive presented to him to do so is stronger in the amount of physical comfort it promises than the strength of the gratification removed. There is a mighty vitality in the term *mine*, there is independence in it, there is the belief of right in it ; and again, we say, you may estimate the progress of a man in civilization, in all progress, by his power to use that word. Travel through the whole world, and notice everywhere how property, and the industry it induces, gives to a man and to a state power ; there lies a radical error beneath all our accumulations, if the result is only to grasp from the many, and to hoard for the few. Dr. Southey relates, that, “ Some years ago, a traveller who took shelter in a cottage by one of the Scotch lakes, saw that the rain ran in, and lay in pools upon the uneven floor, which consisted only of the bare earth on which the hovel had been built ; during the great part of the year, therefore, the hovel must be wet and dirty, making it both uncomfortable and unwholesome. He observed to the man with how little trouble the inconvenience might be removed ; the man shook his head, and answered, it was very true, but that if he were to do this, the cottage would be thought worth more for having been made

comfortable, and the rent would in consequence be raised.* This circumstance has not so much reference to our own country, still it is beautiful to notice what will be done for a cottage by a man who feels it to be his own; he will trim its garden, he will patch up its walls, he will take a delight in placing successive improvements around it; it is his own, and he expects to die there, and to leave it to his children, and every moment of his spare time is dedicated to the making it more beautiful and lovely. It is most important, if a man is to take an interest in his work, that he should have a stake in it, that he should feel that his happiness in some considerable degree depends upon the interest of such labour and work: the power of labour, when it feels that it is performing for itself, is immense—the desert yields before it—the very rock gives up the contest—the most wild waste is reclaimed—the solitary moor, where the heath-fowl only flew, re-echoes with the sound of human voices and the heavy tread of human feet; nature smiles, for this is like her own work, and increases her produce and her gifts an hundred-fold; poverty shuns the scene, scared not only by the presence of present happiness, but by the conservative influences which are preparing for long years of future enjoyment,—toil, though it be when the morning lines the sky with its first blazing tinge of crimson and of gold, or after the last evening beam, is unrepining, be-

cause it is not unrewarded. ° Labour then, for the first time, becomes a sacrament and a psalm, and life glides on in the happy round of duties which all bring their own sweet reward. Sorrow is chastened in some degree by hope, and even present distress finds the tools are left with which it may yet work out its pathway among the difficult hills. .

CHAPTER III.

THE PHYSIQUE AND MORALE OF A GREAT CITY.

PROLOGUE OF QUOTATIONS.

"There is no law, no principle based on past experience, which may not be overthrown in a moment by the arising of a new condition, or the invention of a new material; and the most rational if not the only mode of averting the danger of an utter dissolution of all that is systematic and consistent in our practice, or of ancient authority in our judgment, is to cease for a little while our endeavours to deal with the multiplying hosts of particular abuses, restraints, or acquirements; and endeavour to determine as the guides of every efforts, some constant, general, and irrefragable laws of right; laws which, based upon man's nature, not upon his knowledge, may possess so far the unchangeableness of the one, as that neither the increase nor imperfection of the other may be able to assault or invalidate them."

JOHN RUSKIN.—"Seven Lamps of Architecture."

"In times past great minds led a host, and gave their names to the regions that had been opened or conquered under their guidance. But now it seems task enough if we can bring ourselves to contemplate with serenity, and to comprehend the giddy tossings—the reeling to and fro—of the social system. In presence of these vast and ominous convulsions, what is the pulpit, or the press even, or what the consultations of good men in committee? They are little more than what the very same means of influence would be, if opposed to the storm-borne swell of the Atlantic! Ominous convulsions we may call them, and yet are they not auspicious?"

ISAAC TAYLOR.—"Loyola."

CHAPTER III.

Hive of Bees and Drop of Water—Varieties of Life—Curious Views of Great Cities in the Olden Time—Sites of Cities—Wordsworth—Cities and Human Progress—Luxury of Nature Opposed to their Growth—Asiatic Life—Freedom of Grecian Commerce—Holland—English Manufactures—Modern Political Economy—Importance of the Restoration of Confidence between Employers and Employed—Illustrative Anecdotes—Importance of Education—Density of Population—Quotation from Colton—Natural Theology of a Great City—Psychological Views of the City—Evils—Its Vanity—Scepticism—Independence—Dogmatism—Ease of Mental Transmission—Advantage of Condensed Population—Features of London—Liverpool—Manchester—Circumstances of Physical Misery and Deterioration—Fever Bill of Glasgow—Light House Accommodation—John Milton—Growth of Populations Unexpected—Comparisons—Rome—Type—Necessity for Attention to the Evils of Cities—The Spirit of the Age.

Two things, I make no doubt, thou and I, my friend, have both looked upon with some considerable interest—a hive of bees; we took good care to contemplate it at a distance—we heard the roar and the buzz within the hive. Perhaps, if looking through a glass hive, you saw the great business-transactions of the waxen city: what a noisy crowding in and out at the gate—what a tumult; the carriers regularly returning to deposit their produce in the cell of that municipia; the unladen wings starting off

on fresh enterprise to distant woods and cottage gardens ; spreading the tiny sail over lake, and river, and brook ; carrying on a sort of free-trade with distant colonies of wild flowers, in the dingle or the hedge-row, singing a drowsy music during the whole of their cheerful labour the long day, till tired and spent, they returned with evening to the hive. Or, I dare say, you have watched the curious pranks and battlings of those unsightly reptiles in a drop of stagnant water, revealed to us by the oxy-hydrogen microscope. How quietly to you every thing went on, yet what a never-ending death in life seemed to be working there. Curious, and but for its moral analogy scarcely painful, to watch the universal pouncing and swallowing. There were two very small fry indeed hard at it ; one yielded the contest, and resigned himself to be a meal for his more adroit brother of the pool. But scarce had he finished his meal when there came along a sly, quiet, country-lawyer-like sort of tadpole, and took the conqueror for his own particular share. And amongst the large proprietors of the watery domain, the same battling went on, the same conquest and defeat ; so that one could not but say, looking on the drop of water, " How very human." Both hive and water-drop are marvellously like a great city—they have an aspect truly benevolent, and truly selfish ; and perhaps, some would say, hive, water-drop, and city, bear much about the same relation to, and are equally important in, the great universe of being.

The Great City is the first and most prominent feature of our times—it is the most remarkable result of the architecture of the age; in its turn it is a marvellous architect. Life there presents its most animating and death-like pictures; varieties of existence crowd there—horror and beauty sit side by side—there every day is the calm and quiet heroism—and there, too, is the unseen and untracked crime; the exalted action that meets its reward of praise, and the notorious crime to be expiated only by fearful punishment. There labour plies its thousand shuttles, and weaves its many h—there man preys on man, deems his brother only a ball on the great billiard-table of life, and gambles with affections and hopes and existences, as if all were valueless—there is the levout song and the submissive prayer—and there too is the constant plotting, the everlasting scheming, the endeavour to outshine, the petty vanity, the cruel persecution, the helpless, hopeless poverty, lying down to die. Look at the city from afar, does it not seem a hive, making all nations tributary to it, and its universal industry? comes not its many-voiced noise up to the ear like the murmur of a vast brotherhood of bees? Still look at it from afar, or even inspect it near, does it not seem like the stagnant drop, where each citizen preys on each with the eager unsatisfied appetite of injustice and fraud? where man, the biped, approximates to the centipede, and spreads out a thousand tentacula of cruelty.

There is a curious moral reflection in the

ethics of Aristotle. "In like manner," he says, "as a city cannot subsist if it either have so few inhabitants* as ten, or so many as a hundred thousand, so is there a mediocrity required in the number of friends, and you destroy the essence of friendship by running into either extreme." It seems remarkable that Aristotle should never have seen a city with a hundred thousand inhabitants, and is one of the many proofs that the ancient cities were not only not more populous, but much less so than ours; indeed, in all ages the idea seems to have prevailed, that "a great city was a great evil;" and an opinion there is amongst us also, that our cities are not ornaments to the nation, but great wens, unsightly and unnatural, and only to be regarded as necessary evils. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a proclamation was issued, prohibiting any new buildings within three miles of London. The preamble is in the following words:—
 "That foreseeing the great and manifold inconveniences and mischiefs that daily grow, and are likely to increase in the city and suburbs of London, by confluence of people to inhabit the same, not only by reason that such multitudes can hardly be governed to serve God and obey her Majesty, without constituting an addition of new officers and enlarging their authority, but also can hardly be provided of food and other necessities at a reasonable price;

* Book IX. chapter x. His expression is "inhabitant," not "citizen"

and, finally, that as such multitudes of people, many of them poor, who must live by begging or worse means, are heaped up together, and in a sort smothered, with so many children and servants in one house or small tenement: it must needs follow, if any plague or other universal sickness come amongst them, that it would presently spread through the whole city and confines, and also into all parts of the realm."

The times and social appearance of England have undergone wonderful alteration since this proclamation was issued; perhaps its principal folly is in its being a proclamation. Some of the objections stated in the preamble are suggestive enough, yet what knew they of cities during the reign of Elizabeth? How marvelously in obedience to the demands of the ages have cities sprung up from the waste!—spots where once no stir of life was heard,—where only occasionally the knightly hunter passed,—where the hermit or the lone wanderer now and then forced their way through brake and brushwood,—where only the splash of the torrent was heard in the times of the Tudors or Plantagenets, where crag or forest only gave back echo to the cawing rook or the screaming kite; on these places are now congregated the homes of thousands or hundreds of thousands of our great population: and what has called them into existence? Industry—industry alone. Never were trade and manufactures so flourishing in former ages as in England now. David Hume says,—“I do not remember a passage

in any ancient author, where the growth of a city is ascribed to the establishment of a manufacture. The commerce which is said to have flourished, is chiefly the exchange of those commodities for which different soils and climates were suited.* The foundation of the riches of Agrigentium was the sale of the wine and oil of Africa. The immense populousness of the city of Sybaris is traced to its situation near the two rivers of Crathys and Sybaris. All the sites of the great cities of antiquity were chosen with reference to commerce and trade, or to agriculture; but it is to our progress in manufactures that we owe the rise of our cities. Far inland spots like Leicester, or Birmingham, or Manchester, without any peculiar and especial advantages of nature, by the simple power of man and the labour of his hand, become the seats of immense wealth and power, the leaders and interpreters of the mind of the country. Hamlets formerly without a name—villages unnoticed on the map—waste moors and wild hill-sides, echoing only now and then the trampling of the huntsman's horse hoof, or the sportman's gun, are now the residences of tens of thousands of individuals, and the seats of active industry. We are thus introduced into the great secret of our age—the battle between land and trade: the pastoral scene, the ancient association, the romantic solitude fly before the cultivating ploughshares,

* I refer my reader to the elaborate and highly interesting Essay of Hume "On the Populousness of Ancient Nations."

the forges, the hammers, and the looms of industrial prowess. Lo ! where rises the town, there murmured the river, and in valleys, and by the quiet hill-side, there roamed the flock ; the ruined abbey stood once by the margin of an ancient wood,—but abbey and wood have both gone ; the church surrounded by houses—who could suppose it the same, formerly the lone village church, to which over mountain, and through vale the rustics came to worship. The rural cottage, too, is gone ; and “ a stiff and formal row of square-built houses ” have sprung up instead ; kilns and factories send up alternate smoke and fire ; sooty and begrimed colliers stride over the scene : everything speaks of the new order of things—the stream is stained with the refuse of a hundred mill—the atmosphere is heavy and dark—the green turf, the meadow, the glistening ploughshare are all gone ; that great sorcerer man, the labourer, has transformed the whole scene, and because he has done so, some imagine that our whole world is locked outside of the very gates of Providence.

This is the scene so vividly described by our poet Wordsworth :—

“ Meanwhile, at social Industry’s command,
How quick, how vast an increase ! From the germ
Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced
Here a huge town, continuous and compact,
Hiding the face of Earth for leagues—and there,
Where not a habitation stood before,
Abodes of men irregularly massed
Like trees in forests, spread through spacious tracts,

O'er which the smoke of unrenitting fires
 Hangs permanent, and plentiful wreaths
 Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.
 And wheresoe'er the traveller turns his steps,
 He sees the barren wilderness erased,
 Or disappearing ; triumph that proclaims
 How much the mild directress of the plough
 Owes to alliance with these new-born arts !
 Hence is the wide sea peopled—hence the shores
 Of Britain are resorted to by ships
 Freightened from every climate of the world
 With the world's choicest produce. Hence that swarm
 Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,
 Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays ;
 That animating spectacle of sails
 That through her inland regions to and fro
 Pass with the respiration of the tide
 Perpetual multitudinous ! Finally,
 Hence a dread arm of floating power, a voice
 Of thunder daunting those who would approach
 With hostile purposes the blessed isle,
 Truth's consecrated residence, the seat
 Impregnable of Liberty and Peace.”*

And now, great cities may be called appropriately the vertebræ of nations ; they give to kingdoms strength and stability. Oppression is most powerful, perhaps only powerful over a scattered people ; condensed populations are the truest autocracies,—their power is great, their wrath terrible ; what conflagration, what eruption of volcanic frenzy, may for a moment compare with the exasperation of hundreds of thousands of infuriate men, with wild demon passions inflamed against each other ? There is an ancestral and hereditary blood of freedom running in the veins of our large towns. Was not their origin aided by the cruelty of tyrants

and the folly of exacting legislators? The persecutions of Philip II. of Spain and of Louis XIV. filled all Europe with the manufactures of Flanders and France; and our corn-laws have doubtless driven away many of our best producers to Germany, Switzerland, and other nations.

Thus, then, we see in how eminent a degree cities are the architects of an age—that our civilization, our advance in citizenship at all, are the result of the rise of our cities. The rise of towns is the great index to our progress in past periods of our history; their power in the middle ages put the check on the bridle of the baron's war-steed; the clatter of their looms, the noise of their hammers, rose like the music (harsh as such sounds may seem,) of another age, over the ringing of the warlike harness and the shivering of the lance and the sword. To reiterate again what has already been said, to the burgher class of every country has been committed in keeping the charge of the liberties of the nations, and generally speaking, well has that class maintained its trust. In the city, opinions take their rise, and there they expand—there thought assumes independence—there trials daily go on in which succeeding ages are interested, and verdicts are given from the clear practised investigation of the citizens, which are the weather-vanes of the future years. Of old, cities rose like the very shrines and arks of freedom—feudalism battered at their gates, but still their turrets ascended, reared by the very wealth of those who sought to crush them; the

fields all round them were drenched with gore, the great battle-plains of wrangling princes and nobles; but the work of peace, the work of the world, went on briskly within the walls. Cities are hated still by all who hate the independence of man, and well may they be, for they are the shield to which liberty will trust for her defence, or on which she will be borne to her grave. What is the great lesson we learn ever from the history of the large town? Is it not that industry is the parent of freedom?—No man, who has not been called to labour, to battle, and conflict, can, in the higher sense, or in any true sense, be free; this is conspicuous of all the nations to which any reference can be made. One of the most striking facts in history, constituting, too, a fact in moral geography, is the prevalence of freedom in the European continent over the Asiatic. The life of an Asiatic is the life of an opium dream,—splendid, gorgeous,—the panorama of gigantic and magnificent phantoms,—unreal, slothful, hysterical, agonistic. The earliest history-leaves, snatched from the scrolls of the East, only present to us vast masses of people tributary to the will and behest of some sovran; it is painful to recur to the records perpetually before us of mental and moral prostitution—of slavery—for what is the meaning of all this ample array of gorgeousness but esclavage? Doubtless, were we there, the eye would tremble beneath the awful forms of that era; it was the civilization of luxury; fanes quivered in the air,—pillars tapered into elegance all around

—rude statues, carved from solid blocks of stone, loomed awfully over head; that ancient age was the most sensual; those kingdoms were the most histrionic of our world's history—anklets, bracelets, the crimson robe, the costly drapery, were there, yet the one seems to have been little better than coarse flannel, and the other would scarcely make a respectable piece of modern stage property. The temples of that day were imposing, the mysteries most rich, gold, silver, and precious stones flashed on the eye; but amidst all these were no ideas,—man was vile. Persia and Assyria only present to us the solemn picture of a race of slaves. We may visit Mexico and Peru, extending our observation, and find there the same illustrations, that the civilization of luxury is at the farthest remove from the civilization of freedom and moral truth. Are we to trace the fact, that in the most luxurious ages of the world, Europe was the great theatre of industry, to the natural difference between climes? In many places the scenery of Asia invites to repose, or forbids rather than matures exertion; a land where every aspect charms the senses into rapture, repels enterprise. The vegetation of Asia is familiar to us: there trees spring spontaneously from the ground, nor need cultivation or tillage; there are the palm, the talipat, and the banana, flowers of the most dazzling hue, birds of the richest plumage; imagination cannot soar too high in depicting the strange magnificence of those climes; the inhabitants have no motive, no inspiration to exertion. In those

climes, too; the frame needs but little for its support, and that little it finds ready supplied to its hand. How opposite all this to the sceffery and circumstances of the great proportion of our European continent: our fields, our rivers and trees, are the result of serious industry and labour? Was it not so in ancient Greece? What enabled her to lead on the nations? What has surrounded her with imperishable brilliancy, and an immortal renown? Beyond every other glory we rate this: she was industrious, and free because she was so. Yes, her freedom comes borne to us, not upon the shields of her warriors, though those warriors were Epaminondas, Miltiades, or Theseus. Not so, but in ships and argosies, in her industrial prowess, in her inventive skill, was the cause which made her the Panopticon of freedom to all the nations. Let ages to come read the history of the Isles of Greece; the Isles, "where freedom of industry and freedom of sale were the guiding commercial principles."* The period of Grecian warfare was not the period of her greatest glory; it was when industry and freedom were growing together and maturing their strength. Then seem they to us a great people, when as the strong they were becoming the wise; their battles are of a later period, when the wise and strong became vain. Imagine yourself in Athens; look round from the Propylæ, for how much of all these glories

* McCullagh's "Industrial History of Free Nations," a glorious piece of historical composition.

is she indebted to conquest. Emphatically we may say, none. Those ships lying yonder in the Gulf of Salamis, were built of wood purchased from Thrace and Macedonia, and the finer wood for the furniture of their halls and palaces from Bysantium; Phrygia supplied them with wool, and the wools of Miletus were woven to supply them with carpets. All the choice products of Pontus, of Cyprus, and the Peloponnessus, did the Athenian obtain; while for them from Britain, overland through Gaul, the Carthagenians exported tin, and traded with them in that and other commodities. Spain yielded them its iron, and the quarries of Hymettus and Pentelus furnished them with marble for the adornment of their own lands and for purposes of export;—they never had an idea that population could outstrip production, or production over-supply the population. If a man were in debt they did not confine him between stone-walls, useless to himself and his creditors; they provided that he should labour until he had paid back the amount of the debt. It was upon the seas of commercial treaty they learnt their lessons of freedom; and thence, too, did those gems of art which have since been the wonder and the worship of the world increase and delight. The beauty of their heavens shed an influence over their soul; the tenderness of their scenes, we know, enwove themselves into even the tables, chairs, couches, and drinking vessels. The Grecian moved amidst a perpetual retinue of beauties;—the painting, the statue, the vase, the temple, all assumed

novel forms of elegance. In all this it is not the splendour of Athens which attracts us most, it is that indefatigable genius of enterprise and industry which from the caves of the Morea plucked the laurel, and made the wild waves of the Ægean tributary to her wants and her valour.

But the cities of Holland present us with a nobler illustration still of freedom won from the tools of industry. Look at that brave people, they *made* a country; other lands had for a few generations to struggle with difficulties, but they rescued a land from the treacherous waters. Who has said that without natural advantages a nation cannot be powerful, prosperous, or free?—turn your eyes to the map of Europe, look well at all the natural disadvantages to which those Netherlands were exposed, and does it not heighten your astonishment to find how those difficulties but enhanced their power? How their citizens march along in the van of Europe's freedom? Holland was the emporium of the middle ages; what lessons in liberty did she give to the world?—and when Spain, at the height of its insolence and its power, sought to crush the brave Netherlands, fishermen and shepherds, harmless commercial people, immediately framed from their local policy laws for the seven states, and Spain saw all her wealth, with which she sought to destroy her humble rival, finding its way into that rival's exchequer. Europe beheld swamps and fens successively coping with the power which had held within its clasp the monarchy

of almost the known world ; and why ? because industry had taught her how to use her freedom,—had taught her the great doctrines of local or provincial right and justice ; and therefore, when the hour of emergency came, she had but to apply to the nation principles which had already ruled the provinces.

It will be thought that these remarks upon the ancient instances of civic and industrial freedom have been extended too far ; the only reason why they have been made is, that the true character of civic and manufacturing industry may be truly apprehended. It is pretty generally admitted, that agricultural industry cannot alone make a nation great or wise ; manufactures are essential to the political well-being of a state—husbandry itself depends (and later times have shown this in a remarkable degree) upon improvements in science and mechanical ingenuity ; a flourishing agriculture depends, in fact, on flourishing manufactures. Xenophon said, “ Every man may be a farmer, no art or skill is requisite ; all consists in industry and attention to execution.” This is only taken now as an illustration how little was known about farming by Xenophon, or in his age : we have seen already that the manufacturer calls into existence the great city, these “ captains of industry,” the first, who through apparently impassable mountain-ranges, and over wild fens and moors, prepares and cuts a road ; it is not the mere agriculturist, as we define him now, that has altered much the com-

plexion of the world, the mechanic is the rock-cleaver, iron-welder, ocean-ranger; it is he who out of difficulties makes wings on which to soar, and turns the opposing forces of nature into tools with which he achieves a victory. The history and philosophy of our English manufactures, we suppose it will be now universally admitted, is the most wonderful chapter in the English annals; none of our foreign wars and conquests can be spoken of as at all comparable in their consequences with our warfare with, and conquest over the forces of nature. Within the last half century, there have been performed upon our island, unquestionably, the most prodigious feats of human industry and skill witnessed in any age of time or in any nation of the earth.

The mission of England to all ages has seemed to be one of industry; for this her position and her resources, joined to the moral intrepidity of her people, have peculiarly fitted her more happily than any other people. All these causes have combined to make her great; for instance, these cities of which we have written above, could not have become what they are, had it not been for the mighty coal-fields. Take down any map of England, and it will be immediately seen that the gathering of the people has been upon those fields; Canterbury, Exeter, Salisbury, Winchester, have remained comparatively stationary, slow has been their march, — Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Glasgow, Paisley, have been the centres of a

new and a strange life to our island. . For those necessities for which other nations have had to trade with every quarter of the world, our island has been as a vast store-house ; for iron, lead, tin, and copper, leather and flax, her boundless wealth in these possessions has enabled her most easily to bring the less bulky articles from her foreign dependencies, while, surrounded on every side by the ocean, the great highway of the nations, the nearest and the most distant nations have alike opened an easy doorway to our commerce ; our difficult soil has called forth industry—our climate has given rise to indispensable wants—our moral character has led at once to freedom without licentiousness, and therefore to security of property without tyranny. Every age has beheld Great Britain increasing in wealth by a wonderful elasticity, enabling her to cope with the most adverse circumstances ; every year the genius of her sons has devised new tools, new engines, new machines. It is said that one man can at this moment produce about two hundred times the quantity of cotton goods that were produced at the accession of George III. in 1760. An Edinburgh reviewer truly says, “ It is not going too far to say, that we have at the very least derived ten times more advantage from the spinning-jenny and the steam-engine than from all our conquests in India, though these have added nearly a hundred millions of subjects to our empire.” Pointing triumphantly to the achievements of our warriors, to the sinking fund, and the custom-house

regulations, the question has sometimes been put to us, what *else* could have saved the country? Rather let us ask, how it is that the country has been saved in spite of bungling statesmen, tinselled warriors, and the solemn and monstrous burden of our national debt? To our Hargraves and Arkwrights, to Watt and Wedgwood, we are indebted—to them we owe our safety and opulence, and higher still, to our Bible and our Protestantism, for to the latter, we owe the former—to these we owe it, that while at intervals, over the continent of Europe, the political cloud has burst in thunder-storm, and lightning, striking many a city and throne, the order of our nation has been secured to us, and the necessities and the productions of our people have kept pace with each other, preserving the ancient city in its pride of place, and yielding to the modern city the pride of power.

The great city is the centre of the thought and the times; to satisfy the avid earnestness of the intellectual and moral appetite awakened in that place, the greater number of all our intellectual teachers, writers, or speakers, are employed; the occupation, the trade of the towns give rise to the discussion of political economists; the city maintains a perpetual war with class interests and prejudices; its prosperity depends on expansion, it inculcates wide views, it wrestles with narrow-minded selfishness; the protection which the agriculturist sighs for, the tradesman, the merchant, the manufacturer, dread as a poisonous death; the farmers, in their

small insulated towns, have always dreaded the growth of cities as disastrous. Nearly all the political discussions of the present age have had a reference to the adjustment of the position of these two—the landlord in the village, and the manufacturer in the city. Colonel Thompson, who has uttered perhaps a greater number of sententious practical political truths, than any other man living, has said that “political economy may not unreasonably be defined the art of preventing ourselves from being plundered by our betters. It is the grand expositor of the peccadilloes of those who volunteer to benefit mankind by governing; its professors form the great Anti-felony Association of modern times. It picks up swindlers of all calibres, as the roc does elephants; and is a very ferret to the vermin that nestle in our barns and manufactories.”* Manchester may be said to have compelled to a revision of the doctrines of trade; the thousands of workmen there; farmers, not for a county but a kingdom; servants, not of a landlord but of the world, insisted that the code of English trade should be revised. It is a mistake to suppose, as many do, that the tendency of trade is to narrow the mind—the fear is more reasonable that it may latitudinarianise it. The demand of the city is justice, the teachings of political economy are justice. Ah! that political economy, well may the unjust hate the science—it is in its infancy,

* See that most important and comprehensive body of criticisms on Political Science “Exercises,” vol. ii. p. 15.

what will it achieve when it reaches its manhood? There is no man living who has meditated on that strange hieroglyphic and mysterious teaching, but he knows that it will originate re-arrangements more startling and solemn than any ever glancing across the brain of dreaming utopian—property—land—rent—labour—government—rights—there are things daily said in all our workshops and discussion societies in cities, that are prophecies how near we are to the time when all these must wear an entirely different relationship to each other, and to the general whole. In the great city first arose the great trading principle of the world; the great city rules at this moment the market of the world, and in the city at this moment are going on experiments and discussions, which in the course of a few years must reconstruct yet again the parts of society.

Our cities are the great modern treatise on political economy; their existence and the existence of their dense populations, have led to a change in political science, and a revision of the whole doctrines of political economy; there production goes on upon a scale before unparalleled in human history. Every city illustrates the immense power of combination in labour; and when by adverse breathings the mills and foundries cease their play of labour, it is solemn to conceive the wail ascending from the tens of thousands of homes whose inmates then want bread. The point of especial interest in connection with the teeming population of the large town, is, that there will eventually be

tried the *great* question of Society, namely, the organization of labour. Strikes, doubtless, most frequently have originated in folly, and terminated in misery—yet they are all prophecies; and by-and-bye the labourer will vindicate, in a nobler manner than he ever yet has done, his right to a larger share of labour's reward; pre-eminently in large towns obtains the misunderstanding between the employer and the employed, in the presence of which there can be no healthy state of society, and which can only be removed by an adjustment of the differences—the fundamental, moral, and economical causes of wrong feeling between the master of the firm and those who serve him in his establishment. The first and most prominent evil to be deplored, is the absence of confidence between these two parties: the master will not trust the workman, the workman places no repose in the master, in most circles. Yet, we believe, the impression to a great degree exists, that these two interests are inimical to each other: to reconcile these two should be the devout wish and the hearty aim of every good man; and, from their position, let the masters first begin to secure the confidence of their workmen; they will find the overture is not made in vain. “A few months ago, Messrs. Ransome and May, of Ipswich, entered into a contract, which it was far cheaper for them to execute in the north of England, where they had undertaken to supply the articles ordered, than at Ipswich where their foundry is situated. The idea occurred to their minds, that they

might send a detachment of their work-people into the north, under the leadership of one of their apprentices, a son of a partner in the firm. They were told that the plan was a dangerous one—that it would fail from lack of control over the men; but they had sufficient confidence in their work-people to make the attempt. The plan was accordingly carried into effect, and the result showed that that confidence had not been misplaced. Not only was the contract performed to the full satisfaction of the purchasers, and the articles manufactured found to be quite equal to those sent out from the Ipswich foundry, but the men themselves shewed the greatest anxiety to maintain the character of their establishment in their general conduct. Their example produced the best possible effect upon those with whom they were brought in contact.* From the same source whence we obtained this illustration another shall be selected:—"Some time since, in a large manufactory, the masters and work-people of which were upon excellent terms with each other, it happened, that owing to a long-continued dulness of trade in that particular manufacture, it became necessary as a means of prudence and safety to lessen the supply. Two courses presented themselves, either to discharge some two or three hundred workmen, or to put all upon short time. The proprietors felt a difficulty as to which of these courses they should follow. They called toge-

* "Responsibilities of Employers."—PICKERING.

ther a number of their best hands. They stated to them the facts as they really were, and asked them their opinion as to which was the better course to take. The workmen took time to consider, and the next morning expressed their unanimous wish, that all the workmen should be put upon three-quarters time, (and of course upon three-quarters wages,) so long as the pressure might last: There was no complaint made,—no suspicion engendered for a moment in their minds that they were unjustly treated: they saw that it was a matter of necessity, and they submitted to the privation: they were gratified by being called into council to deliberate upon what was best to be done for the interests of the concern; and in the conduct they displayed towards their brother workmen, those who would have been discharged had a different decision been come to, they showed that the kindness which they themselves had received, had borne good fruit in their own hearts, and induced them to submit to some privation on their parts, rather than the others should be exposed to greater suffering.* But, of course, confidence like this can only be secured by a prompt raising of wages when profits are high: this will convince the workmen that they have a just and righteous employer to deal with; and, unless this is done, there can be no justice in reducing wages in times of adversity and low profits.

* "Responsibilities of Employers," pp. 51, 52.

Nor should the rise in the price of labour be a tardy concession, but a prompt forestalling the demand of the work-people, and evidencing an honesty of purpose, not wrung by repeated effort from the employer, but a willing admission of right from the virtue and independence of his own character. If the masters of the country in our large towns would act thus, they would do more to restore confidence to the heart of labour, more to prevent the frequent recurrence of strikes, more to purify the atmosphere of the workshop, and to invest the dealings of commerce with the insignia of integrity and moral dignity, than the preaching of thousands of sermons, the drafting into the market of boundless orders of wealth, or even the most happy fundamental changes in the economy of trade.

The last paragraph naturally leads to the remark often made, but never yet sufficiently insisted on, namely, that the well-being of a city, its wealth, must ever depend upon its moral relations; a principle too frequently beyond the calculation, or beneath the consideration, of political economists. Dr. Chalmers, indeed, eloquently maintained the importance of a right moral to a right economical state.* But this as an element of the prosperity of the large and crowded town has never yet been generally acknowledged; it is not yet seen that the state of a man's spirit, that the cultivation of worthy dispositions and good and

* Works, vol. xx.

refining manners, can have any possible connection with cash payments, flourishing trading communities, and well-ordered states: It seems as if it did not require a very gifted vision to perceive some connection here; yet the link is certainly not seen by most, or if seen not acknowledged. The economical arrangements of society are constructive, but its moral dispositions are conservative. The phrase of Burke is, it is hoped, about to be better comprehended and understood: thus, "education is the cheap defence of nations;" it is in the power of every great town to preserve its order, and to fortify it, far better than by the barracks or the police-station, let it spread through the masses of its poorer children general intelligence; there will be nothing to fear, every thing to hope, to gain, by the diffusion of virtue and knowledge. Suspicion is the offspring of ignorance and cunning; the well-informed mind is too clear-sighted for suspicion. What the dwellers in cities, both employers and employed, at this moment most need, is a clear understanding of the nature of labour and society. Until in all our workshops the knowledge of the economy of society shall liberalise the mind, every season will bring its sounds and seasons of disaster and ruin; trade will be pursued with the excitement and spirit of the billiard-table; masters will be looked upon as successful chess-players, and men as the pawns upon the board. By education, by education alone, can the recurrence perpetually of the withering blast be averted; such education as the wise citizen desires to see, will avert the

evils so often dreaded; not by monetary benevolence, but by that cheapest, best boon to society, the benevolence of justice. It is anticipated, that the state of our large towns, will lead to the entire revision of the nature of our expenditure on civic and national benevolence—the preventive forces will be understood to be the only corrective forces. Are we not already upon the threshold of a time when the vast outlay on poor laws and prisons will cease? Of all the agencies fostering evil in large towns these two are the most fearful—they are the advowsons of vice and idleness; and as the social state resumes its health they must necessarily contract their expenditure; both foster the evils they profess to cure; both divert funds from channels more likely to convey a remedy for the moral diseases of mankind; both meet mischief after it has wrought its work of ruin. The only method of safety for the cities of the country is a fearless trust in the principles of Christian truth and justice,—a return to the first teachings of honest virtue and independence, a steady denunciation of all mannerism and affectation, and a reliance on rectitude for ultimate happiness.

The first thought that strikes us on entering a great city is, "Wha' a condensed population is here." In 1742 Hume wrote, "Choose Dover or Calais for a centre: draw a circle of 200 miles radius, you comprehend London, ~~But~~ the Netherlands, the United Provinces, and some of the best cultivated parts of France and England. It may safely, I think, be

affirmed, that no spot of ground can be found in antiquity, of equal extent, which contained near so many great and populous cities, and was so stocked with riches and inhabitants.* But since these words were penned, how wonderfully has the population of our own land gathered and aggregated. In more than one instance, a single township in Lancashire contains a larger population than the whole county of Northumberland. The five largest commercial towns of England—the Metropolis, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Leeds, occupy an area of 96,000 acres—about the dimensions of the county of Rutland. But these places contain a population of 2,950,000 souls; that is, there are condensed together in that space, a population equal to that of the

* The thronging of intellectual life and leadership to the great city, is as remarkable as the condensation of its population. A most observant and suggestive writer remarks: "There is a spot in Birmingham where the steam power is concentrated on a very large scale, in order to be let out in parts and parcels to those who may stand in need of it: and something similar to this may be observed of the power of mind in London. It is concentrated and brought together here into one focus, so as to be at the service of all who may wish to avail themselves of it. And Dr. Johnson was not far from the truth when he observed, that he could sit in the smoky corner of Bolt Court, and draw a circle round himself of one mile in diameter, that should comprise and embrace more energy, ability, and intellect, than could be found in the whole island besides. The circumstance of talent of every kind being so accessible in consequence of its being so contiguous, this it is that designates London as the real university of England. If we wish, indeed, to collate *manuscripts* we may repair to Oxford or to Cambridge, but we must come to London if we collate *men*."—*Colton's Locom.*

following seventeen agricultural counties:— Bedford, Huntingdon, Suffolk, Sussex, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Cambridge, Cumberland, Hertford, North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, Dorset, Rutland, Hereford, Oxford, Westmoreland, and Northampton, with all the towns within them; counties which include upwards of 10,000,000 of acres,—about a third of the whole extent of England: the same *five* towns have a population equal to that of the whole of Scotland, with its nineteen millions of acres.* This is the phenomena of a great city, which, to a reflective mind, seems the most stupendous and one of the most inconceivable of all the circumstances in the moral history of our race—300,000 human beings close-packed in garret, alley, street, square, cellar. Let us walk through the city in the dim grey light of the early morning—slowly, almost imperceptibly, the loud roar begins; the smoke goes drifting heavenward; the tramp of hurrying thousands is heard down the street; the shutters are taken down; but an hour ago—

“The very houses seemed asleep,
And all the mighty heart was lying still;”

now *sad* wretched poverty creeps shudderingly forth from its bed of shavings to its day of toil; the poor young milliner, who has had but little more than an hour's rest, rubs off slumber from her ~~severed~~ eyes, and plies her needle anew;

last census, especially a good analysis of its results.
Edinburgh Review, vol. lxxx. p. 70.

the governess prepares her morning lessons; the exquisite fop loads his elegant person with bijouterie and jewellery, and prepares to become the cynosure of wondering eyes; the sailor unfurls his shroud, and gives to those on shore the parting cheer, and his sails swell out to the horizon; his brother of the ocean moors his vessel into the dock, while the labourers wind up bale after bale into the store-house; the merchant exhibits his sample on change; the shrill whistle of the railway pipes in the distance; the tanner prepares his leather; the boot-maker labours diligently on his last; and the tailor busies himself with shears. Wonderful it seems, that every body knows his place by some unvarying law; true, we jostle against one another occasionally, but this results from our own cupidity. Think of the economy of a large city—who would undertake to feed and to clothe it?—yet it is done; who would contract to find it all its fashions and its whims—yet these too are done—strange result of selfishness. The offices and stores of merchandise, the palaces of merchant princes, or nobles, and all that individual selfishness, makes up one grand social whole. A city is a volume of natural theology, bound in cloth, or cotton, or boards, or bricks, gilt and lettered.

Or looking at a city once again, what a psychological study is there—what a stage for action—for emulation—for energy—energy, that great distinctive power, which, more than nobility, or wealth, or talent of any other kind, separates between men and men, between men

and brutes. In the large towns the extremes of human greatness and littleness are prominently exhibited ; in quiet dales and lowlands, whither no great ideas have penetrated, the life of man assimilates to the life of the herds around him ; his creed, if he have one at all, is fashioned from the world as he sees it ; he has never been troubled with any inquiry into the principles, the essences of things ; he feels within him no intimation of capacity for higher life and achievement. Now and again some extraordinary instance occurs of a farmer, a village Hampden—of some peasant boy, a rude inglorious Milton—rare instances indeed ; for there—

“ All freakishness of mind is checked,
He tamed who foolishly aspires ;
While to the measure of his might
Each fashions his desires.”

“ In the country mostly, if man rises into notoriety it is by prowess—in the town by wit ; in the country there is a theatre for the exhibition of bravery, in the town there is a demand for courage : tyranny is as predominant in the one as the other, but it is the substitution of the tyranny of opinion for the tyranny of the arm, it is the coercion of manners, it is the despotism of fashion ; in the country we live for ourselves, and receive the love of every neighbour ; in the town we live for our neighbours, and receive the love of nobody ; in the country we live for nature, in the town for the world ; in the town our powers run to waste,

every thing is done for show, plain life delights not—wealth receives the homage of men, and the costly mansion, costly table, costly dress, are the great objects of attraction and pursuit. It is just so with opinions, they are worn in the city like fashions—not for rectitude or fitness, but because they *are* the fashion; alike in the dressing of body and of mind, men consent to be singular, because they fear singularity, strange, so intolerant of all trammellings, and yet gladly putting on ornamented bands and gilded chains. In the city you shall find on the table richly spread viands, delicacies, wines, and service dazzling and glittering, but seldom for hospitality, most frequently for show; monies are poured out in benevolences not from motives of benevolence but show—ball-rooms are frequented, health is sacrificed, wealth wasted for show—domestic comfort, reputation, are surrendered to show; like the wife of the Vicar of Wakefield, we must have “a great entertainment, although our family is pinched for three weeks after.” We are economical spendthrifts. As in a miniature all this is beheld even in the small town. There is a perpetual battle going on in a little city with which I am well acquainted, between Donothing Somebody, Esq., and Mr. Workhard Nobody. The Somebodys have an income of perhaps £600. a-year—the Nobodys with all their exertion, cannot, I should think, make possibly more than £300., yet this is the problem which Nobody has determined on solving—to make £300. a-year go as far and look as

well as £600. In a large city both of these incomes would be looked upon with contempt, but the same battle is fought every day by other disputants; and hence it is, that in the city most of the men you meet walk with visards—masks on their faces. The world is full of moral incongruities. They have not judged society altogether erroneously, who have spoken of it as a farce, a scene at a carnival; and you must indeed have but a select range of friends if you do not daily look upon masqueraders.

Once or twice the writer has looked upon those pre-eminent follies, where the sons and daughters of *ennui* purchase a little of the excitement called pleasure, by putting on a disguise; there the trader assumes the dress of the priest, the wanton and loose woman puts on the country attire and the simpering airs of the simple shepherdess; the ruined spendthrift assumes the guise of the courtier; and the cabinet minister puts on the motley, and by chance more appropriate, clothing of the clown. Can this be a burlesque on life? Is it not a solemn thought, that we perhaps walk through a great show-room, where almost every person you meet is other than he or she upon your first acquaintance had been supposed to be? Yet this, alas! is life in the great town: manners and customs are indeed the magistrates of our lives. If in the city you find two hearts beating faith in each other, you move in an illumined and heaven-touched sphere; the life of faith, and the masquings and histrionic

dancings of men in our large capitals have well nigh driven all faith from the earth. It is the inevitable consequence of the life described above, that men do not believe one another, as indeed how should they, when each of the nine lives of every ten you have known has been a life contradicting the faith which the tongue avowed? The people do not believe the preacher. Supposing that you are a preacher, and are in earnest in what you have to say, look round, and what a blessed pulpit that is you stand in if you cannot see from it long rows of stolid, incredulous countenances. The trader does not believe his customer, the merchant does not believe the trader; commerce, religion, politics, all are infected with doubt. In the city raves and roars an awful sea of doubt—so fares it with the affections of men: meantime that energy, that mental speculation, that intellectual hawk-eyed cunning, that Rob Roy bandit power, of which mention was made in the opening of this paragraph, this is mighty as ever; it sees and it seizes its thought, establishes its lordship and dominion, reckless of human wants and wailings, carrying into the city the old law of the desert and the mountain pass—

“That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

These characteristics of citizens are quite in harmony with the speculative life; impatience prominently marks the opinions of men, and

those opinions result how frequently from reading—from a hint; how seldom from inquiry, from laboured and earnest thought; how hastily adopted; how can it be otherwise, fond as we are of the most flimsy literature? Teachers are followed not because they instruct, but because they please; the city furnishes the opportunity for running a round of intellectual or sensational, not to say sensual, gratification: life becomes more effeminate—the old magnificence awes not, the old beauty charms not, taste is corrupted; and then men attempt to square these two together—opinions to their taste, and taste to their opinions—and the result is a diseased inner life. The tawdry intellectual toys, purchased without any labour, at a most cheap rate, can impart to the mind no dignity; doubtless we shall never swerve from the right so long as we adhere to the great sympathies of our intellectual and moral being, and there are great truths which, like great sympathies, cannot be held without the elevation and enlargement of the spirit holding them; yet the same truth is frequently very differently held and seen, by some rather like a shadow flitting through a gloom, by others like a planet sailing through a path of light; some build upon it, and fear and doubt while they build; others build the same faith like a monument on a mountain summit, commanding attention from its elevation, and safety from the tranquillity of its foundation. It will be observed too, that the same impatience which prevents the citizen from following through long conclusions his

tract of thought, gives also a daring to his reasonings, a moral boldness to his speculations—he has shaken off the timidity of the old faith; confront him in the heyday of his manhood, when the vision is strong and full before him, attempt to turn him back to the ancient syllogism, hold over him the terror of the ancient theology, challenge him by the waning fires of old tradition and the ashes of the hoary legend, and what a torrent of language is poured upon you, what impetuosity, what freedom, what haughtiness, what scorn. In the city frequently our blood chilled with what has seemed to be almost a blasphemy of expression, and then the question has occurred—When the next age with its reactions from this shall have set in, will our successors find the great thoughts stirring the mind of the present advance lights on the road of mental progress and improvement?

Cities are the theatres, then, on which opinions shape themselves and show their consequences. How feeble are the intellectual struggles as we recede from the life of large towns. On the contrary, in the large town, how determined is the intellectual attitude of the reader and the thinker: there dogmatism largely prevails, because of the evident results of human labour and ingenuity; faith is to a large extent deprecated and renounced, to believe only that which can be known, to rely only on the evidence of the senses, to distrust all intuitions and intimations from other sources; everything is resolved into a sequence.

induction is the guide of humanity and of life :—positivism is the technical term given to this mental state, this *happy* posture of intellectual repose. No man can be long within any city walls without meeting with the adherents of this creed ; in politics, it is socialism—in religion, materialism—in mental science, phrenology. These are the invariable results of a dogmatic resolution to distrust everything save that which brings with it not merely evidence, or even logical evidence, but the evidence of demonstration. The reason of this may be easily seen in its influence over minds not accustomed to anything like mathematical inquiry or speculation ; used only to notice the application of forces to clearly-defined and obvious purposes, and removed generally from the sublime scenery of nature, so calculated to awe the mind “with the evidence of things not seen,” walking perpetually amidst the scenery of human working, the result of human contrivance, the mind of the common observer learns to confound comfort and utility with the great purpose of life ; and, vain of the apparently great, but really little, performances of his kind—perpetually spectator, too, of the amazing transformations and workings of nature, really inscrutable, though apparently obvious, man at last bows before a Pan ;—an All in All,—the essential spirit or innate order in things ; he worships a fitness, pays homage to a law, but usually refusing to recognise in the one a contriver, or in the other a lawgiver. This, like Sir David Brewster’s homogeneous light,

colours all things—this gives to the religious life and worship of the town a character so different to that of the country—this makes the preacher cold. “If I am to believe in it, let me grasp it:” this may be interpreted as the challenge given by most men in every large audience; the speaker is chilled by a reception so unlike what he, perhaps, had anticipated, and lapses at last into the same sad moral and mental state as the audience he is called to meet.

The next circumstance that strikes us in the great city is, what a vehicle is here for the immediate transmission of a thought; this condensed compactness of the population, what a vehicle does it become either for good or for ill; the whole force of the battery is collected, and how immediate is the shock; it is like the change in the whole system of military tactics; the cordon line of troop is exchanged for the heavy column and battalion; a word for good or ill is heard immediately over the whole city; men can promptly meet together, can easily discharge their thoughts; congregations for worship have not to go the weary miles to the preacher, nor the children to the school; the working man finds his relaxation immediately in his neighbourhood at the close of his work, and he finds his companions too; and the wealthy and intelligent find in their neighbourhood, also, all the resources for their intellectual and sensual gratification. The city leaves no time for any reflection—the life *there* is a life of continued dissipation; thought is broken,

the unintermitting variety of company, scenes, and objects, and claims, prevent that concentration and intensity which is one of the most healthy aliments of all thought. At the same time the great city collects opinion to a force to which it can never be concentrated in the village; its numerical expression is immensely stronger, and the power is greater too; beside which, men are in constant contact with each other; there is in the city little real neighbourhood, as that word is understood in the smaller town; but here, for all intellectual purposes, the neighbourhood is far nearer, from the immensity of the population, while by reducing the price of all intellectual luxuries, by making the reading club easy of access from cheapness, by enabling the many who combine for mutual advantage, every great town is in many of its features an illustration of the advantage of population; for there is a legitimate cheapness as well as an illegitimate; and that legitimate cheapness is, when largeness of demand gives an opportunity for cheapening price. This principle is illustrated by mechanics' institutes, schools, newspapers, books, and by concerts, gin-palaces and saloons, theatres, and every description of vice. Thus again, the city is to be regarded as the concentration of vice and horror. What disease is there! what poverty! what death? We frequently put these considerations quite out of sight; we only think of the vast glory and wealth of that city, its hoary legends, its magnificent associations and history. Very different are the sad realities of every-day

life, so different, that it would seem as if drawing near to the city our first duty would be to "Weep over it."

Why what else can we do when we approach the metropolis? Magnificent London, the modern Babylon, the soul of the empire, the place of the throne and the exchange, of commerce and the arts, with its dense and compacted population, its crowded and unsightly graveyards, themselves the source of pestilence and fever; what wealth is there, what palaces, what temples, streams of carriages—what a bright Regent-street, what a black Newgate. There is as distinct a life in this modern city of London as in any of the ancient cities, and the eye wandering from street to street at no loss to detect here the moral peculiarities of the scene. And is it not the history of old? Is it not the same disproportion between the extremes of life? Is it not the history of extreme majesty and extreme misery? Is it not the depression of industry and elevation of luxury? Take but ten steps down Fleet-street, Cheapside, or Temple Bar, and you will find them all there—the rustle of silk, the shining of jewels, the insolence of wealth, and the fluttering of rags, the withered cheek, the famished body, the saddened home, all the glory and the ghastliness of the nation seem to have poured in their tributary streams there; there is a tragedy in every life, in every scene. The convict van in London, who is within? Follow the policeman or the missionary, and what revelations will they make to you. There are two

ways of viewing London: walk through its parks, its West-end saloons, and galleries, and museums, thronged by fashion and respectability, and you may suppose that the horrors of other towns have no existence here; but select any part of London and you will find the most dense ignorance and depravity meet you at every turn. In Westminster, many of the parishes are proved to give education to only one in fourteen of the juvenile population; in others it has been proved that a fourth are growing up with no education whatever. In St. George's, Hanover Square, it was proved, that of 2,804 children of an age to attend school 976 were not doing so. In the borough of Marylebone, a population was found in 1841, in the neighbourhood of one of the fashionable squares, in a range of twenty-six houses, called Calmell Buildings, 244 out of 447 parents were found unable to read, and 336 out of 450 children were without any kind of school instruction. In the parishes of Bethnal-green and Spitalfields was found a population of 112,141, and of these, a total of 27,823 children capable of receiving instruction, and the appalling number of 16,726 without the advantage of any education whatever.

Amidst these appalling spiritual wants (for the educational state and the spiritual to a great degree answer to each other) the mortality is dreadful. In Whitechapel it transcends that of any part of the country, or at any rate, presents a ratio as high there as anywhere through the whole kingdom. In a population

of 71,758, the average annual mortality is 1 in every 26; in Bermondsey, Southwark, Bethnal Green, and St. Giles's, which contain together a population of 281,164 of the labouring, manufacturing, and poorer classes, the mortality is 1 in 30. Over these parts of the metropolis, too, sweeps with fearful power the ravages of typhus; in one of his investigations, Dr. Southwood Smith found that, out of 17,000, 14,000 persons had been attacked by fever. But what makes the calculation more affecting is, the contrast of mortality between the miserable portions of the metropolis, as stated above, and the respectable and aristocratic portions of the town. In the districts of St. Pancras and Marylebone, the average of deaths is 1 in 49; in St. George's, Hanover Square, 1 in 51. It was stated in the first report of the Ragged School Union, that the number of children without any education whatever, in London, considerably exceeded 100,000; yet the Bishop of London and his rectors frown upon all the efforts by which, in his diocese, these large masses may be met, and brought to civilization, citizenship, and Christianity—describe City Missions and Ragged Schools as the “hot-beds of dissent and schism,” and allow the corrupting gangrene to spread. The formalism of worship goes on in Westminster and St. Paul's, the organ and the choir perform their mountebank mouthings over ashes, bones, and dead marble; churches, comparatively empty, give back the sounds of weekly mummeries; but hundreds of thousands live unrecked of, and die uncared for. It is a

daily and hourly⁹ mercy and mystery that all these dense thousands do not sweep alike into palace, and minster, and council chamber, to destroy; for think but a moment in how little estimation they hold either priest or ruler—think how destitute they are of all care for motives, for religion, order, life, or death—how perpetually in those chambers are gnawings of poverty, where hunger lies down to sleep away its famishings, and crime to watch its opportunity;—and how startling, too, to find that the income upon the trust estates of the City alone amounts to £364,000 per annum, representing a capital of £12,000,000, if invested in the three-per-cents. This sum of money was left for the relief of the indigent, the care of the sick, the instruction of the ignorant—what is done with this sum of money? There, then, is not only continued recklessness of the poor, there is injustice; here is a population of outcasts far outnumbering the population of its tradesmen, soldiers, and titled idlers, a picture of what great cities have ever been—royalty and serfdom—superstition and fear—art and sensualism—side by side, they crowd together. It is a picture of the old city: the stars that cast their lustro on the hundred-gated city of Thebes, and shed their gleamings through the towers of Belshazzar, and over the vast walls of the Piræus, throwing their beams upon the Thames, light up a Christianized Babylon, a feudalised Athens.

The city, for so it may be called, most resembling London in the nation is Liverpool;

It resembles London in its conservative selfishness—in its depraved moral condition—in its fashion and its commercial importance. The Thames is the best symbol of the past, but there is a far higher romance in store for the waves of the Mersey. Liverpool is truly a city of the young age; and the entire absence of old associations only gives greater distinctness to its character as the leading commercial city of the provinces of Europe. Unlike the smaller and less important towns, there is a comparative absence of attempt at architectural display, except in one or two magnificent instances. Sitting upon the rock there overlooking the Atlantic, the feet of many nations thronging the streets and the Exchange, an uncouth Lancastrian dignity seems to invest this modern Tyre, as if saying, "It is enough!" the arts and elegancies of sculpture, and the adornments of column and architrave, can add little to the renown or majesty of universal commerce.—Liverpool has often struck me as being very much the *vraisemblance* of London in the days of the Stuarts, with a soul keenly awake to the interests and destinies of trade, but not troubled much with investigating the realities of things; hence its benevolence is for the most part munificent, but paraded with great and costly effect. Like London it propounds no problems—it is satisfied with being equal to the times—does not attempt to move before them—comes in last—does not dream of taking the lead in great struggles—looks with jealousy on political teaching: in fact, throughout Liver-

pool spreads the spirit of a regal city, but the regal city of a new era. On great occasions it can distribute like a queen, but ordinarily it is suspicious, selfish, cold; its moral features have frequently been exhibited, but we fear that little, if any, improvement has taken place. Thus, in that great city there were a few years ago, 8,000 inhabited cellars, whose occupants were estimated at from 35,000 to 40,000;* these cellars, in most cases, have no windows, no communication with external air—light and air were both excluded—and it was ascertained that, out of 6,571 cellars examined, 2,988 were found wet or damp; and nearly a third of the whole number from five to six feet below the level of the street. It was ascertained that the amount annually realized as the wages of crime, including the receipts of prostitution and the gains of theft, could not be less than £700,000. In 1842 there were in the borough 770 houses of ill fame, 2,889 prostitutes known to the police, at an annual expense to the public of £200,000; 175,000 of the working classes were found compelled to live either in the cellars mentioned above, or in close ill-ventilated courts and alleys. The river M^osey flowing past the town, and forming a means for the finest fleet of merchantmen, (after the metropolis,) to unlade their silks and spices, and the poor working classes unable to find sufficient water in many instances for the simplest domestic purposes; with a number of its inhabi-

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* Milner's "Elevation of the People," p. 96.

tants, equal to the entire population of Northampton, lying on damp floorings, in many cases without bricks, and the whole area of the courts around them a floating mass of putrefied vegetable and animal matter.

Manchester is the apostle of cities ; it is the genius of civic democracy. Manchester will applaud, where other cities would loudly condemn and scorn ; and woe betide the unfortunate preacher who should dare to confront a Manchester audience with a soul unprepared, with opinions loose, and to himself undefined. The men of Manchester tolerate any sin rather than that ; they have a keen perception of power, and a veneration for power, and of course they have a thorough scorn for weakness of any kind. There is resolution in Manchester ; its citizens remind one truly of the middle age burghers ; you read perhaps somewhat too much of defiance in its shopmen as well as its artizans ; you think as you do business with them, these are the men who would make kings powerless, and bring barons to their senses. As a general principle in dealing with Manchester tradesmen you do not expect to be cheated ; there is a blunt honesty about them, which, if occasionally rather snappish, is morally far beyond the sleek oily manner of your ordinary tradesman. " This man feels his freedom," you say invariably as you pass over the threshold of his shop. The impression is painful on the whole too, it strikes you as an utilitarian city ; you wonder only at the visible ; struck dumb as you are with the manifold

workings there; yet there is no spiritual work of genius to admire, nothing leads the spirit to worship—to adore; no man ever turned aside in Manchester street and said “how beautiful!” everything leads him to say how profitable. It was of the moral state of this city that Lord Ashley said in the House of Commons in 1841, that there, 1,500 children were added to the dangerous classes every year; “in that busy manufacturing town there were in that year 769 beer-houses, 498 public-houses, 309 brothels, above 300 houses where prostitutes were kept, and 109 lodging-houses where the sexes indiscriminately sleep together.”* “The fact that in a single year—1839, 42,964 persons, nearly one-sixth of the whole population, were admitted at different medical charities, and that more than one-half of the inhabitants are either so destitute or so degraded as to require the assistance of public charity in bringing their offspring into the world, afford a melancholy illustration of the condition of the working classes in Manchester.”†

In Leeds we meet with the same destitution and wretchedness, yet perhaps the citizens of Leeds have reached a higher moral stature than any other in the kingdom; drawing a line through the town from north to south, the deaths in 1839, in proportion to the population, on the east side of the line, in the half of the town inhabited by the poorer

* Begg's Essay on Juvenile Depravity, p. 39.

† Mr. Laing's Prize Essay on the Labouring Classes, p. 15.

classes, were as one to every twenty-four, while in those parts of the town where the streets are spacious and wide, and the drainage sufficient, the deaths were only as one to thirty-six; both ratios are high, the average mortality of England being only about one in forty-eight. Mr. Baker of Leeds states, that in consequence of the over-crowding, circumstances take place which humanity shudders to contemplate. He gives an instance of a daughter and father standing at the bar of the Leeds sessions as criminals, the one in concealing, the other in being accessory to concealing the birth of an illegitimate child born on the body of the daughter by the father. And another in November 1841: the registrar of that borough recorded the birth of an illegitimate child, born on the body of a young girl only sixteen years of age, who lived with her mother, who cohabited with her lodger, the father of this child, of which the girl had been pregnant five months when the mother died. Instances like these are horrible! but they are not rare; and on whom or on what are we to visit with the extremity of our indignation. The crime results from the over-mastering circumstances. True, we know, alas! that we all carry within us the seeds of depravity and sin, but it is remarkable that sin itself seems subject to some general laws as yet unknown. All the facts derived from the evidence of poor-law commissioners, constabulary forces, and tables of criminal offenders, show to us that there is a regular tariff of crime—"a tribute," says M. Quetelet,

“we pay with more regularity than the tribute we owe to nature or to the treasury of state, namely, the tribute man pays to crime;” but that tariff is beneath human control—it may be modified, abated, or increased by human action. For instance, Mr. G. P. Neison, in the *Statistics of Crime*, published in 1847, states “that any increase or decrease in the amount of crime in certain districts, over and above the average of the country, is not explained so much by fluctuations in the tendency to crime at ages from ten to fifteen, and fifteen to twenty, as by the increase or decrease of crime at more advanced ages, leading to the conclusion, that in the juvenile periods of life the tendency to crime is within the influence of more constant laws or elements.” The great proportion of all the crimes and offences committed in this country are remediable; we may remove the amount of criminality by diminishing the circumstances unfavourable to moral growth: it will be folly to expect any renovation in our social character, until there is an entire renovation of the circumstances likely to produce it. From the earth, where human beings live, are perpetually ascending exhalations from putrefying substances, animal and vegetable, the smoke of fires, the emanations from streets and sewers, all noxious. If the population be a scanty and small one, on some wide open prairie or plain, the poisonous particles soon mingle with the ever-canoping atmosphere, and become innocuous, but if 200,000 or 300,000 persons be located together, the poi-

son will be concentrated 200,000 or 300,000 fold : rear 10,000 high walls, shut out the sunlight, bury the dead in the midst of the living, let the offal of slaughtered animals, vegetables and filth of various kinds, produced in every way, decay in the houses or stagnate in the wet streets, and the poison will be an active and ever-prevalent source of disease and death.

Upon the electrical state of the atmosphere, humanly speaking, depends our health and our life : visitations of cholera, of fever, of diseases beyond the physician's ken or all human knowledge, most probably potatoe blights as well as corn blights, all these depend on the current of electricity in the atmosphere. The regulations of our cities—of our domestic life—systematically invite disease and death. Our homes are literally built in a charnel or a sepulchre ; the fountains of impurity saturate us on every hand ; facts appalling and startling speak to us in vain ; we boast of our wisdom, can we take twenty steps in any direction through our cities without beholding the mementos of our folly ?

The first circumstance necessary to a better moral health in the city is, attention to its physical health. John Hunter predicted that our manufactories would engender new varieties of pestilence. And new and specific forms of disease they have produced ; and over these seats of power there perpetually hangs, and through them strides, an alarming moral pestilence. How can it be otherwise ? Suppose the working man to be really desirous and anxious to secure the means of cleanliness, comfort,

and decency, can he in the city generally do so? In all cities houses have been run up back to back, without ventilation or drainage; not a particle of space is left unoccupied. Double rows of these houses are frequently run up, forming courts, with *perhaps* a pump at one end and a privy at the other. Most of these houses have been built by inferior speculators, regardless of the health of the poor inhabitants. Many of them ought never to be resided in at all—are unprovided with water, the site perhaps was undrained, the walls one brick thick, the inhabitants are constantly ill; the poor labourer possesses little power over his lot—filth accumulates before his door, he becomes the victim to disease, loses heart, sinks into the grave, and leaves his wife and children to descend into the dread abyss of crime.

Who has not heard of the fever-bill of Glasgow and Dundee? Several years since, the Rev. G. Lewis, minister of the parish of St. David's in the latter place, demonstrated, that the expenditure of several thousand pounds per annum, in providing the means of cleansing the town, would have been the means of saving a much larger sum. Viewing a human being as a productive machine only, he estimates a man just arrived at maturity as having £300, of capital invested in him; but taking only half this sum, he thus presented the following startling fever-bill of Dundee, from 1833 to 1839:—

| | |
|---|----------------|
| Loss of labour for six weeks of 5248 adults, at 8s. per week, | £12,595 |
| Attendance, medicine at home or infirmary, at £1 each, | 5,248 |
| Loss of labour for six weeks of 5248 under age, at 4s. each, | 6,297 |
| Expense of medical treatment of the above, at 10s. each, | 2,624 |
| Loss by death of 656 adults, at £150 each, | 98,400 |
| Loss by do. of 656 deaths under age, at £75 each, | 49,200 |
| Treatment of 1312 cases, at £1 each, | 1,312 |
| | <hr/> £175,676 |

Or, £25,096.11s. per annum.

And the fever-bill of Glasgow, for five years alone, omitting 4788 deaths, stand thus:—

| | |
|--|----------------|
| Loss of labour for six weeks to 25,580 adults, at 8s. per week, | £60,392 |
| Medical attendance to above, at £1 to each case, | 25,580 |
| Loss of labour for six weeks to 25,580 under age, at 2s. per week, | 15,318 |
| Expense of medical treatment of above, at 5s. each, | 6,395 |
| | <hr/> £107,715 |

Or, £21,543 per annum.

We may publish just such a bill for all the large towns of our own country; and if this is so, may it not be doubted, whether frequently the cry of moral means, as a mode of human elevation, has not resulted from laziness or indifference? Many have joined in the echo of that cry who never felt its importance, or indeed understood its meaning. The first, the most obvious fact striking us in the life of the people in the great city is, that their bad physi-

cal condition influences their moral condition : that fact meets us everywhere. It is harrowing and appalling to know how much of this universal disease and crime is traceable to the fact, that the most free and universal of the bounties of Providence have been intercepted in their progress to the poor. There are some apartments into which a ray of true, pure, unadulterated light never shone. Into many a wynd and court, into many a tall and vast building and char, sunbeam, moonbeam, or star-beam, never found their way. Pure light streams into the dungeon of the prisoner, even into the condemned cell. Leave light alone, and it will find its way into even the cave. It is the most universal of blessings ; but the homes of some of the poor are never blessed with it. Go to the window, the most wretched and scant window, it looks only on some blank wall, or down upon some filth and desolation ; and government, instead of publishing to its people that in this northern clime we should allow every avenue for the light to come streaming and dancing to us, erect barriers in the way of its admission, and their conduct is imitated by many a builder. The language of Satan to the sun would not be inappropriate as applied to them :—

“ To thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
Oh, sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams.”

It is undoubted that the absence of light is the cause of the deterioration of the *physique* of the

dwellers in cities—it is a frequent cause of idleness, disease, and vice. Most flowers perish without light. Experiments made on the animal world show to us that the being is not developed without light. Light affects the cheerfulness of the disposition, and this is sufficient at once to affect the digestive and respiratory organs. Without light, what is our world but the corpse of a planet, or man but the corpse of a man? If it be true, as modern science teaches, that light is the great decomposer—that it not only decks our world in a drapery of external loveliness—that it is not only the cause of the optical life of our globe, but that it is, too, the cause of the organic and real life—how criminal does it become to intercept a single beam. Coming as it does to brighten, to purify, and to enliven, it should be the aim of all to allow a free play to light. School-rooms should be so constructed that they have rich showers of it—workshops, factories, and houses also. Of course this cannot be the case until the window-tax is removed, and the duty entirely taken off glass. The tax-gatherer stands in many places where he looks bold and presumptuous, but never so much so as when he builds a custom-house between ourselves and the sun, and refuses to allow the friendly beam to shine upon us without a fee.

How can better accommodation be provided for the poor? A more important question than this cannot be proposed. In proportion as timber is dear, as the good timber of the Baltic is taxed by differential duties, the difficulty of

erecting a number of good houses is very great. To the honour of several gentlemen and noblemen, such as the late Earl of Leicester, the Messrs. Goles, and Marshalls, of Leeds, Mr. Benyon de Beauvoir, of Culford, and others, this evil is beginning to be remedied, this fundamental evil, for at the foundation of how many does it lie. "We forbid," says Dr. Channing, "by law the selling of putrid meat in the market; why do we not forbid the renting of rooms in which putrid, damp, and noisome vapours are working as sure destruction as the worst food? Do people understand that they were as truly poisoned in such dens as by tainted meat and decaying vegetables, would they not appoint commissioners for houses as well as commissioners for markets? Ought not the renting of untenable rooms, and the crowding of such numbers into a single room as must breed disease, and may infect a neighbourhood, be as much forbidden as the importation of pestilence." We would not imply from this our approbation of any undue interference of legislature with the social arrangements of the people. Legislature cannot compel the working-man to reside in a good house, "nor are they justified, without offering adequate compensation, in destroying the over-crowded parts of great cities; but we cannot conceive that they step from their province in providing that all streets shall be of a certain breadth, the houses limited to a certain height, and properly provide with the necessary domestic conveniences."

Finally, How can we best provide for the health and well-being of the members of the great city? The language of Milton is greatly true of our present position: "Behold now," says he, "this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty; the shop of war hath not there more hammers and anvils waking, than there be here pens and heads sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and fealty, the approaching reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What vents there to such a towardly and pregnant soil but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies." Thus, indeed, may we truly say of our cities: to be restored to a healthy place in the nation they need a vigilant moral police; the men of power there need to be impressed with the greatness of their duty, and the vast measure of their responsibility. Let it be remembered, that the city of modern days has grown up like a magician's palace, in the night-time. We have seen already that there are to be seen the glarings as of a Titanic horror. Man admires the great, the vast, the awful; it is not unfrequent that we hear the loud praise of that too, which, while it demands our admiration and wonder, merits little of our love. We will not say whether great cities strike us

as of this order of things; they have indeed, impressed us in much the same manner as Martin's costly and wonderful paintings—splendid conceptions and productions of genius, yet most unnatural distortions, where every thing gleams out in a false and luxurious colouring; survey it from a distance, and it will not seem at a great remove from Babylon and Thebes of former days. But what an immense outlay of power is here, what expenditure of genius! We are blackened with the deep smoke of a hundred factories, the shriek of the rushing snorting engine approaching from afar, the roar of the forge, the scream of the pulley winding up the bale into the warehouse; into this city have been fused down all the inventions of all the ages. Stand by the railway station but for an hour. What masses train after train disgorges; how quietly swallowed up, how soon absorbed, amongst the drifting countless numbers sweeping along. Or stand by the factory, or by the gin-palace, and count the numbers that go in thither. Men with the debauched and diseased frame, shrinking children, girls tempting and seducing in their turn young boys that morning loosened from jail, or to be in the jail to-morrow. There is a solution to this dark picture. All these things we blame, we say they are uncared for; let us remember that all these tremendous crowds of human beings were *unexpected* here. These theatres of tremendous humanity have so far transcended all the ordinary growth of the population, that we may well forgive the

city for the darkening brow it has hitherto worn to the eye of philanthropy. Let us remember that, except in Transatlantic history, the growth of modern cities is without a parallel. Birmingham has advanced from 73,670 souls in 1801, to 190,542 in 1841—doubled itself in forty years—a work which Geneva has taken three centuries to perform. In the year 1730, Sheffield contained a population of 14,105 souls, which have since augmented to 112,492. In 1734, Manchester numbered 41,032, it now borders on 300,000. In the year 1700, Liverpool contained within its boundaries 5,145, it has increased to 264,293.* Or, take another illustration: “In 1811 the population of Lancashire was 821,309; in 1821, 1,052,829; in 1831, 1,335,800; in 1841, 1,667,054. In Norfolk, a flourishing agricultural county, in 1811 the population was 291,999; in 1821, 344,368; in 1831, 390,000; in 1841, 412,664; so that in a space of thirty years the population of Norfolk increased one-third, while that of Lancashire has doubled itself. Was it possible that this unparalleled aggregation of the population could take place without many most unexpected and painful exhibitions of new social life.

But our business with the disease engendered in the great city is to seek its cure. It may be that the city life is not the most healthy life to the bodily or to the moral frame: it may be

* Milner, pp. 79, 80.

that, in the course of some short ages, man's restored individuality may lead him again to disperse, while his enlarged power may enable him to combine in the more lonely sanctities of nature the triumphs of inventive genius with the beauties of the agricultural state. With speculations like these we have nothing to do : and if fearful facts ring in our ears, they are only to sound like notes warning us to duty and to diligence. If the tremendous truth meets us that the number of illegitimate births in England and Wales, in 1845, was 38,241, seven per cent. of the children born alive—if we are told that 20,000 children under seventeen years of age go through our jails every year, besides those summarily disposed of—if we find that children of two years of age have been, and probably are employed in labour in lace-making and other districts—if the poverty of England is really in a higher per centage than any country of Europe, and this per centage is to be accounted for principally from the moral physiology of our large towns—if, on an average, the poor have to pay twenty-five per cent. on the capital invested in their dwellings, while the wealthy and flourishing trader only pays four or five per cent., and not always that—if the solemn assurance of Mr. Chadwick is presented to us that, out of 112,000 cases of orphanage, and 43,000 cases of premature widowhood, receiving relief from the poor's rates, in the year ending Lady-day, 1840, more than 100,000 of the orphanage cases, and nearly 26,090 of those of widowhood, were

traceable to the action of removable causes—if the startling and mysterious fact meets us further that the proportion of births to the population appears to be greatest where there is the greatest mortality—if it is found that there is a promiscuous huddling together, in our great cities, of both sexes, married and unmarried, adults and children, sometimes to the number of forty or more sleeping in the same room, and that the filth engendered, and the physical debility, the fever and the disease are trivial, compared with the moral deterioration—are not these all so many loud and impressive calls to remedy the remediable, to remove the removable? We turn back to the days of the Roman city,—we figure to ourselves the Coliseum, crowded with its 100,000 persons of every gradation of rank,—consul and senator—ambassadors from distant nations—the youth of both sexes—the Roman matron—the vestal virgin—and all to gaze on the combat of the wild beasts and the slaves,—the warrior's triumph, perhaps adorned by the spectacle of Christians, for their god-like or Promethean crime, thrown to the lions; and we think in that scene we have the key to their civilization.

We turn to ancient Tyre, the great trading city of antiquity, and walk through her streets: are they not crowded? See that great slave multitude conveying through the city the produce of their own land, and the spoils brought by that band of swarthy-browed merchants from beyond the defiles of the Tauric mountains and the burning desert. Look at those

slaves ! Some might say rather, look at the followers of the camel, and the tamers of the flood of that age ! Some might say, look at the wonderful pile of the palace—at the thoughtful-browed artificers of Iliam—at the flamen with his rich vestments—at the warrior with his burnished brazen armour—at the ship unlading on the beach ; but those slaves, those mercenaries, they have been treated unjustly : and to that injustice to them, and in her general commercial policy, the downfall of Tyre will be attributed. The lower ranks of her society were generally wretched. Can it be that we are passing through an era of Tyrian civilization :—is our life worthy of the spectators of the Coliseum ? The condition of the lower orders is a key to the state of civilization now as in every age. We must extend our care to something more than the provision of means of punishment for evil-doers, by the institution of all conservative and preventive agencies ; thus alone can we expect the city to become truly a great city. We must take care, lest by our apathy and negligence we become accessory to the sins of the city. We must estimate its greatness and happiness, not by the accumulation of its wealth into the hands of two or three who dwell in princely palaces, and make large endowments to the city, but by the dissemination of happiness over its general face, and the possession of the means of comfort by all its citizens. We must educate the population to knowledge and virtue, and remember that the extensive crime hitherto prevalent in

our cities has depended mostly for its support upon the unfavourable circumstances in which the masses have been placed. "From the official returns, it appears that out of 18,351 convicts transported to New South Wales, prior to 1821, 6,000 had gained their liberty, and realized property to the amount of £1,500,000.* So completely was the character of a great proportion of these convicts changed, that they were at one period admitted indiscriminately to the governor's table with the free settlers, a practice only relinquished in late years, from the violent jealousies it gave rise to on the part of the latter body. The whole previous annals of the world put together will not afford so remarkable an instance of the reformation of offenders."† And if this is so, why not seize their pliant natures, and instead of forcing them to distant colonies, make them high-minded and noble citizens at home. Thus shall the city, instead of being the receptacle of sorrow and the cave of shame, be the brain from which the nation shall work out her future destiny, and the shield by which she shall defend herself from the charge of imbecility and weakness.

Ah! solemn is the vision and the prophecy of life opened up in the city: there as we have seen, all things change their places, all things are dissevered, there is no central thought, there seems no leading, no ruling aim. Does not the city furnish the best representation of the Wal-

* Allison, vol ii., p. 136.

pungis Night of Goethe's *Faust*, the picture of life without law—there if any where the real human history and power fades into the intangible; human destiny becomes than ever still more inscrutable; the restless spirit demands in the midst of excitement yet more; there every thing deceives us, and each object is beheld partly in glare and partly in gloom. Who has ever walked through a city and not experienced the feeling of profound mystery and awe; the walk through the excavated chambers of Nineveh, the presence of winged lions and colossal lions looking haughtily from the rock, what impression do they produce compared with the buildings filled with the stern and awful life of the present. And what is that life, and whither tends it?—these meetings so tumultuous and wild—these theories of human nature and destiny—this gaunt and famished poverty, and this overlaying of magnificence—this restless life that will not, cannot be silent—that demands to do and to be looked at while doing—this life reckless of all except itself, yet perpetually theorising and speculating—this mighty woof, what robe is it weaving; for even while passing down among the hurrying crowds, each careless or care-worn passer-by must be regarded as throwing his shuttle across the loom of time. A terrific soul is indeed sleeping or waking in every vast collection of people; the only mode of disarming and redeeming that terrific spirit is an universal education, a moral soul education. We hear frequent mention of the spirit of the age; alas! without christian

influence it is a terrific spirit. Power without conscience is ever and always terrible, but pitiable indeed is the condition of the man or men who in our own time behold the newly-awakened strength of humanity, and have yet no faith in the purpose of God with the human family; to such the spirit of the age is indeed a very Sioux or Pawnee, the decorated humanized incarnation of frenzy and change; only the man who has confidence in the presence of a Father overlooking the world and the tendencies of humanity as beneath his guidance, can with a cheerful congratulation hail the changes that wait upon the rolling year, and walk calm and unperturbed amidst the fearful and multiplying prophecies of the mighty city—to such an one the age will be fraught with no terror: nay it sees the spirit of the age with joy, in the expanding soul of humanity, in lightnings striking down the throne of tyranny or altar of priestcraft; in fertilizing showers, wakening arts and sciences, and bidding them move to bless the people,—see it in the distance erecting the home of man on deserts where the panther roamed. on heights where the wild bird built its nest—or nearer home with indignation repelling the claims of the most ancient antiquity, revising the laws of property, the creeds of religion, the rights of the senator; making the whole land a temple, an university, a lecture-room, a parliament; giving birth to opinion and making it free and prevalent as the national atmosphere; cancelling the indentures of hereditary monarchs, governors, and teachers,

learning all languages, and translating their stores, exploring every ocean and cave, analysing all substances, ransacking all libraries, tearing the parchments and melting the seal, pushing aside, as if but of yesterday, the most haughty ancients of the earth, yet making every discovery conducive to the health, the comfort, the freedom of man. Conservative guilds and corporations stand fearful and shuddering, praying for protection from the fearful spirit of the age; but the faithful soul beholds in it, occasionally erratic or grotesque though it be, no destructive terrorist, but the health-giving, freedom-bringing spirit of the universe and of the times, performing a strange work, but a good one, creating its marvellous and mighty creations in mystery, yet not the less obeying the finger of the great good Father. To such the language of one who saw further down into the following centuries than most, yet who seems to have been sublimely touched by the shadows on the mist of the present, will not seem an inappropriate apostrophe:—

“The limits of the sphere of dream,
The bounds of true and false are fast,
Lead us on thou wandering gleam,
Lead us onward to our fate
To the wide the desert waste
But see how swift ad, mce and shift
Times bel and times row by row,
How cliff by cliff rocks lend and lift
Then flowing, for the ad, as we go,
Th’ grant shouted crags, Ho! ho!
How they meet and how they blow”

* Goethe’s Faust, Shelley’s Translation.

CHAPTER IV

THE ALCAIDS OF ESCALONA

PROLOGUES OR QUOTATIONS

"A step of improvement in man's picture of his own life has never been taken in agriculture, and just because the method has been de-
scribed for the fabrication of as many yards of cloth by fewer hands, scalls
of poorer out-fitted men in any that had yet been reached may now be
practically entered upon. An improvement in the form of the stocking
machine may, as well as an improvement in the form of the plough,
bring in any man's acreage faster with the same amount of cultivation.
The actual industrial process that has taken place, we believe to
be as follows—The owners of our day work harder than before
but live better than before—they at once toil more strenuously and
live more plentifully—putting forth more strength, but without draw-
ing the remuneration of a larger and more liberal sustenance."

DR. CHILDE

"When the poets of the last century were pleased to describe our
village scenes as so many regions of Arcadia, and our village groups
as so many models of pastoral simplicity and innocence, they could
not have been insensible that they were giving a false character to the
country, that they might minister to the false taste of the town. The
natural had no place either in the descriptions which were thus pub-
lished, or in the society to which they were addressed. It was a kind
of poetry in which art and elaboration were in the place of truth and
nature. It is futile to rustics the puling sentiments which had be-
come naturalised at St James'. It consisted for the most part, of a
galtry compliment offered by the pensioned poet to the convent and
folly of his courtly patrons."

DR. VAUGHAN, "AGE OF GREAT CHIEFS"

CHAPTER IX

Archæm. Prices. — Some Account of the Town and Family of Humdrum. — The Earl of Fitzhum. — Lord Pish. — The Value of Dudgeon. — Estimate of Rural Life. — Fact from the 'Morning Chronicle.' — Remedies. — Personal Proprietorship. — The Farmers of Switzer Land. — Orders. — Depreciation of the Standard of Comfort. — Pictures in Cribb. — In Wordworth. — The Portrait of Os. — Influence of every Grade of Life. — Philip F. — Portrait of a Hum Country. — Low. — City of Norfolk. — Relative Education of the Peasantry. — Chamberland. — Influence of Mountain Scenery in 41. — Portrait of a Character. — Northumberland. — Obit. — from Dr. Galley. — Average Character of the Englishman.

Do you know the little town of Humdrum? Do you know the Right Honourable the Earl of Scarpdown, whose ancestral residence has been for many years at Humdrum? Well, Humdrum is not a place likely to become revolutionary; nor is his lordship likely to head a revolution. Humdrum was a place of importance in history; frequently it figures in the page of English story. In the archives of its old castles are many stories of royal personages who took shelter or received hospitality beneath its massive turrets. There is a room which is still called the Queen's Chamber, because old Queen Bess spent some few days there in one of her royal progresses. The Stuarts always had faith

ful friends in Humdrum, and in the noble family of Scamperdown. And although there were found there, during one sad period, some wicked Puritans, yet, how speedily were their non-conformist noses slit, their feet placed in the stocks, and their property confiscated. I will confess, that as I have stepped through the chambers of Humdrum Castle, a feeling of awe for the antiquity of the spot has crept over me. As I have passed down its stately corridors and long galleries, and looked at the pictures of the fair and faultless ladies of the illustrious house, and the noble, stern, and richly clad men to whom they had given birth, I am not certain that it was a very democratic feeling that crept over me; and then the politeness, the courtesy of the heads of the house, these have very frequently almost converted me from my radical propensities. Very well do I remember once waiting on his lordship, with a note of introduction in reference to some matters of business. A tall handsome man stepped out from the breakfast room to meet me, and introduced me to the countess: I was invited to a vacant place and instantly made to feel myself at home. The two or three persons near me all combined to set me perfectly at ease; and as soon as I had time to think at all, I was astonished to find how much more easily I seemed to glide into the sympathies of this family, than into those of some of the wealthy manufacturers with whom I had on some occasions met. Around me in the room were several selected portraits of some men who had

spent their boyhood and youth there;—from that room had gone forth the men who had become bishops in the church, generals in the army, admirals in the navy, and chancellors on the bench. In my ignorance, I had imagined all lords to be ogres, with stars on their breasts, and all countesses to be sneering, scornful, stately beauties. That morning effected a great change. Listening with all deference to me, and inducing me to talk, before I left I had nearly made up my mind that it was possible for lords and ladies to be possessed of some humanity, and that generosity and gentleness might be found even among some of the members of the house of Humdrum. I was young then, and have learned to feel differently, and to prize innate humanity more. But I have often thought since, when I have heard some very loud in their vehement protestations of attachment to democracy, “Ah friend, I wonder how *you* would feel if the Earl of Humdrum asked you to breakfast!” The most noteworthy circumstance in the town of Humdrum, and in its castle and family too, is the spirit of nogoishness— all things continue as they were from the beginning; the castle stands, still overlooking the little feudal village, with the fields lying round it, but it seems as though it might not inappropriately be transferred to “Sleepy Hollow.” I have conceived, that the very air hangs heavy, woods and waters seem to lose their freedom; for certainly, however courteous his lordship may be to strangers, he tolerates no intrusion upon the modes and

practices of the days of old. Things go on very happily; the people do not desire that they should be different; the tradesmen find it to their advantage to hold their tongues; indeed, they are bound over by their half-yearly and annual accounts, to keep the peace, to hold no strange doctrines, to say no unpleasant things, to read no books at all, or only books without souls, to read no newspapers unless it be the "Conservative Graball," or the "Independent Fudge." And thus, with all these precautions, things go on nearly as they ought to do.

Allied to the family of Humdrum is, "A gentleman and nobleman of the old school," the Earl of Fitzsham, retaining as much of the Squire Western about him as possible in such a day as ours. He still boasts of being on easy and friendly terms with all the people on his estates: that is, he looks on his villages as kennels, where he keeps his dogs, and prides himself on spending a good part of the year (in all about three months,) on his estates in the country. To do him all justice, he is not pompous in his equipage or furniture, save on great occasions, when he makes an extraordinary glitter, but he is proud of his blood and his birth, and has more regard for the poorest peer, whose ignoble blood

"His crest through scoundrels ever runs the blood,

than for the richest railway king whose father was a draper or a barber. He has an instinctive abhorrence and jealousy of all trade, tradesmen,

manufacturers, or merchants; he looks on them askance, as if he thought them very suspicious characters, and somewhat unconstitutional. As to his religion, it is derived from the state, the only party he thinks that has any business to interfere with such matters; it never occurred to him to ask whether he had a faith or not: but, on the whole, it seems most generous in him to suppose, that he regards all religions as a great pretence and show. He hates mechanics' institutes, and the printing-press and newspapers almost as much, though he does sometimes subscribe for 200 or 300 copies of the "Fitzsham Advertiser," or the "Independent Fudge," when either has reported an re-edited his speech at the "Agricultural Show," or the "Annual Meeting of the Gentlemen of the Hunt." He was educated at Oxford, where he learned to "drink, tie cravats, and drive a tandem." He is a magistrate, and thinks it incumbent upon him to make especial example of poachers. He is now and then in the House, but thinks it a "confounded bore;" never doubts for a moment that the country is in a most awful state, and believes we don't know the mischief that those railways are doing to the agricultural interests. He has sense enough to know, that at any rate they are downright levellers. The place where he lives has for ages borne the beautiful and appropriate name of Fitzsham! situated in the county of Dumdrudge. When his lordship is at home the banner is seen flying from the castle turret. Dumdrudge gives the name to his lordship's

eldest son, the young Lord Dumdrudge; and it is the boast of the family, that from time immemorial, Dumdrudge has given bishops to the church, generals to the army, admirals to the navy, lawyers to the bench, and ministers to the state. In Humdrum and Dumdrudge they have never held a public meeting, and until within a few years since a school was unknown, until Lady Julia Humdrum established a National School, to prevent the children from going to the British and Foreign School in the neighbouring parish, the especial purpose of the Humdrum school being, to teach a little reading and sewing, but especially a proper reverence for the church, the state, and the dignified family of Humdrum. It is superfluous to say now, that the family branches of this race are very numerous and very extensive, much more so, strange to say, than even the heads of the family are themselves aware. Perhaps they would be sadly scandalised were they to know that their illustrious names are mingled with plebeian families, and their distinguished antiquity with lowly extraction.

Lord Plush, another Arcadian nobleman, is considered quite a different sort of man to the Lord of Fitzham, yet it would be very hard to denote the precise point of difference: he is quite a moderate whig, a very moderate whig as times go, he talks very much of reform and re-renchment—especially when out of office; for Lord Plush dearly loves office, but he has no objection to borrowing a million or two when in office; he rises to patriotism and in-

ignation, when he thinks of the times of Pitt but he has no objection to a little espionage and some intimidation and to state prosecutions he thinks there ought to be the utmost freedom and toleration for Dissenters yet he supports heartily church establishments and church rates tithes and taxes for religion, he is a zealous Protestant but has no objection to Roman Catholic endowment He is a living consistency in so far as single particulars are true to himself there is no clean sweep of opinion about him betraying far more pride than the half haughty of the East on the opposition benches a part of whose rich inheritance he prouid Lord Plush has the peculiar faculties of the fairy all whose blessings are turned into curses, all his movements are so slow all his gifts are given with so little grace that his words are valuable when given Lord Plush is for his order poor he cannot the store afford to be honest he has faith enough in goodness to trust himself with people and the prejudices of his family forbid his throwing himself entirely on his order he is thus a political Centaur

A different place altogether to the quiet town of Hummum is the wild land of Durdle all Its cottages are the homes of the old peasantry their country's primitive customs and cottages give the idea of a still of rich culture altogether peculiar to our advanced state of civilization in which is exhibited the painful interblending of the rude mud hut or the Hottentot with the fine dwelling of the ancient

Anglo-Saxon serf. Drudgewell is the very paradise of Protectionists and Corn Law landlords; the whole country is the property of his grace the Duke of Driveover; who has, however, never once seen the beautiful estate, the smiling farms and lovely fields he calls his own. A happy population nestle among these shady fields, rejoicing in all the boundless world of luxuries opened up to them by the income of 6s., or 8s., or 10s., per week—frequently for several weeks during the long year earning nothing—regaling themselves from day to day, with the convict's fare of bread and water, or potatoes and water, with the occasional luxury of bacon. What a home! This den an English home! No bedstead—that row of mattresses the nightly resting-place of husband and wife—girls rising into womanhood, and boys into manhood—infant at the breast and childhood in its tenderness of years and apprehensions. What a resting-place, that dirty sacking, for the wearied limbs of the tired labourer! what a covering for the cold night, that filthy collection of rags, patched rug, and torn blanket! There are no gentlemen farmers in Drudgewell: the farm-house with its broken tiles above, and broken flags below—its furnitureless rooms and undrained yards, covered with obstructions, or sending up their filth to poison the atmosphere, seem places more fitting for the residence of the ghosts of farmers than for real living moving beings of the present day. Drudgewell is the paradise of another ill-favoured visitant, worse even than protec

tion : *cholera* ravaged there, even more terribly than in the crowded and unhealthy city. In Drudgewell another circumstance is notable,—there are more churches than people. Un-¹sightly as the place is, there are those who desire to remove all traces of cottage and farm ; hence the hearthstone remains unremoved, the broken chimney is not restored, the bricks are not replaced ; thus systematically the rich man tortures the unhappy labourer until he is compelled to retreat from the village. Thus he ceases to be a burthen to the place where he had resided, he is absorbed into the vast crowd of some other great moral lazaretto, and his old home is cleared away—is a blot on the scene is a hindrance to the view no longer. There are some things, I should say, they have never seen in this happy valley, as, for instance, soap, soda, to say nothing of spelling books and Testaments. Morality seems to have near about gone out of fashion there ; and life may be said to have gone out of fashion too ; for by all accounts, they do not so much live as manage not altogether to die in Drudgeditch. Woman is a toiling slave, and man a cheerless serf—There is no state of life, or of morals, however bad it may be in the city, but it is paralleled and exceeded in Drudgewell ; this is no exaggeration. The average life of the labourer in the English fields is the last and lowest scale of wretchedness—insufficient in diet and in food—wretched home accommodation—miserably clothed—crowded beyond all possibility of

attention to cleanliness or morality,—uneducated—starved. Almost all the rural districts of England can shew a Drudgewell.

But impressions of the superiority of the rural over the urban life linger very generally amongst us still ; the woes and the wants felt in the town, it is said, cannot be experienced in the country, or if experienced, are all of very recent date. There is still widely diffused through the land an idea of the beauty and the order of the peasantry, and there are, doubtless, some places where a high excellence of moral condition may be evident ; but rural districts have long been demonstrated to be no Arcadias, or if Arcadian in scenery, certainly not in the manners and tastes of their inhabitants. We will carry what we said of the city into the country. We remarked that not the congregated marbles or busts of glowing stone, the architecture of the portico or the elegance of the vase, could lend stability or glory to the city, but the man, the citizen alone : and so, in our estimate of the country life, we have nothing to do with sounds of roaring waterfalls, pictures of woods or skies of lovely tint and colour ; it is not the bird singing on the spray, nor the cattle lowing along the field, that are to influence our estimate of man. Nor are we to allow words to influence us—shepherd and shepherdess sound sweetly enough in themselves—the Daphnes and the Delias, the Corins and the Chloes, are, doubtless, a very sweet and affecting class of personages in fable, but in fact we have never found any such people in

the woods and fields. What is the reality? We are the slaves of appearances; we like pictures so well, that we at last grow into the belief that the picture is no picture. Who that has visited the Vernon Gallery, has not laughed heartily at Collins's picture of the boys swinging on the gate—or, in the Dulwich Gallery, Murillo's Spanish Beggar Boys? Who has not admired, on the canvas, some cottage with the broken thatch, the horse-pond, and the shaggy wood!—and perhaps one of my readers has given hundreds of pounds for some such painting. Yet look at it again; these beggar boys on the gate are the very clods of social life, and probably will go through life without a single idea; and, alas! for those beggar boys, the very heartiness with which they are eating the crust, why, what does it indicate? While yon cottage is indeed the very tenement of misery, full of sadness and distress, the only reason why it awoke any interest at all was, that it excited the same feeling we felt when Gainsborough's Market Cart was seen trundling through the wood and the wild unbroken ground. We prefer the faintest human association to none at all; all nature derives its interest to us from man. The picture of a wood, wild in its interminable recesses, or a mountain, vast in its solemn height, would awaken only a mournful sense of loneliness, if there were no human habitation, or cottage, or life, to break the monotony of the view, we should turn from Nature's richest

panorama, and visit with interest the human structure, reminding us of the works of our brother man.*

If the previous generalization seem rash, take a few incidents from the Letters on Labour and the Poor, now publishing in the *Morning Chronicle*, promising that these instances are not taken as of importance in their isolation, but as illustrations of general states of society:—

1. *Absenteeism*.—"I am inclined to believe, that the proprietors are completely ignorant of the condition of their property in the parish in question; indeed, on inquiry of one long-resident in the neighbourhood, if the Duke of Cleveland had ever visited it, I was informed that, whilst Earl of Darlington, he did once get as far as the borough of Saltash. 'Did he come as far as St. Martins?' I asked. 'I do not believe that he has ever seen an acre of his property here,' was the reply.*

2. *Clearance of Estates of Poor*.—"Not only are no new cottages being erected to meet the exigencies of an increasing population, but old ones, instead of being kept in repair, are suffered to crumble to pieces, if indeed decay is not aided by more active means. In a parish between Honiton and the coast, a great part of which is owned by Sir Edward Elton, this process of cottage clearance seems to be a marked feature in proprietary policy on Sir Edward Elton's property. I am told that the average rate of decay or demolition, is about six cottages per annum. As each cottage would contain a family of seven on the average, the proprietor

thus clears his estate of about forty-two persons each year, unless they can find room in their neighbours' houses, which can in most cases be but ill spared. By this means, this estate, and others similarly dealt with, will, by and by, become eased of one incumbrance at least which presses upon them—a large and unemployed population."

3. *Inadequate House Accommodation for Increased Population.*—"The real effect of the demolition of cottages is, to reduce to a still lower point of wretchedness the physical condition of the labourer. The clergyman of one of the parishes of Devon pointed out to me, an addition that had recently been made to the parish church. As it stood the church was but a small one, but the addition made to it was larger than the original edifice. 'Why was the addition made?' I asked. 'Because the population of the parish has increased,' was the reply. The answer was obvious, and I had anticipated it; but I wished to obtain it in order to base upon it another question. 'How comes it,' I inquired, 'that if the population has increased so as to require so large an addition to be made to this church, there is not a single new cottage to be found in your parish?' 'That is difficult to say,' he answered. 'It does not appear to me,' I added, 'that there is a cottage in your whole parish which has been built within the last fifty years.' 'They all seem to be of that age at least,' he replied, 'and many much older.' 'And when was the addition made to the

church? I inquired. 'Within the last twenty years,' said he. 'This simple story speaks for itself.' Whilst population in many of the villages of Devon and Somerset is increasing, not only is house accommodation not increasing but it is actually diminishing."*

4. *Character of the House Accommodation.*— "Illustrations are both by resemblance and contrast. It is by contrast that the condition even of a backwoodsman illustrates that of many an English peasant. The first rude hut which the settler builds for himself in the woods, is in every way more comfortable than the home of many an English labourer. Even the wigwam of the Indian far surpasses it in this respect. I have seen one pitched in the forest in the course of a night, when the snow lay four feet deep around, which was dry, light, warm, and commodious, as compared with the hut which has just been described. So far as his physical condition is concerned, the American Indian is in advance of a large proportion of the English peasants. He has better shelter, better clothing, and more substantial food. If the Indian's mind is untutored, the intellectual training of the peasant is unfortunately not such as to make the contrast on this side very favourable to him. Yet the one is in our estimate, a civilized and Christian man—the other, a savage, who paints himself. But a dash of paint is better any day than dirt."†

* Morning Chronicle (Supplement), Tuesday, January 8th, 1850.—Rural Districts, Cornwall.

† Morning Chronicle (Supplement), December 28th, 1848.—Rural Districts, Devon.

5. *Wages.*—“Nothing can be more unjust than the usual mode of paying wages—compelling labourers to take out a proportion of their wages in beer. In the cider counties there is no more justice or sense, in compelling them to drink cider as part of their wages, than there would be in forcing them to smoke or chew tobacco.”* “I shortly afterwards met another working-man on the high road to Pool. He was employed in the town of Looe, having abandoned the fields. His wages, when at work, were 2s. a day; but then his employment was not regular. Taking the average of the year, he did not regard himself as any better off than a farm labourer, with steady work, at 1s. 6d. a day. He very much feared that that rate could not be paid to the farm-labourer long. ‘Can the farmers afford to keep it up, I asked? ‘They can’t, sir, the way they are going on.’ ‘What are they doing?’ ‘They’re not doing nothing,’ he replied; ‘instead of trying harder to make a good thing of it, they’re doing less than they used to do!’”†

6. *Diet.*—In *Wiltshire* generally among the labourers, “there is neither beef, beer, nor bacon; bread, potatoes, and water form the dinner as well of the growing child as the working man. They had a little bacon on Sunday last; it is now Thursday, they will not taste bacon until Sunday again, and per-

* Morning Chronicle, December 21st, 1819.

† Ibid. (Supplement), Tuesday, January 1st, 1850.

haps not even then.”* “The fate of the man who is expected by his labour to develop year after year the agricultural wealth of England, is, in a large proportion of cases little better than bread and water—the fare of the condemned cell.”†

Among the political devices of the day, there have been none proposed really for the benefit of the poor farmer and his labourer; all the proposals have come from the protectionists, preachers of a policy as ridiculous as it is selfish. It is a vain hope entertained by these men, that England will return again to her old suicidal method of government; if anything is to be done to relieve the distress of the agricultural districts, it must be by measures dictated by loftiness of principle, and an enlarged policy will always accompany that—there must be a return to justice and to rectitude—there must be a prudence commensurate with the exigency and the difficulty. It is not to be supposed that the agricultural work of England is done: it is not at all desirable, that our farms and fields should be displaced by the engine of the manufacturer. The hope may be reasonably entertained that, as intelligence increases amongst the farming population, there will be not only an increase of real reputation and respectability, but an increase of productive power, and prosperity too; consistent with the largest views of commerce, it may be expected that there will be an increase of our home-trade

* Morning Chronicle, Tuesday, January 8th, 1850

† Ibid. December 24th, 1849.

and consumption. The increase of our population demands an increase of home-produced food; to rely upon foreign resources would be as preposterous as it would be to reject them. Mr. Porter, in his *Progress of the Nation*, has shown that to supply the United Kingdom with corn alone, would employ more than double the shipping which, at the time he was writing (1839), entered our ports; and further, the wailings of farmers and protectionists are most absurd, when it is remembered that in the United Kingdom there are 15,000,000 of acres of uncultivated wastes capable of improvement, and 15,871,463 acres described as unprofitable many of which are capable of improvement. Wales is not yet cultivated to half its power and England lags slowly behind: drainings and chemical applications to the soil are but small in proportion to the knowledge gained on these matters; while Scotland still has 5,950,000 uncultivated but improvable acres waiting for the axe to disturb the wild cats and the wailing plover, and the ploughshare to subdue the wild wastes. It may not be unfairly alleged, that if our progress in society had depended on the amount of new light communicated by the agriculturist, our condition would have been a woful one; but the dissemination of knowledge over the minds of the peasantry will at last transform even Hodge and Colin Clout into the Architects of an Age—the very discontent, the turbulence now reigning in the agricultural districts, will hasten the consummation of the evil day. Sir Archibald

Allison has well said, "Government may frequently disregard the clamour of towns as produced by passion or the contagion of public frenzy, but they have good cause for alarm, and may rely on the existence of various political evils when the peasantry of the country begin to assemble in arms."

The evils beneath which our Arcadias groan are political—those resulting from their relation to the state and state interference; local, those resulting from their connection with the great landholder; and individual, those resulting from the ignorance of the tenant farmer, and his indisposition to avail himself of the means by which the farm might be made more productive; under the first class, tithes are beginning to be felt to be a real injustice, special pleading, disguise of eloquence, sophistry, none of these can well make the taking of every tenth bowl of milk, of every tenth pig, of every tenth sheep, of every tenth acre, an amiable or pleasant action; to all eyes there is a grotesque knavishness about the performance, ludicrously contrasting with the professions of the first apostles. There is a real evil as well as a real injustice too, and after the most elaborate defences of the system, still the impression remains, that the price of rent is affected by the imposition; and, therefore, the price of labour, the price of production, and the whole profit, market value, and selling price of the farmer's stores.

The second evil is before us in the large system of farming; the benefits of peasant

comes the beautiful and blessed results of industry. If Germany is in the hands of the people, if it is parcelled out among the multitude who plough, harrow, sow and reap their own soil, where although hard labour abounds, want and poverty are unknown. If with our larger capital and more varied implements of tillage, in our pasturage and our crops, we are behind the small peasant proprietors of Holland and Flanders; and if these facts reveal to us the condition of the peasantry of continental Europe, why should not our own peasantry, in a similar manner, become possessors of the soil, and rise to freedom and independence? It can no longer be asserted, that a high state of cultivation is only associated with large capital, that the elaborate economy of farming can only be successfully carried on, on large farms worked by hired labour. The large farmers even of Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, and the Lothians.

sion on the mind of the beholder, which the lapse of time is unable to efface.—*Coxe*, vol. 1. 46.

"Though manufactures are generally established in several of the cantons, yet they do not appear in that demoralizing form which exists in France and England. Each peasant exercises his art in his own cottage, and his leisure hours are employed in cultivating his beautiful garden. The jewellery and watches which are so much prized as female ornaments all over Europe, are made by little freeholders, in the valley of the Jura. Even the manufactures which require a combination of hands, are conducted by persons in the same situation and the workmen who have been engaged in the formation of the brilliant chintzes of Zurich and Solvère, return in the evening to the gardens that surround their separate dwellings"—*Allison*, vol. 1. 418.

are really behind the small farmers of Flanders: the universal farming economy of the small farmers of Flanders, Lombardy, and Switzerland, is just now being adopted by the farmers of Britain. Mr. Laing says, "Dairy husbandry even, and the manufacture of the largest cheeses, by the co-operation of many small farmers—the mutual assurance of property against fire and hail-storms, by the co-operation of many small farmers—the most scientific and expensive of all agricultural operations in modern times, the manufacture of beet-root sugar—the supply of the European markets with flax and hemp, by the husbandry of small farmers; the abundance of legumes, fruits, poultry, in the usual diet even of the lowest classes abroad, and the total want of such variety even at the tables of *our* middle classes, and this variety and abundance essentially connected with the husbandry of small farmers: all these are features in the occupation of a country by small proprietor farmers which must make the inquirer pause before he admits the dogma of our land doctors at home, that large farms, worked by hired labour and great capital, can alone bring forth the greatest productiveness of the soil, and furnish the greatest supply of the necessaries and conveniences of life to the inhabitants of a country."** But the peculiarities of the condition of land and agricultural labour in this country have prevented the acquisition of property by the agricul-

* Notes of a Traveller, p. 299.

tural poor. A kind of metayer system regulates the dealing of the landlord with the farmer nearly all over England. Two-thirds of the land occupied are held by tenants-at-will; if, therefore, the farmer's profits increase, the rent will be proportionably raised. Maritime land is an article on which money may be most readily borrowed; and this leading to the involvement of land in debts, mortgages, and settlements, has materially affected the condition of the poor labourer. Now, the lowering the average standard of comfort and happiness among the poorer classes is a sad, a solemn moral catastrophe. It carries in its train a sure and certain deterioration of manners and habits—it removes the land-marks of self-respect and dignity. If a general impression spreads over the mind of the peasantry that a certain scale of visible comfort should be reached before marriage—that before children are born, there should be a reasonable distance between the father and the workhouse—that the son and the daughter are bound, at any rate, to maintain the position of comfort in society in which their father placed them—if views like these obtain among the peasantry, there must be a morally and materially healthy condition.

The lower amongst any people is placed the standard of comfort, the lower will be the standard of civilization, of morals, and of intelligence there. The landlord who is a party to the depreciation of the labour-market, and the labourer's standard of happiness, surely aids in

his country's misery, decline, and decay. It is a real national service that a man renders, when he teaches the labourer to set a high value upon himself. It would be a study of some importance in mental science, if we could get at the various feelings of men of different counties and countries, when a pound, or the value of a pound in money, was placed in his hand. Our good brother Pat would behold in that pound the source of an infinite supply of potatoes; in our own country our farmer's labourer would see an almost infinite number of pints of beer. Paddy and Hodge would be pretty near each other in their idea of life—Paddy the most rational of the two, supposing his moral reflection to be of the kind we have described. But, it is clear, the man who has a true idea of the value of that coin, of what it will buy, and what it will do, sees in it other things, and many other, besides potatoes or beer, and demands many other comforts, and luxuries even. "There is no influence by which man is more effectually roused to exertion than by the excitement of new desires, which require exertion before they can be appeased." Some most complacent philanthropists, when they have been reminded of the superior condition of the Swiss or Flemish peasant to that of our own peasantry, have congratulated us upon the absence of those cares and anxieties inevitable to the condition of the small proprietor. It is precisely the absence of such cares and anxieties that tends to depreciate his character and condition. That is a mournful condition for any man to be re-

duced to—the life below the opportunity of respect or respectability, below the hope of a healthy and ennobling ambition. When the acquisition of property of any kind by the poor is surrounded with difficulties—when field after field is absorbed by the vast landlord—when the wages are so low that the poor man cannot purchase a cow, and the tyranny of the soil is so exacting that he has not where to maintain it—when the days of happiness are regarded as a legend or a fairy tale—when there is no inducement to resist the temptation to self-indulgence or vice; in short, when there is nothing to lose by a life of vice, and nothing to gain by a reputable and upright behaviour, or by a laborious and economical course, this is the state to be dreaded—for fearfully will it be avenged—hence in such a state, the fearful increase of population. No prudence dictates temperance to the labourer; and with the increase of population comes an increase of crime, for the parents who have reached that point of moral degradation, have no moral education to bestow. Such is the condition of many of the agricultural districts of England.

The reality with which Crabbe has described the peasant life of England has often been commented on; and those who are disposed to place a very high estimate on the enjoyments of the rural cottage, would do well to study the poetical life through Mr. Crabbe's delineations. We shall, perhaps, show in the course of this chapter, that the following lines are rather below than beyond the stern truth.

Nature smiles for few,
 And these who taste not yet hold her store,
 Are as the slaves that dig the golden ore,
 The wealth around them makes them doubly poor.
 Oh will you deem the simply paid in health,
 Labour'surchin that languishes with wealth,
 Go there and see him rising with the sun
 Through long cold streets of daily toil to run,
 So then beneath the legs thus run he beat
 When the knes tremble and the temples beat,
 Behold the ruleman on the scythe, look over
 The labour put and toils to come apace
 So then in minute suns and flower engase,
 And heed up at's and again he'll there be,
 Through fields and many moors then steps pursue
 When then yun, pre-mable the evening day
 And the tale too oft can only prove
 Strive in to not the fruiting heart to hide
 There may you see the youth of slender frame,
 Contend with weakness, weariness, and blame,
 Yet more of colour, and proudly loth to yield,
 He strive to join us allow of the field,
 Fall long out nding nature droops at hit,
 Decline to be respect his per repast,
 He feel you the coming dusk, sees,
 And not of him using the low deuce
 'Yet a' the m' he'll tis not that to tell,
 Thou in the field does not that the heart is well
 Oh will you praise that homely healthy man,
 Plenteous and plun that happy peasant's land
 Oh! will you with wants you cannot feel,
 No much of many of us not find,
 Homely not whole of plun, not plenteous, such
 A few who prove would never deers to touch
 Ye gentle souls who die in of mind
 Whom the mouth steers and smooth a sonnet please
 Go! to the peaceful cot your praises here,
 Go! look within and ask if peace be there
 If peace be his, that drooping, weary one,
 Or then, that offspring, round a feeble fire,
 Or he's that motion pul, who's trembling hand,
 Turns on the wreath he heareth th' expiring brand

To labour in the fields, to follow the plough,

to watch the changes of nature, to acquire from such changes habits of forethought, by contest and struggle with nature, to acquire habits of independence; to be perpetually surrounded by the touching, inspiring, and soothing influences of Nature; all this, and the like seem to predicate a life of humble dignity and happiness.—Escaping ourselves to the green and mossy retreat, the quiet solitude, it seems as if every inhabitant we meet must be a moralizing Jacques; but, indeed, the probability is, that every person we meet is destitute of all mental furniture, and is an entire stranger to all moral discipline. We boast of “the finest peasantry in the world;” converse with any of those peasants—survey any of their homes—watch any one through his daily life: is this a peasantry to be proud of?—

“What knellly watch he in touch of fo’tering hand
 What’neath the power of sun or breeze,
 * Shall cradles of the cradle where his soul
 Shalt like a cradle in sheathed in ice.
*This is your is not table and
 Of good and courage, not town
 On a road of city, may be road with count
 Of the here, and spare the beach of the
 To which in after years he may be road
 This is the fields, where his spade is the,
 The carter’s whip that on his shoulder rest,
 In air high towering with a bonish pomp,
 The sceptre of his sway, his country’s name,
 Her equal rights, her churches and her school
 What have they done for him? And let me ask,
 For tens of thousands, ununiformed as he is **

Yes, if the great city is a receptacle of ignorance

* * *

* Wordsworth.

and sorrow, is also is the rural district, with this great difference, that, as we said, the sorrow of the city has grown up rapidly in the night, without any possibility of foreseeing and providing against the evils incident to the new era of society; but the evils of the country are the growth of age, and how steadily the rural lords resist all improvement, all light—allow their peasantry to drone on, and starve on a miserable existence, while they impudently taunt the dwellers in the city with destitution and wretchedness, and poverty. The difference of the village from the town is, that it seems to give the opportunity of commanding the charities and sympathies usually attendant on domestic life; this the town does not, yet the rural district is surely quite as distressing, and a thousand-fold more disgraceful than the large town.

“The finest peasantry in the world!” But we have no reason to doubt the statements made in a small book, recently published, by the Rev. W. Ferguson, Independent minister of Bicester Oxford, called the “Impending Dangers of the Country:” it seems to be principally devoted to details from the writer’s personal observation; and it would seem that the “finest peasantry” have any but the finest landlords in the world. Suppose we select a few facts as guides to our meditation; it is long since we met with such a detail of superstition, ignorance, and deplorable destitution. “We have entered,” says Mr. Ferguson, “measured, and searched hundreds of these

mud abodes," speaking of the homes of the poor; "some of them are not more than eight feet square. The things which the wretched inmates call beds and bedding, are nothing better than a bundle of rags, pieces of old sack-ing, and dirty straw; the height of some of these mud mansions are about four feet ten inches from the floor to the ceiling; numbers of them are built of what the poor people call 'patch and daub,' consequently they are too weak to support a roof, and the trembling poor are thus in constant danger of being buried in their own mud graves. To save life, they are under the necessity of using props to support the place on which they sleep. We have seen as many as nine or ten props in one straw hovel, in Buckinghamshire." The following statement is very strange:—

"The most extraordinary place we have ever seen inhabited by a human being, is a hole which a hard-working man dug out of a hill-side as a dwelling-place for himself and family. We entered the hole, measured it, and found it eight feet by five. We examined the bed and bedding—they were in a good condition, but the straw which was under all, was destroyed by the water which ran under the bedding, and through the gravel from the hill-side. We have not seen any place inhabited by human beings, in any other part of the United Kingdom, which could be compared, in point of real wretchedness, to this modern sepulchre hewn out of the clay. But miserable as these mud hovels are, the poor peasantry are glad of them,

and would rather die in them than leave them. They have their reasons for their determination to hold fast their possessions. But while the population is multiplying, the number of cottages and hovels is on the decrease. Our *pre-emptive checkists* have resolved that, if the poor should continue to get married and become parents, their offspring shall lodge in the hedges and live upon hawthorn berries, and drink with horses and cows at the village mud-ponds. The ruralists know their fate, and therefore they are glad to live under any shelter rather than perish under a hedge. Who can blame them? They hate the union-house, and the workhouse hates them. Indeed, the able-bodied labourer could not, if he would, leave his present place of abode. He is too poor, too starved, and too naked, to leave the land of his birth; and were he to leave his own parish he would not be at all likely to get employed in any other parish. The poor are thus compelled to remain weltering in their physical and moral ruin."

Again-- "Our attention was called, a few months since, to a case where fifteen persons, including three married families, live in one small cottage, and *fourteen of whom sleep in the same room*. We have come in contact with cases where a grown-up sister and brother (the younger of whom was turned sixteen) slept together, not from any choice of theirs, but because their poor parents had not the means of making up any separate beds for them. * * Witches and ghosts are, in the opinion of the

sweating classes, a terrible reality. Horse-shoes are still nailed on barn and stable doors, to break the charm of the witch, as she approaches the farmer's premises. * * * We have been informed by a respectable farmer's son in the vicinity of Oxford, that *fits* of some years' standing had been cured by means of a silver ring. The silver is begged of nine young men, each of whom gives sixpence, not more, not less; the money must not be borrowed, but given. The silver is put into the hands of a jeweller, who makes the ring out of the middle pieces, and keeps the remainder for his trouble. The ring, when finished, is put on a particular finger, and the fits vanish at once."

And what are the wages of these poor creatures when engaged in labour? "W. has a very sickly wife and two children; live in a small hovel, in the wall of which is a large hole, but not an inch of glass. The starving and wretched family live, sleep, and perish on the same damp floor. The poor man pays poor's-rates and highway-rates out of his 6s. or 7s. a-week."

"G. has a wife and three children; wages 6s. per week; works on the road. Pays poor's-rates and highway-rates."

"S. J. is an honest and hard-working man. His wages are 9s. a-week, and he has a constant place; he has also a wife and six children to support, the eldest of whom is eleven years of age. The poor man is not able to rent a chain of potatoe land; he pays rent for his cottage. Rent, 1s. 3d. a-week; $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of coals, 9d.;

nine loaves of bread, 4 lbs. each, 1s. 6d.; candles, 1d.; salt, 1d.; lard, 2d.; soap, 3d.; flour, 6d.; potatoes, 8d. Total, 8s. 6d. Thus we see that this sober and industrious labourer and his family are doomed to live, if they can, at the rate of about 1½d. per head per day. But as there is 6d. over, we shall add it to the above sum of 8s. 6d.; and still the hard-working man's earnings, when divided into eight equal parts, do not amount to 2d. per day for each of the family of eight persons. Yet this labourer, having constant work, is much better off than scores of families who are well known to us."

There is no allowance here for butchers' meat, or tea or coffee; these are all called luxuries, far beyond the reach of the poor labourer of Oxford or Bucks. "There are hamlets in Oxfordshire at which the poor people have no other water to drink than what they draw from the stagnant ponds at which horses and cows drink, and in which ducks and geese swim." "We have known a case in which a hard-working and honest man was told, at the end of harvest, that his employer had nothing more for him to do. This labourer had a wife and three children to support. A few weeks after he had been at home doing nothing, he was sent for by his former master, who gave him two days' work, and then paid him with one shilling a-day, adding, 'I thought it would be better for you than being at home doing nothing.' Another field labourer, who is a pious Wesleyan Methodist, and well known, had to leave his parish hovel some time back, to make room for

another person who was coming to the place to live with his own aged mother. He was compelled by the parochial authorities to give place to another person. He took shelter in the union-house, but he had no sooner done so than one of the village farmers said that he would employ him. The poor man returned to his parish, went to work, but when night came he could not find a single room in the village in which his family could take shelter. They sat down under a hedge, and there spent the night, in the depth of winter, and during a snow storm! Next day he returned to the workhouse. The guardians wrote to the commissioners to know how they should act. The commissioners decided that, as the peasant had work to go to, he must be sent back to his parish. He went back, but still he could not get a cottage. We stated this case to the clergyman of the parish, who is also a poor-law guardian and county magistrate. The reverend gentleman felt for the ill-fated man and his family, spoke well of them, but he could not find them a cottage. What became of this poor and badly-used family at last, we know not, but believe that they got into a shed, coal-house, or hotel, there to spend their days of earthly sorrow and spiritual joy in the midst of trouble."

"It was only the other day that we went into a labourer's cottage, in which we found a still-born child, which the poor man could not get buried, because he was not in circumstances to pay one shilling for the grave-digger. At another house we found the corpse of a fine

child stretched on a mud floor, with a piece of old sacking, or something like it, thrown over it. The small sleeping attic was occupied by the other children, all of whom were suffering from fever. In the same village a poor woman died about three years ago, without a sheet or a blanket to cover her skeleton frame. The poor family had but one sheet—not a blanket in the house; and the suffering woman died while a neighbour was washing the sheet.”*

Again, he says: “A clergyman in our neighbourhood, whose living is worth about £800 per annum, charges the people at the rate of *eight shillings* a chain for land, for which the late occupier could not pay more than *two* shillings a chain. And even at this unjust and unreasonable price they cannot have it, unless they consent to withdraw their children from the British School, and send them to the National School, and keep them from the chapel on the Lord’s day! True, the reverend gentleman pays the rates and taxes to which his land is liable—but he charges the peasantry more than double the rent which a farmer could pay.”†

What reprobation is sufficiently strong for a catalogue of horrors like these? In the town, the overcrowding arises from the concentration of the employment, from the scarcity of land, from the independence of the population; but none of these causes operate in the country. The cause of these sad horrors is the

* *Impending Dangers of the Country*, pp. 32, 33

† *Ibid.* p. 16

entire absence of all sympathy, resulting from the prevalence of unmixed selfishness. However other sections of the community have made progress in comfort, however the towns may have increased in the facilities of enjoyment, we do not hesitate to say, in many, in most of the agricultural districts, the comfort of the people has very materially deteriorated. It seems extremely probable that the race of landlords and landowners of the present day, are a far more selfish body of men than those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: or, perhaps, we should express our meaning better, if we were to say that the selfishness had taken a mode of gratification more inimical to the interests of the small farmers and labouring class; ever the thought meets us, that the evils of our social state are not in nature but in man.

We by no means imply, that the fields and the villages are less favourable to moral discipline and education than the city; for ourselves, we like the village best for the training school: in the whirl of the city the greatest problem of existence seems always farthest from solution;—there, all reminds of man—we are most impressed by his power and his wonderful workings. But, when from the city we retire to the lonely quiet of the mountain hamlet, or the village in the field or forest, the village church-yard, where lie the countless generations of the dead, and the thought rushes over us, that even those graves we see are few compared with the graves unseen, and in their turn buried. When night, and the immensity

of the heavens is spread over our head, and the solemn stars, each a world, or the centre of worlds, move on, silent and vast, then the impression of littleness comes over us, then the question is asked, "What am I?" A little dot in a world, that would itself a dot in the great universe of being. Lessons like these come more frequently to the mind amidst such scenes than amidst all the vivacity and glitter of the crowded street. To many, we are quite aware, the life of the hamlet, the village, the pedlar, or the peasant, seems only to be suggestive of low thoughts, or of exceeding monotony; but it is only the coldness of our own nature and the apathy of our own spirits, that prevents us from reading everywhere the one human tale of sorrow and of joy. What mean we by this quest after novelty, this perpetual thirst after the marvellous? Is not the life of every one of us a romance? And truly has Thomas Carlyle said, that there is "the third scene of a comedy in every marriage, and the fifth act of a tragedy in every death-bed." The life of every one of us is full of incident—every tombstone is a drama. Go to the lowest roof in the land, take the most unimaginative history, the most quiet and retired existence of all, and you shall find there is not one so humble as to be the unforgetten of tears and hopes. The humblest stream, nay, the mud pool before thy door, hath its own wave and its alternation of light and shade. Man's life is generally passed in turbid hurry, and hence his sympathies are for the most part with action

manifest and visible. But action is relative and comparable, there is action and vegetation beneath the mould; the processes of nature are always active; her atmospheric changes, her electrical action is generally unseen, but it is *there*. There is action as deep and permanent, and to philosophical minds as visible in the woodland stream as in the ocean. What a wonderful action in the sprouting leaf, in the disintegrating rock, in the approaching and invading sea; the retinue of wintry leaden-coloured clouds, to observant minds, have as much of action, and are fraught with consequences as surely as when the heavens are sheeted with electric flame. And the world of spirit is not less real in its action; the mind throws itself back to the times of the crusade and the journey, the coronation, the conquest the knightly feat and martial triumph, the tramp of armed feet and the flash of swords. plot and counterplot, successful fraud, shrinking innocence, acknowledged virtue—this is action. Alas! is there no other world of action than that which is revealed to us in the pages of Froissart and Monstrelet? Tread through the ruined cloisters of Furness, or Fountains, or Tintern—what a quiet world! Here we say men retired from the strife, the passion, the whirl of the Maelstrom of life; hither the sounds of ambition and trade never penetrated. Alas, we know little of human nature if we say so! Among these cloisters, within these sacred enclosures, the passion and the pomp reigned violently as in the nearest

neighbourhood to the throne, what day the brother Hubert was elevated to the abbacy, or brother Hugo to the cellararius; Memory made her chronicles then as now; there was the bustle of preparation when the expected knight, or baron, or prince, honoured the pile with his presence, when the charter was reconfirmed of certain lands long of doubtful ownership; when the Lord Abbot returned from his visit to the parliament of the nation. Monotony! What a word of mere relation is that? The life of Joscelyn, the monk, was not a monotonous life among the shades of St. Edmundsbury; and Charles IX. of France must have been monotonous amidst all the glare of his rich palace. No life is monotonous spent in the round of sacred duties. Thus, then, if we will think of it, self-knowledge, self-observation, are the source of all observation and knowledge. The man whose life is a monotony is the man who is not of sufficient interest to himself. The surest means of unlocking another man's life is to be profoundly acquainted with our own. Oh, when we turn the eye inward what a world of latent motive and hidden design is there; what resolves, what broken vows, what dreams, what hopes, what disappointments. And in this and these all our race call us, brother! sister! — This and these consecrate all habitations; in every one has been heard, “the still sad music of humanity.” Why do we seek old feudal structures to shudder at the tale of fear? Why lie away to the ivy-clad cloister and cell to shiver at the presence walking by our side?

Why seek the old Elizabethan chamber to listen to the echoing laughter? What do we mean by haunted rooms? Every room is haunted; the consecrating charm of humanity is all around us; songs have arisen, tears have fallen by every fireside; the maiden hath been disappointed; the youth hath been faithless; the man treacherous; the heart hath throbbed with agony; the eye hath glared in horror and in wonder. That ruined house, whose bricks are even now being torn down, what battlemented turret, or tented field, or monastic seclusion, can show more than it? They carved while they built it, - in that chamber the old man felt the death spasm; down those stairs they bore the coffin; in that room the young mother felt the pangs of travail; there the young child first opened its eyes to the light - they muffled that knocker for the sick and the dying; they set out that room and sung there for the wedding; that knocker, too, the post-man lifted, and through that door he handed the black-sealed letter; through that window the rushlight flickered; in that room stood the bed by which the mother sat to watch the countenance of her fevered child. Aye, these bricks, this mortar, have something venerable and momentive about them: they gave back the ruddy blaze of the bright firelight on many a winter night, when the shrill hail shrieked against the window in the white night, when the snow was on the wild moor and the wind whistled through the skeleton forest and over the bleak hill. Now, what have tapestried

chambers and high marble rooms to show more than this? Yet we talk of common things as if the best emotions were not the most common and we talk of common life as if that was not the richest poetry which comes nearest to the universal sympathy the heart the home the thought of every one of us! To the poet every habitation is sacred and every person, and every spot Human! a theme of most universal interest and nature most beautiful when unloving to us the destiny of humanity.

But there is still the higher that every man is. Now this I say and I shall make it a plea for ever to dwell in it is impossible that we can speak directly of man. We have no sense of it learnt to pity all men to venerate all men. We judge of systems and not of systems people, government than people they seem to us to forget the realization of the end of this race the human race will in to be beautifully depicted in the knowledge of the higher sensibilities and powers within us, but the arrangements of man in that beautiful world would have required the order and prevented the development and it is remarkable that this is not desirable in that employment which we should suppose most likely to call it to exercise the highest meditative culture.

Two hundred years since, Bishop Hall in his *Microcosmography* described the English yeoman of his day, and the character as drawn by him has changed but little since.

'A plain country fellow is one that mimes

well, but lets himself lie fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest; only he eats not grass, because he loves not salads. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts; and his ditch and landmark is the very mound of his indigentions. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks *go* and *no* better than English. His habitation is some poor thatched roof distinguished from his barn by the loop-holes that let out the smoke. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; for he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef, and you may expect to stave off the guard sooner. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and sers it wholly to his discretion, yet, if he give him leave, he is a good Christian to his power; that is, he comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable of only two prayers, for rain and fair weather. His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt ease. He is a niggard all the week, except only on a market day, when, if his corn sells well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. For death he is never troubled, and if he gets in but his harvest before bad weather, let it come when it will, he cares not."

No man has to travel far in the rural districts even at the present day, without feeling that this portrait has not lost its truthfulness. The Report on the Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture is full of statements which are in favour of the low state of all comfort, accommodation, and moral propriety in most of the agricultural branch. The employment of women in agriculture develops the most painful facts which would make it too blush to the face of every man remembering that to his mind such atrocities have in any way contributed. We had in Norfolk, an agricultural county, a population of about 100,000 souls, divided into 700 parishes, in every one of which churches have benevolently contributed to each other, so that the duty of the religious supervision and education those persons are likely to receive is a light one. However, at the Report of the Inspector of the Church of England reveals an amount of ignorance not to be paralleled in the whole of England.

He says:—Very few adults of either sex can read or write. An opinion prevails that those who remain of the preceding generation more commonly possessed these acquisitions. A female lay-officiant is clerk in a parish. In the last two years none of the adults being able to read. In another parish the present clerk is the only man in the rank of a labourer who can read. In another of four hundred souls. When the present school was established two years ago no labourer could read or write.

"A dissenting minister, addressing a small congregation, was lately interrupted by a cry of 'Glory be to his name!' He immediately repressed the cry, explaining that such language could be used only to the Deity. The answer was 'Then, glory be to both of you!' This," says the visitor, "I have too much reason to believe is a *characteristic* fact, the suppression of which would therefore disguise the truth."

Perhaps no stronger proof can be adduced of the superiority of the manufacturing over the agricultural population, than their relative conduct during the periods of strong trading depression. Thus we are told that the multitudes of Manchester and Lancashire, even when illegally assembling, exhibited a self-control and forbearance to be looked for in vain in agricultural riotings: no depredations committed on property: no injury done to machinery: no other outrage than in some instances taking food forcibly. On Monday, August 15, 1842, Turton Mill (near Bolton) was visited by the rioters; but though the trees were loaded with fruit, and many of the multitude so exhausted that they went up to Mr. Ashworth's house, craving for a morsel of bread, not one pear was plucked, nor any act of violence done that could possibly be prevented. Suffering in Lancashire or Yorkshire did not loosen the bonds of confidence: on the contrary, during the disturbances in the county of Kent, in 1830, night after night the heavens were crimsoned with the fires of burning hay-stacks.

corn barns, farm-buildings, and live stock.—Machinery was demolished, hives were threatened, bands of rioters pillaged and destroyed during the day, and at night simultaneous conflagrations starting up in different quarters, spread over the country alarm, havoc, and dismay.”* Surely this illustrates, if any fact can illustrate, the superior comportment of the dwellers in the town, their superior intelligence, and let us say, their superior virtue too.

Yet there is a marked difference in the life of the English peasantry : there is an immense superiority observable between the northern and the southern portions of the island, and the statistics of education exhibit the highest average of education and intelligence in the northern portions of the country, and in this particular at least their equality with large manufacturing towns of the land. In Cumberland, of 100 men married, only sixteen signed the register with marks, 19 in Westmorland, 19 in Northumberland, 19 in the East Riding of York, 23 in the North Riding ; while there were 16 in Cambridgeshire, 16 in Worcestershire, 17 in Suffolk, 17 in Essex, and 52 in Bedfordshire. The difference will be more apparent if put as follows :

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|----|---------------------------|
| In Cumberland..... | 81 | men out of 100 can write. |
| In Westmoreland. . . | 81 | “ “ |
| In Northumberland | 81 | “ “ |
| In North-East Riding, Yorkshire ... | 81 | “ “ |

In North Riding of

Yorkshire 77 men out of 100 can write.

In Cambridgeshire . . 54 „ „

In Worcestershire . . 54 „ „

In Suffolk 53 „ „

In Essex 53 „ „

In Bedford 48 „ „

It will, we believe, be invariably found that the pastoral life has universally deteriorated less from moral and intellectual excellence than the agricultural. We confess that we have met with no such instance in the agricultural districts as one we met with in a small village in Northumberland, Cambo, a little village containing perhaps thirty houses, but an extensively scattered population. The people are in the habit of reading and thinking; they have a large and highly respectable library, including some of the very best standard works of our older and more modern literature, and the books most of them seem to be well read. They are in the habit of frequently engaging lecturers from a distance, of superior talent, for popularizing truth; and they generally crowd the school-room with from three hundred to four hundred persons, all most attentively listening. On one occasion, after a lecture of this kind, when the writer was present, a lecturer had been engaged by some private friends; at the close of the lecture, one of the number proposed a collection, as he did not feel happy in hearing the lectures, and contributing nothing to the fund out of

which the lecturer was paid; there was immediately an earnest spontaneousness of response, and the sum necessary to meet all the expenses was raised that evening. Sir J. F. Doyle says, 'What I saw of the northern peasantry impressed me very strongly in their favour: they are very intelligent, sober, and courteous in their manners; their countenances moreover, are not cringing, but coupled with a marked independence of demeanour.' added to this, crane, as I was told and as, indeed, from the annals of the northern knight, I was previously aware, is all but unknown in agricultural Northumbria. Yet even here, with all the superiority of the northern peasantry, their condition is not preferable in many particulars, to that of the southern and we should perhaps find that their superior bearing and intelligence are to be attributed to their ancestral free of character: for these men are descended from the pirate Vikings and they, in common with most of our fellow countrymen, have lost all that was rude, savage and undisciplined in their nature, retaining only the force of character, the calm determination of soul, and fore-sight, for which, even in that distant age they were so remarkable. And we may add to this, that the peculiar glories of the country, especially Cumberland, Westmoreland, and some parts of Northumberland must have had considerable influence over the mind. It must be remem-

* Report of Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture, p. 29

bered, that scenery materially influences character; had this circumstance been sufficiently regarded by all the shallow critics of Wordsworth, the lofty, sentiment and noble bearing of his poem in the *Excursion*, so far from seeming unnatural, would have appeared most harmonious with the probable education of one in some degree removed from the lowest class of all in those districts. Who is not prepared to feel that stern and mighty mountains have a more than insensible influence over the spirit and the life; the various shifting clouds so gorgeous or so suggestive in all their varied hues, the sounds of the roaring waterfalls, answering to each other from the hills. Night, too, among the mountains comes down with circumstances of peculiar power, there is something awful in the impressive loneliness of the farm so far removed from cities' sound, or minister clock, in the neighbourhood of the mountain, and beneath its shadows have generally been born those great thoughts which stir nations by their power. Freedom has the affinity of natural relationship for the hills, the most daring, but to unchristianised minds, the most natural, suggestions of deity descended from those peaks, which to the Persians were altars. Among the mountains all nature's lessons are on a stupendous scale; the voices that whisper along the pines and through the clefts of the far hill tops, the veiling or the unveiling of the mountains by the deep mists, all these are sources of profound reflection. The ties of humanity, too, are all

the more strong for the distance of neighbourhood. There is a charm and tenderness in song among the mountains which the dwellers in cities can never appreciate; to the dweller on the distant moor or the quiet valley, it is well known, the heavens are decked with a richer pomp, the myriads of the skies shine out in greater numbers. All our natures are more sensitive than we suppose. We have often remarked, that those who are cut off from one sense—say of sight or hearing, find a compensating intensity in some remaining sense; and those who are cut off from intimate communion with cities are quickened in all their communications with external nature; their memories are more gifted; their books are the glens and fields, around their home—legends are there of hapless maid or disappointed youth of knightly feat performed in ages long since of spruced visitants; the ground all around them is haunted by various memories—each ruined hut or broken shieling, they knew the owner, the possessor, and although they have not much of book science, and perhaps know little of nature's first laws, yet they have observed nature much, they know her prognostications well—the varying clouds and flying shadows over the mountains, sunsets, and sun-risings to them have an intensity and meaning we cannot know—the trembling of a leaf, the faint ripple of the waters of the lake are notes of warning to them; nor do they fail to read their morrow's work in the light of rainbows and of moons. How can it be otherwise than

that such persons have a seriousness of port and of discourse unknown to the city, books they may have read but few, but books are only valuable for their suggestions. The lives of such men must be, for the most part, in their ideas, and this is the divine life, indeed, the only life—a life in some degree informed from school knowledge, but principally informed and intensified by the perpetually present influences of the august and solemn scenery of nature. The dalesmen of Westmoreland and Cumberland merit the admiring study of every Englishman;—there is found “a perfect republic of shepherds and agriculturists.” The present owner, in many instances, feels, as he walks over his farm, that he tills the same ground tilled by his forefathers for the last five hundred years. True, modern innovations have to a great extent interfered here also with the large share of independence and quiet happiness anciently felt and enjoyed; still the average intelligence of Cumberland, and proportion of education, seem to be higher than in any part of England; and the most precious memorials of simple manners, independence, and devotion, are still to be found in those glorious counties,—in many places where

“Low and little hunker’d he,
Beside the little patch of sky,
And little lot of tuns.”

* See Mr Wordsworth’s *eloquent Description of Lake Scenery*, pp. 136–139.

In our estimate of the English peasantry we have given the next place to Northumberland, but amongst the peasantry there although the average intelligence is very high the scantiness of house-room tends to, a certain and inevitable debasement of the manners, and as Sir F. H. Doyle has said to 'make breaches of chastity more common than in agricultural York Lane though the general moral habits of the Northumberland people by the advantage of the peasantry is not thus unduly touched when the man who enters it to the same what a different help however the landlord and his household servants. The cottages in rent are as a part of the system, now, though benevolent and men here and there may consider the suppression of cheap labour as rather than their own pecuniary interests. I think them a little antiquated but if enough of the country cottages were held gratis men would be unwilling to live in Northumberland. In fact, in fact, the ordinary cottages contain but one room perhaps seven or eight feet in point of construction. Yet that is nothing to be said for them. It is the Northumbrians are in spite of everything a healthy and vigorous race of men such men men do not amount to a crying evil but when we find that a wife and her father and mother, and children of both sexes and of all ages live together, and have to sleep together in one and the same room any degree of indecency and uncleanliness cease to surprise and the only

wonder is that the women should behave as well as they do. The restraints of religion, which in this province is Scotch in spirit, and indeed usually in form, also exercise a more than common influence upon life, and probably mitigate an evil which would otherwise be of a most serious character; but mitigated or not, I fear that in this respect the Northumberland character is not exempt from reproach."

"We remember ourselves taking refuge early one winter morning, and very recently, in a Northumberland cottage in waiting for the arrival of a coach; while we sat by the bright fire and were really interested in most pleasant chat with two Northumbrians, we were at once astounded, and, we will confess it, in some degree amused, to behold one after another of the family creeping forth from some unseen places in the room; some were still asleep, some, unmarried couple, were having breakfast, and some dressing themselves, thus, the whole of this large family slept, and had their meals in the same room: nor was this a cottage of the very lowest class, the persons were independent workers, and well to do for their order. The inconveniences rose from the contractedness of house room, in a country where all around them spread miles of unoccupied property through which the writer had just walked, this was and is a very usual case. The air of the cottage was of course fetid and highly impure, though, perhaps, not perceptible to those doomed constantly to inhale it.

But this is nothing, my, the cottage of my

friend was a palace compared with some mentioned by Dr. Gilly, in his interesting work on the *Peasantry of the Border*. When it is remembered that "a man's habits soon become of a piece with his house," that bad and uncomfortable homes certainly lead to bad manners, it becomes important that this great interference with the moral excellence of the Northumberland peasantry should be removed. We must quote some sentences from Dr. Gilly's work, although at the charge of being tedious. Speaking of the confined huts of the Northumbrian hinds, he says, "How they lie down to rest, how they sleep, how they can preserve common decency, how unutterable horrors are avoided is beyond all conception. The evil is aggravated when there is a young woman to be lodged in this confined space who is not a member of the family, but is hired to do the field-work for which every hind is bound to provide a milch; it shocks every feeling of propriety to think, that in a room, and within such a space as I have been describing civilised beings should be herding together without a decent separation of sex and age. Last Whitsuntide, when the annual lettings were taking place, a hind, who had lived one year in the house he was about to quit, called to say farewell, and to thank me for some trifling kindness I had been able to show him. He was a fine tall man of about forty-five, a fair specimen of the frank, sensible, well-spoken, well-informed Northumbrian peasantry. I thought this a good opportunity for asking some ques-

tions. Where was he going? and how would he dispose of his large family, eleven in number? He told me they were to inhabit one of these hind's cottages, and that the eleven would only have three beds to sleep in. That he himself, his wife, a daughter of six, and a boy of four years old, would sleep in one: that a daughter of eighteen, a son of twelve, a son of ten, and a daughter of eight, would have a second bed; and a third would receive his three sons, of the ages of twenty, sixteen, and fourteen. 'Pray,' said I, 'do you not think that this is a very improper way of disposing of your family?' 'Yes, certainly,' was the answer, 'it is very improper in a Christian point of view; but what can we do till they build us better houses.' Dr. Gilly says again, describing "a group of cabins built of rubble or of unhewn stone, loosely cemented, and from age, or from the badness of the materials, the walls look as if they would scarcely hold together; the rafters are evidently rotten and displaced, and the thatch yawning to admit the wind and the wet in some places, and in all parts utterly unfit for its original purpose of giving protection from the weather, looks more like the top of a dung-hill than a cottage. The hind when he takes possession finds it no better than a shed. The wet, if it happens to rain is making a puddle in the earth floor. Window frame there is none; there is neither oven, nor copper, nor grate, nor shelf nor fixture of any kind; all

* Dr. Gilly, *Peasantry o. the Border*, pp. 25, 26.

these things he has to bring with him, besides his ordinary articles of furniture. Imagine the trouble, the inconvenience, and the expense, which the poor fellow and his wife have to encounter before they can put this shed of a hut into anything like a habitable form. This year I saw a family of eight—husband, wife, two sons, and four daughters—who were in utter discomfort and despair of putting themselves into a decent condition three or four weeks after they had come into one of these hovels. In vain did they try to stop up the crannies, and to fill up holes in the floor, and to arrange their furniture in tolerably decent order, and to keep out the weather. Alas! what will they not suffer this winter. There will be no fireside enjoyments for them! They may huddle together for warmth and heat coals on the fire, but they will have chilly beds and a damp hearthstone.”*

But we have pictures connected with the condition of the poor agricultural labourers of Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Somersetshire, Hampshire, and Gloucestershire, equally sad in their particulars, with the super-addition of other even more tremendous afflictions, if any can be more tremendous. Such details are given that all surprise ceases at any amount of debasement to which they may sink, struggling on from hand to mouth, descending from coarser to coarser food, substituting, in many instances, an infusion of burnt crusts for tea. Since

* Peasantry of the Border, pp. 12-13.

1760, 3740 bills for enclosing commons have passed ; in many instances this may seem to be a benefit, but to the agricultural labourer it is generally an unmitigated loss. Thus the peasantry sink from misery to misery ; their occupation calls for no thought—the mind is never developed—the powers are sluggish—and inert ignorance is for the most part not, as in towns, the character of some—it is the property of the class—masters and servants. The farmer and the labourer are frequently alike ignorant of all which it most concerns them to know ; the truths of religion—the facts and doctrines of revelation—the great laws of Nature—the grave purposes of their existence—their duties—their rights—the meaning of the great firmament hung over them, “and fretted with golden fires” in the solemn night—the whereabouts of the wonderful old worlds, the Indies and the Americas beyond the deep—all these are a blank page to them, and their mind is blank ; they have written—Nature has written—nothing there ; they have followed the guidings merely of brute instinct ; they have never heard voices of sublime import speaking to the soul, have never felt the thrillings of that storm within the soul inquiring for a faith, and in agony till she found it ; they exist like a rock in the waste of ocean ; they know their master as a dog knows his whipper-in and his kennel, and yet their masters taunt us with the ignorance of the towns, and mourn over the glory of the days of old.

CHAPTER V.

THE WRONGS OF THE PEOPLE.

PROLOGUES OF QUOTATIONS.

"An Indian and a Kentuckian once made an agreement to hunt in company, and divide equally the game which they might chance to kill. Unfortunately a crow and a wild turkey were all they shot. 'Well,' said the Kentuckian, at the end of the day, 'as we are to divide equally, you take the crow and I'll take the turkey; or, I'll take the turkey, and you take the crow.' 'How's that?' inquired the Indian. The Kentuckian, in rapid accents, repeated his proposal, to which the Indian, after a blank and puzzled look, consented, but with the remark, 'It sounds all very fair; but, somehow or other, *you* always get the turkey, and I always get the crow.' This is an admirable illustration of the mode not only in which the Americans have treated the Indians, but in which the aristocracy in all countries and ages have dealt with the people."

JOHN HAMPTON, JUN — "Aristocracy of England."

"The world is under the direction of two antagonist principles, the desire to keep and the desire to take away. The past history of the world is in the main a history of the conquest of the latter principle; and it is only in comparatively modern periods that the other has made head against its antagonist with any marked success. The foreign and domestic policy of those who are styled the ancients may be summed up in the maxims, that every thing possible was to be taken by force from foreign nations, and every thing produced by the industrious at home was for this purpose to be at the service of the takers."

T. PERRONET THOMPSON. — "Exercises," vol. ii.

CHAPTER V.

A Battle with a Bee - Antiquity and Prevalence of Wrong-doing - Dr. Woodward - Pope - Prevalence of Wrong - Judicial Wrong - War, and the Injustice of the Taxation Induced by it - Butler - Customs - Alienation of Commons - Social Injustice - Malthus - The People parties to their own Debascement - A General Election - Want of Freedom - Freedom Defined - Natural Right - Discussion of the Principle of Political Change - Physical Force - Conservatism - The Jacquerie of France - Importance of Wise Political Teachers - Theorists - Hopes for the Future - Stationary State of Society - The Tardiness and Youthfulness of Civilization - Evanescence of Impressions of Right or Wrong Rebuked.

SINCE I penned that somewhat common-place little parable of the bee-hive, a chapter or two since, I have been engaged in a long conflict with a bee. Passing over one of the wild moors in the east of Yorkshire, one bright summer day, I had to force my way through a lovely patch of yellow broom, where a poor honest bee was heartily drinking his cup of honey, and piping his merry song; he fancied in the wayfarer a foe, and, the very picture of hot-headed ignorance, he unsheathed his sting, and made a fierce attack upon me. What could I do?—the sting of a bee is no way desirable. On he came, sounding his battle-charge, darting round about me—now seeking to settle here,

now there—now following me in my retreat, now meeting me in attack. Thought I, thou art but a sorry ignoramus, didst thou but know it; vast fields of gorse and broom, and purple heather, all around thee, and thou here spitefully fighting with one, a friend and lover of thee and thy whole order. At last, victory sat upon the side of strength; my stick was lifted—one blow, and poor industry, with its angry assertion of rights and fierce resentment of wrongs, lay there with broken wing, Alas! I thought, for many a long summer day thy buzzing song might have sounded over the moors, the sun shining on thy beautiful gauze plume; thou hast been wronged, poor fellow, but the most of the wrong was of thy own seeking and making. Yet thou wast no mad red republican, no Marat, no furious demagogue, though thou hast most visibly got the worst of it. Thought I, this poor, rough, boisterous, dangerous industry, is very like his human brothers: they too are wronged, they are trampled, their wing is broken, and not unfrequently is it that the worthier of the race endure the most cruel wrong. Cuto impudence sees its course, feels no disposition to measure its weakness by an encounter with strength; poor industry, for want of but a little intelligence, strikes its blow at random, thinks only of its own supposed justice, thinks not of its adversary's superior power, till at length, worsted in a struggle of fearful odds, it lies dying with panting and indignant breast, not unfrequently arraiguing providence and society as the authors of conse-

quences rather to be traced to its own ignorance and precipitance. Alas ! poor industry—alas ! poor bee.

The wrongs of the people ; it is a very long chapter and a very painful one to read, we have seen that from the days of William the Norman down to the present time, the people have groaned beneath unintermitted wrongs, the line of monarch and princes might be broken, but the succession of the dynasty of wrong doing has been constant and perpetual. STRENGTH and CUNNING have incessantly tyrannised, and defrauded, and outraged. The pampered and the luxurious, idly as they loll along, talk of “the dispensations of providence,” and speak as if the gross injustice which we in this age denominate “the arrangements of society” were the arrangement and ordinations of God ; but no one walking through the city or the country, no one even superficially acquainted with the poverty of the people, and the injustice of our legislative administration, could for a moment suppose that all this had been other than the work of subtlety and fraud. The high wrong of this day especially, is that the power of governing is in the hands of men evidently unfit for the task, who are on the whole the most feeble and ineffective men in the empire, who would become bankrupt in twelve months if they had the management of commercial transactions, who only contrive to carry on a government firm or company, because aided by a large amount of superstitious reverence on the one hand, and soldier force on the other, who,

“put down” riots by display of cannon, and suppress revolts and extinguish claims by convictions and transportations, and then lull themselves to sleep with the belief that all is loyal tranquillity, forgetful that if force is resorted to at all, it can only be of avail as was said before, when held in the hands of even balanced justice, forgetful that although bankruptcy rolls along in its carriage with its titled impostures and glittering shams, the day of exposure comes at last, that people will not always reverence other than justice and power, nay only reverence at all because they see, or think they see justice and power, and that although wrongs may be committed by force, yet that assuredly the day of reckoning comes. My friend, are you of the people?—are you one of that order? then you know that you have been the victim of old and long standing wrong: if you are not of the people, and have no sympathy with them, you will equivocate and attempt to exonerate yourself and your class from the charge of wrong; but what is the history of our land deliberately read, but the history of wrong-doing,—one long protracted wrong?—Why to the proudest baron of our House of Lords, you might go, and ask him his title to his estates, and he would be only able to make out the same title we make to our colonies, or Spain and France to theirs. “Our forefathers,” they might say, “took possession; by the virtue of superior force, they conquered, and burnt and destroyed here, or it was conferred upon us by regal gift, or it was exchanged for possessions seeming more advantageous.”

There would be no impertinence, no injustice, in reminding every one of our lords of this ; we are willing to believe that time was when their fathers served their estates in some degree. That there are some still, noblemen like Carlisle and Ducie, who feel that they are but the stewards of property falling to them perhaps by no very creditable means, but which they are desirous of using to the best purpose : on the ancient principles of society, and on the modern principles as held by most of the wealthy lords of the English soil, what other idea can we entertain than that they are stewards for the poor, and that in this light they would have us to regard them too. Dr. Woodward, the Bishop of Cloyne about one hundred and fifty years since, wrote thus : " If the poor man's rich neighbours" (he was of course speaking of the wealthy landed aristocracy), " are not bound in justice to provide for him a competent maintenance, by what right do they take upon them to enact certain laws," (for the rich compose the legislative body in every civilised country), " which compelled that man to become a member of their society, which precluded him from any share of the land where he was born, any use of its spontaneous fruits, or any dominion over the beasts of the field, on pain of stripes, or imprisonment, or death. How can they justify their exclusive property in the common heritage of mankind ? unless they consent in return to provide for the subsistence of the poor, who were excluded from those common rights by the laws of the rich to which they

never were partics." But society presents a sad opposite to this. the language of Pope has been applicable to every age —

" Perhaps you think the poor might have their part !
 Bond damns the poor, and hates them in his heart ;
 The grave Sir Gilbert holds it as a rule,
 That every man in want is knave or fool.
 God cannot love (says Blount, with tearful eyes, "
 The wretch he loves and piously denies ;
 But the good bishop with a meeker air
 Admits, and leaves them Providence's care."

But if this chapter should be an historical chronicle, where shall we begin the narrative of the people's wrongs? Shall it be when the foreign usurper swept like the scourge of God over our land, from the Thames to the Severn, and from the Trent and Humber through the borders of the Tyne and Tees, and through fen and forest, ravaged the hundreds and the shires, and parcelled out to his favourites the farms and homesteads of England? Shall it be at those periods when our Saxon forefathers were outlaws, when a price was set upon their head for resisting their country's invader, when they gathered together and endeavoured to wrest from the hands of tyrants a little freedom from the thralldom of Norman cruelty? Shall it be when our brave old traders, who were quietly building up our commerce, were insulted by the dweller in the castle, and immense levies and taxes were laid upon them, from which to a great degree baron and bishop were exempt? Shall it be when the age of the martyrs came,

and the brave people were drawn on the hurdle or the stake to execution?—or the age of puritans—the age when piety and freedom were driven to the wilderness; the age of fines and confiscations, when England's highest and holiest “wandered about in mountains, and dens, and caves of the earth?” Would not these form each its separate terrible catalogue of wrongs! We are frequently told that we must be conservative; what shall we conserve? Corruption, Injustice, Taxation, there is nothing more truly lamentable than the long history of the conspiracy of Government and Property against Labour. Property and Government have not sought to make friends of the people, what have we to thank them for? Fraud and oppression! Oh, it is pitiful; our fathers were torn away from their homes, and their spirits left their bones and bodies weltering in blood, after fighting for shams and shadows by sea and land. Yes, and there are instances recorded, where the law that had taken the husband and the father from the wife and family, and left them starving and destitute, hung the wife because she stole bread to feed her perishing children. What is it that has consumed our labour and consigned us to longer hours of toil? and what has trammelled the poor man round, and checked all healthy, holy aspirations? Surely odious exacting and intolerant taxation. Wrongs! What inch of the land we tread on is not darkened by Wrongs? What might we be, had we rights instead of them? Wrongs! they environ us round—we

know not how to break through them; the rivets of an iron chain are on us every where; copying the example of old Norman misrule, modern lords, Masters of Factories, imagine that they too may drift us through the same career of violence; for ever and for ever the great sermon of wrongs is perpetually preached to us—there is not a poor shivering wretch cowering over his emberless fire-place—there is not a mother crying for bread for her child—there is not a grey-bearded, old man who has lived his life of labour and staggers along to a pauper's grave—there is not a boy, young in years but old in crime, wending his way through the city, and watching his opportunity in the crowd, but he proclaims, they all proclaim the great world wrong—there is not a court or a ball-room, where dowagers dance beneath their diamonds, and earls glitter in their folly and mockery—there is not a heathen in London, dying without a knowledge of Eternity or God, while bishops lounge in the House of Peers, or lay their hands upon the advancing Ark of Truth to retard it, but they preach in the ears of the people the fearful sermon of wrongs; there is not a warehouse piled high with food and clothing, and saying inarticulably but eloquently, come buy me, come wear me, while the famishing perish at the gate, but it is a fearful monument of wrongs; there is scarce a page of history that does not narrate our wrongs—scarce a call made by the tax-gatherer that does not suggest them to our minds. We compare our weekly wages with the prices of arti-

cles, the price of the arm compared with the price of dignity; the poor dweller in the city looks over the hedges at fields he cannot reach, sees in the distance country villages and towns, he dares not to hope to travel thither, we spend our incomes on luxuries, and fritter away our lives in dreaming of realising pleasures, while thousands for no criminality or wrong doing of theirs are barred from all the necessities of life by the jailer arm of inexorable Wrong.

A fearful chapter in the portraiture of social injustice would be the History of Judicial Cruelty; perhaps its excruciating details would be more sad than that larger chapter which lends a painful interest to all history, including the descriptions of battle-fields and besieged cities, the record of the bloody triumphs of heroes and princes, the solemn tale of all who have—

“Swept through slaughter to a throne.
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,”

the histories of Ambition, Revenge, and that almost indefinable cat-like malice, so sanguinary and depraved, glaring through the lives of the Fredegondas, and Lucretias, the Catharines, the Borgias, and that Duke of Alva, who made the fiendish boast over his cups, that he alone had caused to be put to death eighteen thousand persons in six years. Place in one catalogue all the fields of horror famous in story, all the great captains whose names are a symbol of rapine and of blood-shedding; place there all

the covert or daring assassins, sly as sleuth hounds, hugging some dear dreams of revenge, some thoughts of sickening cruelty, or bold as lions in the way; and then place against this tremendous weight of crime the awful pyramid of judicial cruelty and injustice, and which would make the most acute and abiding impression on the mind?

We believe there would be no comparison in the intensity of the impression produced by these two solemn histories of "what man has made of man;" why, whither would our minds be conducted by the latter of these details? What scenes should we be compelled to gaze upon, what sounds to hear, what chronicles of blood to read?—the stake, the torture-chamber, the mighty enginery and inventory of cruelty, all that the books of the martyrs might reveal, all that the archives of patriotism have preserved; the dungeon where the innocent, the brave, the high-minded suffered; the drop, the scaffold where they were brought forth to die. And what names should such annals suggest? Beneath the highest and the holiest, we should remember the Pauls and the Polycarps, the Husses and the Riddleys, the Leightons and the Foxes, the Russels, the Sydneys, and the Tous-saints; we should tremble before the solemn sacrifices that in England have been made to cruel and vindictive laws—there would be pictures of those who although not guiltless, yet received punishment out of all proportion to their guilt; affecting pictures of innocent blood shed through haste, or perjured evidence or fal-

lible judgment.* What memorials of guilt induced by circumstances, or, still more touching, of innocence vainly struggling in the meshes of cruel and partial legislation—of judges, not to say a disgrace to their ermine, but to the whole family of man. Frequently, in such a compendium, we should be horrified by eccentric barbarities devised for special instances: we should see an English parliament sitting, and debating, and determining on the boiling of a man to death for poison; and a consultation of the laws of the period would show us the fire lit, the cauldron raised, and the man boiled in Smithfield by act of parliament.* Such horrid episodes would startle us, until we learned their connection with the origin and growth of European law. There would be 72,000 thieves who, in the days of the wicked man Henry Tudor, were strung up along English highways—thieves, probably, because he first, by the abrupt dissolution of the monasteries, robbed them of their inheritance in the soil of their land; there would be 277 persons whom Mary burnt, because they would not stand fast in her faith, and were bold and honest to say so; the 168 Roman Catholic priests whom Elizabeth hung, the Star-chamber of the Charleses, the boot, the screw, the rack. The Nonconformists and the Society of Friends would figure in such a catalogue; there would be the victims of the reign of the third George, when women were burnt for coining, and for

* Works of Sidney Taylor, pp. 181, 182.

the *impossible* crime of witchcraft—when decayed and weather-beaten soldiers were hung for begging in the streets; when cutting a hop-bind, or breaking down the banks of a river, or stealing above the value of five shillings, were all invariably punished by death, with one hundred and fifty other (and mostly as heavy) crimes. To all readers, the history of executive justice, or executive malice, is a painful history; it is in such moments, when we are compelled to the “*causa celebres*” of universal humanity and law, that the thought (foolish we admit it, rash, and immediately to be repelled, we declare it) rises to our mind, that law has caused more evils than it has prevented—that in most instances the executioner and judge have been more guilty than the criminal, that certainly the whole proceedings of judicial courts have been conducted under the influence of some great mistake, under the inversion of the laws of moral vision.

If we needed a compendious illustration of the Wrongs of the English people, THE HISTORY OF WAR furnishes us with such a one. It is now about 800 years since William the Norman ascended the throne of England: during 600 of those years, it is remarkable, that there was incurred no national debt, there were many wars, but they do not seem to have been very expensive; but, since the glorious Restoration, we have expended upwards of £3,000,000,000 on war. In what are we to find the cause of this remarkable fact? It is here: the peculiar relation of the feudal system,

while it gave to the noble immense territory, laid him under contribution also to support the king, by arms, and men, and money, for the wars he waged. Charles II. cancelled this feudatory obligation, thus securing his return to the English throne; and by this means the burden of taxation was shifted from the shoulders of the nobles to the people. We very frequently hear the claim presented by the aristocracy of the country, of right to the princely possessions they boast; and they date, in many instances, their direct descent from the Norman Conquest; and, in all instances, speak of the holding it by grant from the crown. Let them remember, and let us remind them, that if they appeal to feudalism for their sanction, by the conditions and terms of feudalism, the people are exonerated from the payment of the expenses for the conduct of the war. Feudalism reasoned rightly, that it was a business of the sovereign's, and all the expenses should be supported by those who derive from the peculiarity of their feudal tenure, boons and benefits from the sovereign.

And hence the origin of indirect taxation, that wonderfully elaborate and intricate web by which the great national spider has contrived to ensnare all, and make the poverty even of the very poorest in the realm tributary to boundless corruption. How far more applicable do the words of Hudibras seem in our day than in the time of Butler:—

- “How various and innumerable
- Are those who live upon the *rubble*;
- S .

'Tis they maintain the Church and State,
 Employ the priest and magistrate ;
 Bear all the charge of government,
 And pay the public fines and rent ;
 Defray all taxes and excises,
 And impositions of all prices ;
 Bear all the expense of peace and war,
 And pay the pulpit and the bar ;
 Maintain all churches and religions,
 And give their pastors exhibitions."

The whole wrongs of the people cannot be understood, until the true principles which ought to regulate the taxation imposed by a government shall be accurately known ; if it is conceded that taxation should be levied in proportion to the means of all the citizens of a country, that luxuries should be the principal subjects of taxation, and that riches should be regarded as luxuries, and be taxed for what they will buy ; if the proportion of protection demanded should be another criterion of the taxation of a citizen, and if there should be preserved some difference between taxation imposed on impoverished industry, capital engaged in trade, and a landed interest or rent ; all these principles have been violated, and their violation has been materially facilitated by indirect taxation ; the Excise duties were introduced into this country by the landed proprietors, that the deficiency of revenue consequent upon the abolition of their feudal dues* might be supplied ; and from the tax originally levied on the single article of beer and ale drunk away

* See the Aristocracy of England, by John Hampden, Jun. chap. xxii.

from home, gradually, all the most necessary articles of life, and those which custom had made apparently most necessary, have been subjected to the custom-house officer. Had not the clever expedient of indirect taxation been adopted, it would not have been possible that the country could have continued in a state of such profound ignorance in reference to all the expenses of national dignitaries; so, that the price of every article has been materially increased—taxes on the timber supporting the roof of poverty, on the widow's cup of tea—taxes on the soap cleansing the body, and the paper where thoughts are to shine for the illumination of the mind—taxes on cheese and butter, on candles and corn—taxes too on the vices of the people, and in those very vices we should suppose a Christian government should most heartily reprobate and condemn, become the main fountain of its revenues. The wrongs of the people are to be traced principally to the fact, that in England the power of government is in the hands not merely of the minority of its citizens; but in the hands almost necessarily of those who pay the very smallest proportion towards the expenses of government: this could only be the case where the people *unconsciously* contributed to its expenses. There is a familiar and somewhat vulgar sentence in customary use, about buying, "a pig in a poke," and most of our countrymen boast that their trading transactions are not carried on in that manner; but the figure illustrates the whole routine of governments. The aristocracy of the country

reap from the land their pay, their places, pensions, the whole income of taxation, and pay only an infinitesimal fraction towards it. Notice this statement of the national revenue for 1842.

| | | | |
|---|-------------|----|-----------------|
| Customs | £23,515,374 | 12 | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| Excise..... | 14,602,847 | 5 | 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Miscellaneous..... | 11,420,402 | 9 | 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Post Office | 7,495,540 | 9 | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| Land tax, or lands and tenelements.. } | 1,214,430 | 0 | 0 |

Total.... £52,248,594 16 3 $\frac{1}{4}$

The matter becomes still more striking, if we notice the comparative taxation in 1842, of our own land with the continental nations:—

| LAND AND PROPERTY TAX | OTHER TAXES. |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|
| France | £32,200,000 £17,500,000 |
| Russia | 3,990,000 3,667,000 |
| Austria | 8,214,430 7,770,000 |
| England land tax | 1,214,430 51,034,154 |

These items will surely conduct us to a tale of wrongs; they reveal to us a fearful chapter of class legislation. Without entering into the question, a topic entirely out of place here, it may briefly be said that no more equitable adjustment of the burden of taxation can take place—until we return to the old system, until we dispense entirely with Excise offices and officers—until the people know the proportion taxation bears to prices,—until they fully esti-

mate how heavily the burden of the Exchequer presses upon the poorer classes of the country, who use *most* of the articles *most* plentifully from which the *most* profitable income is derived; until this is the case, there can be no alleviation in this particular of their sufferings and sorrows, and it will not be too much to say, that the diminishing of the government expenditure which must follow such a course, will have a most happy influence, not merely in bringing many more of the comforts of domestic life to the poor man's cottage; but will as a necessary consequence increase also the dignity and force of his moral character.

Another of the wrongs of the people is the alienation of their property, for instance, the enclosure of the commons. While this has had its advantages it has been undoubtedly a sad and fearful loss to the poor. Mr. Porter in his *Progress of the Nation*,* says—"It is not possible to state the amount of land which has been brought into cultivation under Enclosure Acts, of which mention has been made. In a report drawn up by a Committee of the House of Commons which sat in 1797, to inquire into the state of waste lands, an estimate is given of the number of acres which had been comprised in the enclosure bills carried into execution between 1710, when the first enclosure bill was passed in England, and the time of the inquiry of the estimate of this Committee be taken as the basis of a further

* Vol. i. p. 170.

calculation, it will be found that the whole number of acres brought into cultivation from the beginning of the reign of George III., to the end of the year 1834, has been 6,840,540, viz. :—

| | ACRES. |
|-------------------------|-----------|
| From 1760 to 1769 | 704,550 |
| „ 1769 „ 1779 | 1,207,800 |
| „ 1780 „ 1789 | 450,180 |
| „ 1790 „ 1799 | 858,270 |
| „ 1800 „ 1809 | 1,550,010 |
| „ 1810 „ 1819 | 1,560,990 |
| „ 1820 „ 1829 | 375,150 |
| „ 1830 „ 1834 | 133,590 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 6,840,540 |

Does not this develop a great wrong? If a railway passes through a park and obstructs the view—if a portion of property is enclosed to widen a street—if a field is injured by being a footpath, what a loud outcry is immediately raised, what jealousy is there, what watchful care over the rights of property. But what right of property has been respected *here*—has there been any equivalent diminishing of rent? On the contrary, rent has increased; what tales of suffering are connected with the enclosure of those old “folkland,” “the land of the folks,” as the good old Saxon word implies. Those commons were the places where the cow, the ass, and the pony might graze; they were at once a poultry-yard and a play-ground; there the old man would bring his chair, and sit in the shade of the summer evening, and there the

gude wife hung her clothes on the washing-day. • If property is to be respected, and the poor are to be taught to believe that doctrine, one of the best means of instilling the lesson into their minds is by showing • to them that park and grange are not more sacred than common and field; they will be very loth to believe that God's law writes down hanging and transportation for theft in the orchard or plantation of the rich man, while *their* poor orchard is riven from them at one sweep.

Another of the wrongs of industry is found in the complex fact, to which comparatively little attention has hitherto been given; namely, that the labourer does not receive the same amount for the same quantity either of labour or of money; labour has been depreciated; the price of wheat and commodities has considerably increased; the working-man can command the luxuries of life more readily than formerly, but the necessities have become more rare. Broad-cloth has been brought nearer to him, and that, too, in most instances, only near enough to be seen, not to be worn. Government has tempted him to purchase tea, and tobacco, and spirits. Government has made the alehouse an attractive place, has sweetened his tea with cheap sugar; meantime house-rent, fuel, wheat, meat, and leather, have all become dearer. Our country is in the condition of a mansion, whose park should be beautifully laid out, all whose walls should be safe, and rooms elegantly decorated, the architecture complete, the furniture fashionable, the wines, the lamps,

the carpets, the tables, the larder all well furnished—while its servants, who had performed all this, were starving in the kitchen, and its hinds perishing in the outhouses and the stalls. We are quite aware that some persons, with an opulence of benevolence truly astonishing, would be disposed to set up an appeal descriptive of the wrongs of the rich, and make a claim on behalf of their sufferings. It is very amusing, but it is true, that many of the great landlords of the country, who never for one moment thought upon the wrongs of the poor, have been describing themselves to the country, now for some several years, as very ill-used people. They have made the laws themselves; they would allow no intervention, no interference; they surrounded themselves with a protective line, leaving all other classes of the community to an indiscriminate scramble, as best they could, for a living; they lived a life of laziness; in opposition to express statute, they left their estates, living in expense in the metropolis; they boldly save themselves from taxation; indeed, the protest of some of our great landlords might be supposed to be couched in the following language:—"We will pay no taxes; our incomes are costly, but if we pay taxes, they will not be so large as they were before. We will make all the laws, we will clutch as tightly as we can the House of Commons, but taxes we have made up our minds not to pay; why, if we did that, we should not be able to keep up the same establishment as before. We must keep some few flunkys and

tigers less. We could not then keep two chariots, a brougham, a cabriolet : we should have to give up one of our houses, and some of our descendants would have to engage in some profession—horrid thought ! We have made our mind to keep up the same costly retinue—to lead the same wild, gambling life—to live away from our farms and estates ; a stroke of work we will not do, and we will not pay taxes. But the resources of the country's industry are immense, the national pocket is elastic ; the people have only to labour a little more, and they will be able to pay a little more ; for ourselves, we were born to live without paying, and we don't intend to begin to pay." This is the kind of eloquence which has been thought, acted, and almost spoken, for some several years in our land. The attempt to convince these suffering worthies of the truth of an opposite philosophy is met by loud cries of " Unconstitutional " from the Opposition Benches. Proof is here that the wrongs of the people can never be righted unless they stride far before the rulers of this and of other ages, and administer to those very rulers some sounder lessons in political wisdom and justice.

The pages already written prove that the people labour beneath severe and solemn wrongs. If any classification of them were made, it would be found that the chief wrong suffered by them is the refusal to acknowledge them in the rank and order of the people. The labourers in our markets, the workers at our looms are a kind of engine and chattel too :

in the regard of most of their masters—men are looked upon merely as wealth, as a kind of trafficable article. Archbishop Whately, whose deservedly distinguished name is associated with the utterance of better things, has defined man to be “an animal making exchanges.”* That is about the greatest treason of our times ; it expresses simply the heartless utilitarianism of our age :—

“This age shows, to my thinking, still more infidels to Adam,
Than directly, by profession, simple infidels to God.”†

Not necessarily, surely, is it, as some have said, that political economy, not only in its calculations takes no account of moral causes or of human sympathies ; but further, only regards man as a silk-worm, a mere spinner, to whom the leaf is given simply that his life may be sustained, and the market supplied. When Mr. Malthus penned the following memorable passage, which has often been subjected to severe condemnation, and shall be once again, did he not express the faith of a large body of men, unable, though quite willing, to have expressed themselves in similar language. “A man,” he says, “who is born into a world already possessed, if he cannot get subsistence from his parents on whom he has a just demand, and if the society does not want his labour, has no claim of right to the smallest portion of food, and, in fact, has no business

* Political Economy.

† MRS. BROWNING.

to be where he is. At Nature's mighty feast there is no cover for him. She tells him to be gone, and will quickly execute her own orders, if he do not work upon the compassion of some of her guests. If those guests get up, and make room for him, other intruders instantly appear, demanding the same favour. The report of a provision for all that comes fills the hall with numerous claimants. The order and harmony of the feast is disturbed; the plenty that before reigned is changed into scarcity, and the happiness of the guests is destroyed by the spectacle of misery and dependence in every part of the hall, and by the clamorous importunity of those who are justly enraged at not finding the provision they had been taught to expect. The guests learn too late their error in counteracting those strict orders to all intruders issued by the great mistress of the feast, who wishing that all her guests should have plenty, and knowing that she could not provide for unlimited numbers, humanely refused to admit fresh comers, when her table was already full."

Here is a pretty gospel of atheism and selfishness; but, with few exceptions, it is to be feared that this expresses the general faith man has in his fellow-man. This must be one of the hardest things the poor man has to bear: the universal prevalence of social caste and distinction, unalleviated by any of those peculiar attendants which in the last century, and in previous times, made the distinction more than tolerable, a source even of happiness and de-

light. Man is an individual—the term citizen does not express his character or his claim : still is there something noble in the conception of its exclusive, independent life, in its desire to preserve an institution—to behold a mind forgetting all that made it peculiarly great, merging its greatness in the greatness of its chosen thought, or institution, or city. This attracts our regard ; it seems a mournful thing that it should do so, but how much more mournful when the man is made a mere offering on the counter of selfishness, when he is expected to resign his affections, to yield his rights, to surrender his humanity, in order that trade may support its exchanges. No ; “the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment.” Almost all the labouring producers on the land are treated with contempt ; the new gospel teaches that veneration is due alone to those who have been dandled into existence or down, and whose life is charmed by a golden amulet from the danger of being poor. Oh, when it is remembered how far beyond our reach, as yet, is the whole world of humanity—when it is remembered that every year only convinces us that, apart from divine records, we cannot be said to have a mental or moral science, when it is remembered how materially moral causes operate on the conditions of a nation, does it behove us to seize the measuring-line, the compasses, and the rule, and, citing a few empirical instances, to lay down with absolute authority the laws excluding from political existence ? Fearful are the consequences

sometimes, and frequently, of treating people with contempt. When Frenchmen said, in thousands, before the revolution, they needed bread, and were told to eat grass, and some examples hung on a gallows forty feet high, that contempt recoiled with the fearful force of a lightning-stroke on the heads of those who used the contempt. Man will not be treated contemptuously; neglect him, tremble before him, shudder at him; hate him, fawn upon him, corrupt him: all this and these you may do, but you must not treat him with contempt. Make such an experiment upon him, and he will strike a light in the dark night, and fire your hay-stack; insist upon it that he is beneath your notice he will terrify you, though sitting on the throne of a hundred generations -- he will kindle your city, hurl down your throne, from being the leader and the pride, to be the marvel and the scorn, of the nations. But the people have been smitten with blindness; the worst foe to progress and improvement has ever been the spirit of party. It is painful to reflect that reformations and conservatism both owe their great strength to this rather than to the love of right or of goodness. Nothing in this country can be proposed for adoption, but its success depends upon the party adopting it. There are few instances in which conflicting creeds and politics can combine together, but these two furnish the great subjects of contest among rival clans and contending parties of men. The people have been made to aid in the work of their own debasement

and enslavement. Ignorance and Intemperance have effectually destroyed freedom and independence. Every election time is the period of an English Saturnalia, and the whole spirit and method of our public elections must be changed before they can cease to be this; it will indicate the advent of better times, and the return of freedom to our soil, when the elector shall have to seek the representative, rather than the representative the elector; when the representative shall be paid to serve, rather than the elector to vote; when there shall be, on every occasion of the elevation of a representative to power by the popular voice, a dignity too solemn, a nationality too majestic, to be disturbed by party-coloured streamers:—

“By labelled banners that afront the sky
 With gaudy blazonry of factions hate,
 Turning the innocent hues of flower and field
 To party Shibboleths *”

At present, wherever the drum rolls out its alarum, or the brazen trumpet brays forth its shrill defiance—wherever the orange and the blue rustle against each other—wherever fierce riot reigns to cheer the candidate to perjure the voter or to celebrate the triumph—wherever one voice is raised to drown the harangue of the speaker—wherever, either by speaker or voter, one term of contempt is used, and especially if used by any one daring to emulate the character or to assume the name of reformer—wher-

* HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

ever, in short, the cause and the triumph of party or partizan are made prime or supreme, there is another rivet stuck upon the fetters of the people. Come the time when the candidate shall be too proud, too worthy, to solicit suffrages; when he shall be hailed to the place of worth, because worthiest, noblest, best. Come the time when elections, all elections, shall be clear, quiet, temperate, characterised not by the assemblage of insulting banners, placards, and battle-cries, but by the enunciation of the truths of humanity, of freedom, of our country. Come the time when the proposal to spend a shilling to secure a return for the humblest or the highest place of power in the realm shall be deemed a sufficient disqualification for the office, and when the expectation that the candidate should spend a shilling to secure his return shall be deemed a disgrace, if not a disqualification, for the franchisement of a borough.

The secret of most of the political action of the present day will be found in the fact, that the people have increased in intelligence, but that the same measure of advance is not to be noticed amongst the people either in power or in wealth. In England, we are immediately in a transition state: the capacities for freedom have increased and enlarged, but of freedom itself there has not been a proportionate extension. Over all Europe, the people are becoming too strong for their governments: if the order of government is to be preserved, it can only be by a great change in the interior structure of society; one of the most important questions,

therefore, is, that which relates to the nature of freedom and the principle of political change. Freedom has ever been a magic name, and is so still; her name is amongst the oldest, most sacred, and most frequently echoed names of our race; in her name, the noblest things have been done, and the most execrable dared. Freedom has inspired the martyr and the patriot in their cell, and her name, too, has been uttered by the very judge who consigned them to their doom. Freedom has been the battle-cry in the thick fight of patriotism—she too has been invoked by bloody insurrectionists, as they marched over the bodies of the innocent to victory and shame. Freedom has been the darling of the poet in the wrapt inspiration of his mood, and the licentious panderer to impurity has dared to speak of freedom too. Freedom has given passion to the orator's thought, it has consecrated the mother's prayer, it has made the timid heroic, and even given to weak woman the power of an angel; and for freedom, or in her name, the headsman's axe has been uplifted, the city laid in flames—her name has been pronounced amidst curses, and the most inhuman monsters have professed to fight beneath her banners. And what is freedom?—how is it that it is so indefinite a term? It is not enough to say, it is the inalienable right of every man—it is not enough to say, it is the largest amount of liberty consistent with the laws, or, ~~that~~ it is the natural demand of the human spirit; loudly enough the spirit says, let me be free. but freedom has her duties as well as her

charter. We may say that it is the largest amount of liberty consistent with our moral being : it is the privilege of man to be limited by a law beyond which he cannot pass without invading his own happiness. Freedom is the feeling of personal independence—it is the feeling of self-reliance—it is the consciousness of human equality—it is the sense of social right conferred by social value—it is the feeling of the monarchy of mind over matter, of the supremacy of man over all the tricks and traffickings of our own or any preceding day, of his right to betake himself for refuge to the primary laws of his own being, written there by the finger of God.

The idea that in this country seems most expressive of freedom is security from wrong,—this is the professed object of every government, and every government in some degree secures this benefit to its citizens ; and it is a benefit—every government, the most tyrannical, is a blessing, the very idea of law is Divine,—the idea of the freedom of the savage is in truth a most ridiculous one ; it is a freedom without security,—freedom without a guarantee. Who sighs for that state of freedom ? He may have it ; let him take up his abode for twelve months in the most uncultivated parts of Ireland, and taste its sweets. Liberty is the object of all government. “ We find that these neighbours of ours seize our flocks, burn our farms, scalp our brothers, yet these goods belong to us. What have they to say to it ? Simply for answer, ‘ Ye have done by us the same grievous

wrongs.' Let us place ourselves then beneath an umpire and a law—let the Patriarch, administer justice for us, and judge between us; and let us pitch here our tents and be as brethren, and let us parcel out these plantations, mine and thine: give me liberty to hold this, and thou shalt have liberty to retain thy hold upon that, and God shall be witness over us; and the fruits of these fields, and the increase of these cattle shall be mine, and the increase of those shall be thine." Is not this the first rude development of society? and is not even this an accession of liberty a blessing? But there is a kind of freedom nobler than this; it is soon found that wrong from one another may only be changed for wrong from the Patriarch, the King. We call that government free, which not only shelters its subjects from the injustice of the many, but the tyranny of the one and the few. It has been a difficult problem in the history of the world, so nicely to balance between the governed and the government. Hence the atrocious acts of tyrannic cruelty—hence the slaughter of the battle-field—hence the abominations of the bow-string and the scimitar—and, hence, in Europe, the notorious evils of class legislation. Yet it may be the boast of our country that she has given to the world the most skilful combination of mutual dependence and mutual check; the magistrate here with the meanest subject is, and from times far distant, has been fenced round by judicial restrictions, hence here freedom has flourished most, the soil has

been most kindly as compared with all other soils : outrage has been promptly visited with the indignation of law, and if the noble or the prince dared to trample the law beneath their feet, how soon were they called to make atonement for the violation of the compact of society ; how soon did they learn, that they too were subject to the law. Freedom is a flower that grows in every human breast, but it needs the suns and the rains of virtue to nurture it ; it expands beneath the limitations of law and order, but it would flourish everywhere. Independence is not more desirable to one nation than to another, but it is in some measure the result of inspiration, of moral discipline, of industry, of conscious worth, of a happy union of the labouring and wealthier classes, as in Switzerland ; it is the result of the freedom of speech and of pen : hence the advantage of public meetings : they tend to the dissemination of the spirit of freedom, of political right, of individual interest—thought awakens freedom in the breast—mind responds to mind—it is unsafe to trespass at all on the rights of “men who know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.” Such feeling needs to be distributed through England ; not the feeling that we are free, because we keep a world in awe of our power—not that we are free, because we call our island the mistress of the seas, and boast that the ocean is our highway ; not that we are free, because we have never been positively enslaved,—but that we are free, because, to us from ancient times there came laws writ-

ten as if with the finger of the Highest,—free, because to us, in this day, conscience and opinion are beyond all law,—free, because serf and slave are unknown in our land, because life and property are beyond all comparison more secure than any other land, because we are all called to pronounce for ourselves on the great questions at issue in the city or the state ; for all these reasons : free ! And as we train a population in all the comprehensive meaning of the word, we best herald the downfall of the false and the untrue. Disseminate the idea, “Thou art free !—thou art a man !—thou hast not injured, art not injuring, thy fellow—hast a mind that occasionally does visit other worlds in its flight—hast a language flowing unfettered in its purity, or combination, or majesty—hast fathers whose ashes were scattered to every wind from the witnessing stake because they would free—hast a home that even the Queen may not cross, unless she shew proof and warrant of business there.” It is a great thought that the law of the land recognises that there is a part about every man’s affairs so sacred, that it must not be crossed by inquisition and inquiry ; and let this fact in all its impressive-ness be felt, let it grow and expand in the mind of the citizen, it will be as a breastplate round his heart in the time of temptation, and when he demands rights that have not been conceded to him, it will impart a rich eloquence to his tongue, the wisdom of authority, and the mighty pathos of invaded justice to his lips.

What *are* the rights of the citizen? By this question we best understand what are his wrongs: this topic enters into all the political questions of the present day.. What are those rights? What an amount of discussion has there been upon the doctrine "of the rights of Man." Now Mr. Bentham calls the natural right "jargon," and he applies further to the idea not merely the term "speculative," but "pernicious errors." Yet it seems that there are rights which existed prior to the existence of any government, for the conservation of which government was called into existence. We talk of "legal rights," of the power of government to "confer" rights; a government may concede, but cannot possibly confer them; all the rights which government grants to its subjects, it grants in virtue of some other principle assumed in the first instance. Has the child any rights when first-born? If it has none, why has it none, and who should exercise a right over it? its parents, its natural protectors, manifestly; but clearly it seems that no government can possess any right over it; that child is the lord of the government; nor can we divest our mind from the idea, that government is a servant of society. How can a servant give rights to its employers? If, therefore, we have no natural rights, rights to which we are born as to heir-looms and birthrights, we have no rights at all, they then become privileges conferred upon us, for which we have to be thankful to government, and

this reasoning seems to do away with any rights of resistance, moral or physical.

Another important question is, What should be the principle of political change? This is the question on which two great parties in the state have to learn important lessons. The governing, the conservative party has to learn—and strange folly does it show that the lesson has not been already learned—that of all fallacious notions, one of the most fallacious is, that laws made in the most rude and primitive state of civilization are to be the code and rule of a most advanced and advancing state of humanity! Our governors have to learn the lesson, that perhaps the most perfect constitution that could be framed would be most antique, imperfect, worthless, in less than a century. And the people have to learn a lesson: the large body of anarchists have to learn that every hand of violence uplifted, every blow struck, is retarding the progress of liberty, and preventing her from opening her horn of plenty over us and our children. Of the first class, we may say they are the true cause of all revolutions; of the second, they give an apology to tyrants and oppressors, and prevent the blessings which even the revolution might give. These are the two foes whom we have most to fear, but the first far more than the last, because the first might make the last, powerless by graceful and prompt concessions to wisdom. All revolutions have their origin in disregard of public opinion, of nature. Confess it, have we not a right to look with indignation and pity on those who

will not move to allow the stream of humanity to pass on? We hear many loud exclamations that government is behind the people; it is, perhaps, neither possible nor desirable that they should be before the people, yet they should be the expression of public opinion, they should be the utterance of public sentiment. And there can be no doubt that, in the next twenty years, changes, more rapid and important than any which have yet taken place, must transpire in the English constitution, and that those changes will be the safety-valves of the nation. Those who oppose these healthy reforms are the true foes of the nation, and of human progress; their opposition is precipitating us nearer to revolution. But they also are foes to the nation's interest, and to their own, who fly to any physical force for the obtaining moral freedom. If history teaches us any thing, she teaches us that armed revolutions never pay, that all political changes should be gradual and continual, and so as not to supersede, but to harmonize with, previous institutions. There is profound truth in the saying of Burke, "that to resort to anarchy or to arms to rectify bad government, is to invoke the powers of hell to rectify the disorders of earth." And when was an armed revolution successful? Many a time, in the course of the ages they have been tried, and invariably has their termination been disastrous; nor does it seem probable that, if successful, more liberty could be enjoyed from changes effected by such agencies. Only by the dissemination of the great truths of freedom and

intelligence, till, from the poorer, they penetrate to the higher orders: only by the words of truth from the lips of goodness, can we hope that permanent and valuable changes can be effected.

A few words more may not be inappropriate here; for there is in many minds a faith in physical force as a means to secure the rights of freedom, as the only principle of sound or radical political change. Sir James Mackintosh has said, "Whatever excellence, whatever freedom is discoverable in governments, has been infused into them by the shock of a revolution, and their subsequent progress has only been the accumulation of abuse. * * * *

No hope of great political improvement. let us repeat it, is to be entertained from tranquillity; for its natural operation is to strengthen all those who are interested in perpetuating abuse."

By these remarks, we are satisfied no encomium on anarchy was intended; yet, in reply to these observations, we need only to say, that all the great changes that have taken place in the political state of our country within the last one hundred and fifty years, have taken place without any revolution. Important concessions have been made to appease discontent and to avert conclusion; very few of our liberties and enjoyments are the result of deliberate determination and will. There have been many times in the history of the world when rude savage violence has entered the lists with armed might and power, but in most instances violence has been worsted. Froissart has recorded the narrative

of the insurrection of the Jacquerie in France ; he forgets, indeed, to record how the poor peasants had suffered for many long years all the evil-doings of feudal tyranny—how the nobles of France, when taken prisoners by the English, extorted the price of their ransom from their impoverished vassals, to save them from selling their estates—how they seized upon their moveables, goods, and chattels, dragging frequently the peasants to their castles, and subjecting them to the most cruel tortures, if they supposed that they might compel them thus to reveal the place where their money lay concealed. The peasants began to meditate that all the jewellery, the rich apparel, the ornaments, that formed the armour and the housings of the French knights, were the result of their own labour : when they found that their miseries were insulted and mocked, and that the knight, glistening beneath his splendours, laughed at their sorrows, and said, “ Jacques, bon homme, pays for all,” “ the shaft of contempt pierced through the shell of the tortoise,” and they meditated a terrible revenge ; they organized themselves throughout the country, and they took that revenge. The deeds of violence they attempted have been recorded against them ; in fact, all that they did was merely the aimless brutality of savage retaliation. They selected a leader named Guillaum Callat ; few weapons had they, but they armed themselves with knives and agricultural instruments. The cruelties they inflicted were, doubtless, great. They were oppressed—they

scarce knew what they wanted; when asked, they said they knew not, they did so because others did, so, and they thought by these means to destroy all the noblemen and gentlemen in the world. Yet this insurrection, one of the most terrible popular tumults ever known, was instantly suppressed, though not indeed, until the fear and terror of it had overspread the whole of the country. The King of Navarre destroyed 3000 of these peasants in one day; the country gentlemen hanged them by troops on the nearest trees; and within the walls of Meux, some knights chased the motley mob, striking them down like wild beasts, till 7000 perished by the sword, or by the river, into which they were chased. The insurrections of the "English Jacquerie,"* as the rebellions of Cade and Wat Tyler have been called, were equally unsuccessful, and only terminated as the French insurrection terminated, in additional cruelty to and slaughter of the people. From those days down to the present time, all history has told the same tale: our own times have furnished innumerable instances that the sword cannot carve out a nation's liberties; yet strange it is, that although the world is so old and experience is so great, there are amongst us thousands who have to learn that, whatever physical force can

* There is no analogy, however, between the two insurrections. The people do not seem to have received the same measure of exasperation, and in return the gatherings of the people were attended by none of the atrocious acts of cruelty which marked the Jacquerie.

do, it cannot define or defend a law, cannot hold or assert, with any degree of perspicuity, a right. There is a fable told of a man who was troubled with a hornet's nest in his cottage thatch. He knew not how to destroy the nest; fire seemed to be an effective remedy—he would take good care that the fire should not spread: so kindled a fire beneath the corner of the thatch, and in half an hour saw his whole cottage in ruins. • War in the commonwealth is just as wise an expedient: the immediate cause of strife is indeed lost in the wide-spreading and universal destruction.

However, no position can be more clearly established, than that the certain result of a spread of intelligence over the minds of the people must be the enlargement of their freedom. "Political institutions," said Sir James Mackintosh, "are not made, but grow." If it could be dreamed for a moment that our institutions had reached their utmost height or breadth, we might fear a rapid and sure decline. In the capacity for improvement in the constitution of England, is to be found one of the best pledges for its future prosperity and continuance. The people of England are destined to take a far larger share in the arrangements of government than they have ever hitherto taken: it is wise in those who possess the power to do so, to prepare their minds for the offices and deliberations to which they may eventually be called, and while guiding them to that just and independent action which shall save them from the arbitrary influence of mere authority and power,

shall also influence them to throw in their voice in the state with those who would preserve for freedom a just and equitable balance with property, manhood, and intelligence, and save him from being pressed down beneath the oppressive weight of youth, ignorance, and vagabondage.

Sorely is it to be lamented, that the people for the most part derive all their political knowledge and inspiration from the pens or lips of noisy and illiterate demagogues, whose lessons are the dictates of a frothy selfishness, their political science and economy alike the vintago of a shallow egotism; yet what illustrious names adorn our library, names as significant as they are deserving of the profoundest study, the apostles of liberty, the authors of the guides and charters of thought. Often returning to our own room, after a night spent in listening to the vain and ignorant harangue, we have said, oh, could the people be persuaded to read these, could they be induced to attempt to obtain and read the mighty organ music of the illustrious bard, patriot, and political polemic, MILTON, chanting the high praises of liberty in his *Defences of the People of England*, in his *Apology for the Liberty of the Press*, in his *Causes of the Reformation in England*. How glorious to behold him emerging from "those dark ages wherein the huge overshadowing train had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the church."* Warning his countrymen, alas! too prophetically, "that

* Causes which led to the Reformation.

unless their liberty be of a kind such as arms can neither procure nor take away, which alone is the fruit of piety, justice, temperance, and unadulterated virtue; they may only be seen to pass through the fire to perish in the smoke;”* boldly remonstrating with parliament and protector, pleading for “a book as containing a progeny of life in it, active as that soul whose progeny it is, and preserving as in a vial the purest extraction of the living intellect which bred it,” reminding his countrymen “that they might as well almost kill a man as kill a good book, because who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God’s image, but who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye.” Could the people, instead of merely receiving instruction from the desk and the platform, enter the cell of the brave patriot ELLIOT, the Christian stoic, unable longer to do battle for his country in the senate, now serving his race and future ages in prison, composing his *Monarchy of Man*,—that was a man to teach us, that English Seneca, nobler than the Roman; for the ancient discoursed of the ease with which man could dispense with comfort and happiness in his palace and gardens; but the modern, within stone walls during long years of captivity, showed how powerless they were to imprison the free spirit—asserting his freedom, independence, and superiority to the mere creature comforts of the material world. Or

* Second defence of the people of England.

could they read and study the immortal words for writing which England's great political martyr, ALGERNON SIDNEY, died—Sidney alike inflexible to King and Protector, in the study, in the prison, and at the bar—Sidney, to whom we owe those great and eloquent *Discourses*, the first complete definition and exegesis of the nature and duties of government; so full of brave and noble sentences, for ever and for ever setting the indignant foot on the divine rights of kings; and asserting that, "He that oppugns the public liberty overthrows his own and is guilty of the most brutish of all follies, whilst he arrogates to himself that which he denies to all men;" and maintaining throughout the essential monarchy of the people. Or could they study the sublime growth, the contentions, assemblings, and laws of HARRINGTON's *Oceana*, which gave laws to the sea—whose internal economy is described as being not an empire of men but of laws. These are the men, and men like these whom even our modern laws have presented to us; the venerable and magnificent BURKE, amidst all whose stormy invectives against the first wild deeds of freedom, are some of the richest and profoundest truths of liberty; whose essays always teem with whatever is most gorgeous in language, various in genius, or stately in conception and conduct. Nor less his great rival, MACKINTOSH, critic; moralist, juris-consul, and reformer;—Mackintosh who prophesied the downfall of spiritual power before the close of the nineteenth century, — the intrepid la-

bourer for the reform of criminal law, the jealous defender of popular rights and liberties. These are the men whom we should wish to behold the people revering ; of course, for many long years yet, the reign of clap-trap will continue, and panders will be praised ; and even clap-trap does a work needed in the purification of the public mind. Meantime it should be the work of all who desire to behold the spread of the empire of truth, to call away the intention of the intelligent minds of the people, more and more from the conventional and the showy, to the durable and the intrinsic, to the great principles of eternal truth, and to the weighty axioms of those minds whose mission it seemed peculiarly to be, to expound and guard the interests of liberty and justice.

It is in the diffusion abroad of the best thoughts of these great minds, that we may hope for the continued progress of the best interests of man, for what a triumph will it be for truth, when such men and minds as those enumerated above, shall be in their genius and spirit more universally amongst us again. We talk of the triumphs of public opinion, but what a triumph will that be ?—already we have seen that public opinion gives the state of society—that for persecution we are to blame no particular church,—for tyrannicide, no particular form of government—for corruption, no particular age of the world ; but that for all, we are to condemn the state of public opinion. Nothing can be effected without public opinion ; if you wish priestcraft and kingcraft to play

their tricks of war, and to perform their antic mummery and cajolery, that spirit must be laid to rest. All reformations and revolutions, all conquests and civil wars, all charter wrung from barons, and bastiles crashing down through flame and smoke, these are but the utterances of public opinion. This is the only mason that builds for futurity—useless to call in the aid of magic to erect the fairest structure of equality and fraternity, if the mason do not approve the building—useless to pile up the most elegant card castle republic—useless that the most potent Lord Protector lay the foundation of the mansion ; durable work can only be of the people's doing. It is strange how age truths fly,—they seem to leap into the world ready armed for battle—they seem to be, as if by wonderful intuitive instinct, in the heart of a nation—they seem to lie prompt and ready on the universal soul. The preacher, the poet, only possess language to utter the thinkings of all men ; he is the active thinking brain, the spinal cords are in all society,—immediately in reply to his syllables the universal voice of humanity responds. There is a wonderful simultaneousness in human thought ; every age is witness to it. Thus far, but no farther—woe to the heroic one who transcends the conception of his age, who passes beyond it ; ten to one but they will crucify him, burn him, at least imprison him,—woe to the blockhead who lags behind, who threatens to stay the advancing thought—these winds are apt to whirl out of the way the withered leaf ; they will

certainly crush him, starve him, at least laugh at him. Boastful, enlightened, tyrannic public opinion—blind, timid, dogmatic public opinion. Shall we laugh at you? or shall we worship you.

Some proper reflection on this, the true plastic influence, in every age moulding society, would be a source of wisdom alike to rulers and people; it would tend to the proper cultivation of the metaphysic, and abstract idea, and philosophy of society, while it would compel to the cultivation of that power by which alone the theory of society can be made a reality; for there has been from time immemorial, an idea, the source of much delusion and unhappiness, that a state might be made—that all society may be moulded to the will of individual practitioners.* This idea seems to have fascinated some of the most illustrious political teachers of every age; the theory has been laid down, and all was to yield to the theory. Hence there are those who not only believe all republican government to be the best, fraught with greater advantages than any other form of government, but who are, therefore, utterly impracticable men: they would not wait until the people were universally convinced of its excellence, and were determined to support that form, but they would impose and compel it. Now, that great but unimpeachable man, Sir Harry Vane, seems to have been of this order, and his modern biographer, John Forster,

* See MILL—Logic, book vi. chap. vi.

also; hence the one could not sanction the government of Cromwell, and the other has treated the memory of the Protector more unjustly than any of his previous biographers. These sentiments, enjoining the necessity of deference to 'the voice' of the nation's intelligence, are illustrated by all history, and are but the reiteration of the sentences of many of the wisest minds that have ever adorned our world: thus Lord Bacon says, "It were good, therefore, that men, in their innovations, would follow the example of time itself, which innovates so greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived: for otherwise, whatsoever is new is unlooked for; and ever it amends some and impairs others. It is good also not to try experiments in states, except the necessity be urgent or the utility evident, and well to beware, that it be the reformation that draweth on the change, and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation." Even Godwin says, "As to the improvements which are to be introduced into the political system, their quantity and their period must be determined by the degree of knowledgo existing in any country, and the state of preparation of the public mind for the changes that are to be desired;" and Sir James Mackintosh says, "that governments are not framed after a model, but that all their parts and powers grow out of occasional acts, promoted by some urgent expediency or some private interest, which, in the course of time, coalesce and harden into usage, and that this bundle of usages is the object of

respect and guide of conduct long before it is embodied, defined and enforced in written laws. Government may be, in some measure, reduced to a system, but cannot flow from it.* It is not like a machine or a building, which may be constructed entirely and according to a previous plan, but by the care and labour of man. It is better illustrated by comparison with vegetables, or even animals, which may be in a very high degree improved by care and skill, which may be grievously injured by neglect or destroyed by violence, but which cannot be produced by human contrivance."† And finally, Burke has said, in counselling to a generous remedying of abuses, "Early reformations are amicable arrangements with a friend in power; late reformations are terms imposed on a conquered enemy. Early reformations are made in cold blood; late reformations are made under a state of inflammation. In that state of things, the people behold in the government nothing that is respectable. They see the abuse, and they see nothing else. They fall into the temper of a furious populace, provoked at the disorder of a house of ill-fame; they never attempt to correct or regulate, they go to work by the shortest way. They abate the nuisance -- they pull down the house."‡ One of the sublimest of all earthly spectacles is to behold a great nation saving itself from this disaster, by intelligent guardianship and revision of the

* History of England, vol. i. p. 72.

† Speech on Economical Reform.

spirit of its laws—to behold a people becoming more independent, free and just—to behold a nation instinct with the life of virtue and of liberty, and writing its laws on its parchments and statute-books, not so much as permissive and restrictive, but as marking at once its achievements in order and in law; a nation conserving, indeed, the health of the great tree, by lopping off the decayed branches, and clearing away the enfeebling brushwood, that its trunk may be more stalwart, and broad arms more vigorous and spreading. It is great to contemplate the fusing down of all the passions and the prejudices of the great population, so that the universal welfare may be provided for, and, from age to age, more light, and virtue, and liberty, be the inheritance of the human family. And shall not the time come speedily when the most sublime lessons of truth and freedom shall be learned by all the children of the people—when the land shall no longer be in danger from the crime or ignorance of its citizens, or from the folly and cupidity of its legislators?—when trade and commerce, freed from the swaddling bands of all political restriction, shall give birth to nobler labour and larger profits?—when the crozier, the mitre, and the altar, shall no longer exercise a political power, withering, by spiritual influence, a people's intellect and energy? The day will come, as soon as the people will it; that will may be fashioned by truthful teachers and writers. It is an acquisition of no mean importance to the interests of the land, when one

citizen learns his true weight and power, and to any one believing in the value of human influence, such an accession is an occasion for great rejoicing, and the evidence of the triumph of truth over countless minds similarly constituted. We recur to sentiments expressed a few pages back, and again reiterate, we have nothing to fear but from those who are the acknowledged and hereditary conservators of folly,—those who never walked beneath the sunlight of freedom, and are ignorant of her nature and her attributes. We can expect nothing from hereditary governors, who were born to the onus of making laws, who, whatever may be their fitness or unfitness, find their way to the representative assembly.

It is, of course, vain for the people to hope or expect anything from men like these; in their order, it is, of course, the case that there are many of the noblest and the best specimens of humanity, but they are so, in spite of the certainly corrupting influences of their order. “A titled nobility is the most undisputed progeny of barbarism,” its very existence proves it to be inimical to all the interests of the people: the badges of the nobility are, idleness, vanity, and luxury;—those of the people are, labour, pride, and necessity. Mindless, therefore, of the threats and the pleas of hereditary feudalism—the mere conservative shield over corruption and error—it behoves the people to extend and compact their own power, without immediately confronting these brazen barons and lustrous lords, to whom alone Cervantes could

do justice. Let the people cherish the idea of their own worth; and that they may do so, let them live worthily, let them resolutely proceed to form their own opinions, and worship God after their own fashion—by prudence and temperance, build their own fortunes; and when the time comes when questions shall be debated amongst us, more serious than any that have yet been debated, then moral value shall balance the vindictive few, and at once give to the land perfect freedom, and save from revolution. Alas! hitherto in the world's dread field of battle, labour hath not met with its reward." What then. Who has had his reward in this life? Why do we talk of final judgment, if here the adjustment is equitable; yet we cannot but inquire of ourselves, of society, of history, whether our race is ever destined to know a normal state. Can we speak of our era of civilization in any other way than as the savage era; does it not bear the same relation to our future progress that the age of Charlemagne and William the Conqueror bore to feudalism. There was a grim necessity girding round the iron men, the steel-clad barons of that day: they aided humanity unawares, their castles were the ark and the maelstrom of humanity—the first ages of feudalism were the links binding the infancy of European society to the savage state. Successive ages surround it with refining lights—feudalism became courtly polite as it could; laid on one side its casque and chain mail, and donned its doublet and its robe. The steel barons have given

place to the gold barons, and many of them have been as ruthless and cruel as their predecessors—as reckless of life in seeking to obtain their ends—as selfish in many instances as the baron of the middle age battle-field; yet, like the baron, unconsciously doing the work of advancing society, aiding in the dissemination of thought, and through the narrow and limited motive, opening a pathway for coming generations to prosperity. All will confess that the competing, the underselling, the jostling, elbowing state of society, seems very unlike an ideal state. Malthus and Macculloch have shrunk back from THE STATIONARY STATE OF SOCIETY as from the visitings of an evil spirit.

• Carlyle and Mill, on the contrary, hail it as the advent of peace and concord to the harassed and oppressed universe: one of the most interesting chapters of Mr. Mill's recently published *Political Economy*, is the exposition of the stationary state—that state, indeed, he says, we have already reached. • We have heard, when the *Good Times Coming* has been sung, the question put at what date they would appear. If this theory be true, then the hour has already begun to strike; the good times will come, when from wise forethought, the desire of accumulation shall be general, and the obstacles to the gratification of such accumulation shall be removed—when there shall be so wide a dissemination of nature's bounties and man's productions, "that while no one shall be poor, no one shall desire to be richer, nor fear being thrust back by the efforts of

others to push themselves forward.”* The events of ages work themselves into fixity—there is a justice beneath the skies: assure thyself that this is not *the* state of society. Wealth will shortly find its own representative value: the piles will be distributed, the backs clothed, the cottages comforted. Our age is even now finding its way to the truth and the light; by faith and labour it may yet present a pattern age to the world. As yet, machinery can scarcely be said to have saved the children of Adam one hour’s toil: it shall be their obedient servant and slave. Toward this state all are looking as to the millenium of labour; before we clearly understood the data, it seemed as if we must be drifting toward some such shore. We are sailing thither; wise men have given to us a data, but in our heart, in our faith, in the plan of the universe, is yet our higher and greater proof. As Columbus sailed towards that new and boundless world, when mutiny was in the vessel, and around him only the waste and hungry waters, muttering despair, we are told that flowers, weeds, and stray leaves, came floating round the ship, and, resting on the mast-head, came birds of the most beautiful and gorgeous plume; as the sun gleamed on their white or variegated wings, they seemed like the angels of hope beckoning across the watery waste: so to us, in the midst of these storms and agitating times, come the intimation of the land to which we are hastening;

and we need to remind one another of these pleasant omens, lest the spirit of the Cape should pursue to overtake and destroy.

But amidst these cheering and hopeful faiths, let us remember that the progress of our race is very slow, and that the civilization of our world is very young. In reference to the first, reasoning analogically, we should be prepared to expect that it would be slow. If, in the progress of our race, there was nothing to undo, our advance might be more rapid; but we have not merely to publish and inculcate a truth, we have to destroy an error; we have not only to advance the interests of liberty, we have also to break chains and unlock prison-houses. The first might be an easy work, but it can only be attempted when the last is destroyed. If we had to deal with an ingenuous mind—if there had not been the corrupting influence of old oppressions—if long-standing prejudices had exerted no power—if man would instantly renounce the passion that deluded him—why, instantly, instantly might civilization spread; but then, if sacred doctrines be true, there never has been a period when the social man could and would reciprocate kindly and generous influences. While, too, we remember that the progress of the moral condition of our planet is very slow, let us also remember that, in this particular, it but resembles the general economy of the whole natural world, where the law seems to obtain that, in the mineral, the vegetable, the animal world, the higher the value, the more important the nature, the more slow is its

march toward perfectibility and development. Astronomers tell us that our sun, and system over which he presides, is so moving from his present position in space, that our planet will one day be surrounded by skies whose nightly brilliancy shall infinitely transcend our present firmament; but countless ages will pass away before the event takes place, so slow are the movements that hasten it; yet they tell us that, by an inevitable law, it must come. Another reflection is that, as yet, our civilization is as youthful as it has been slow; there are abundant indications that, as yet, we have scarcely begun our career. To us, such sentences as those which resolve themselves into wonder whether the human mind can advance to a much greater extent, are only surprisingly amusing; they exhibit limited power and limited observation. Our knowledge of finite nature is far more finite than it can be anticipated to be in the course, not to say of ages, but of a few years; and the productions of mind may very likely outvie any thing that the world, as yet, has seen. But of the rule and empire of moral obligation, as yet we know as nothing; in this department we have much to discover, and almost all to perform; and almost all our attempts at civilization will fail which are not founded on this highest department of our nature. The youthfulness of our civilization is attested by the many millions of our race as yet uncivilized at all. Now, what boundless wastes and tracts are there without a temple or a throne, the region of the mighty forest and

the inaccessible jungle, the haunt of the cobra and the tiger—now, while writing or reading, what clans, that we have never heard of, rush together in fight—what millions of lonely hunters pursue their way across the prairie and the mountain, wrapt only in the savage skin, with the rude weapon in their hand for a poor defence—what myriads enter the temples of cruelty and lust, and shrink from the blaze that glitters along the marble with strange emotions, or transfix themselves in the agonistic posture of cruel devotion or superstition. Coming near home, what thousands lie confined in cells, where tyrants immerge the brave, waiting for the hour that shall bring the relief of death, yet leave behind them the memory of their sufferings, a gleam to lighten posterity—what thousands of those who would deem themselves affronted if their civilization were called in question, tread the unmeaning round of old opinions, wrap themselves warmly in the robe of thread-bare prejudices, nor ever dare to cast a look at the benignant truth, for ever by their side, inviting them to better things and nobler attempts. These considerations, and innumerable others like these, will convince us that civilization is yet but young.

Perhaps, however, the most painful of all thoughts is that which reminds us of the fickleness and recklessness of those who might aid the progress and improvement of man. With what light and careless footsteps do we walk amidst the ruins of time. The teachings of history and the voices of our race come to us,

for the most part altogether in vain. If reflection ever comes upon us, for the most part it is like meditation amidst ruins, as transitory as intense; for there, too, the mind wears a sad unison with the scene; the broken and crumbling walls, the porch, the gallery, the prostrate tower, the long-resounding hall, the trampled court, the ivy-grown orchestra, the place where beauty trod along the dance, the spot where gallant cavaliers assembled, the resort of the witty, the learned, the brave, the profound—where gay idlers came to sport their little hour—where great statesmen retired to unbend from the toils and the cares of state—where kings laid aside the sceptre, and the ambitious became human—where the poet trolled his verses, and the orator recited his theme—where the future spread its plans for cogitation, and unavailing mournings for the past held the sanguine in check. All in ruins! There is nothing more eloquent in the universe than a wreathing ivy and a crumbling wall. But such ideas and such scenery are very often only, like other eloquent discourses, impressive but for the moment: the most intense feeling does not rise to philosophic generalization—the most palpable fact does not often lead to the meditation on that of which the fact is, but the symbol and the ideal. What careless footsteps tread the most venerable aisles—what reckless hands turn aside the most ancient joy—what vacant eyes linger over the most awful ruins—what inanimate forms move amidst scenes, thrilling by their own sublimity, and still more

thrilling by the reminiscences they awaken and the consequences to which they lead. And such is history, such is humanity, such is the survey of our own position, and the great facts of our race; we read the sybil pages, we walk amidst ruins, the most memorable spots of departed renown, the most famous repositories of the valour and intelligence of other times. Of a hundred people who visit a ruin, probably ninety-nine will think it pretty, and will take some chaise, when the moon is at its height, to gaze in company upon it, it may be, participate in a feeling, but from which they derive no lesson; and of a hundred who read history, ninety-nine read it as another novel, deriving nothing from it more than the pretty incident, the coincidence, the interesting character, the involuted plot. And is this all? Or what is history? What is the philosophy of society? Can any thing be derived from it? Great lessons for humanity. If anything can be gained from history, it is this, that moral philosophy is an inductive science too, that it deals in causation and sequence, and that although it may be, from the subtlety of its facts, more intricate than other sciences, yet there is as sure a certainty about it as about any other. The great lesson of history is law, order, development; reading this in the solemn archives of past times, we are encouraged for the present and the future; not, indeed, that in the great actors of the globe we see only the puppets of necessity and fatalism; as little do we read this as that other lesson which some have learned from

the aberrations of the human intellect—that we are surrounded only by accident and chance. From all our knowledge of human consciousness; from all the thrones of past and present empire, this lesson is one of the most obvious, that, while man the king, and man the beggar, is left to the free exercise of his own will—will to which only the most intelligent reason and the strongest motive are legislators—there is a power that guides and disposes every event as it transpires, combines and arranges, so that in the end the most unlikely means become the very means best adapted to aid the progress of the human family, and to assist in the amelioration of the sorrows of the globe, and to make a social wrong-doing a stepping-stone to a wider and more positive right.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SINS OF THE PEOPLE.

PROLOGUES OF QUOTATIONS.

“ On the other hand be this conceded : Where thou findest a lie that is oppressing thee, extinguish it. Lies exist there only to be extinguished; they wait and cry earnestly for extinction. Think well meanwhile in what spirit thou wilt do it: not with hatred, with headlong selfish violence, but in clearness of heart, with holy zeal, gently, almost with pity. Thou would'st not replace such extinct lie by a new lie, which a new injustice of thy own were; the parent of still other lies. Whereby the latter end of that business were worse than the beginning.”

● THOMAS CARLYLE.

“ Though almost perishing with thirst, we should dash to the earth a goblet of wine in which we had seen a poison infused, though the poison were without taste or odour, or even added to the pleasures of both. Are not all our vices equally inapt to the universal end of human actions—the satisfaction of the agent? Are not their pleasures equally disproportionate to the after harm? Why are men the dupes of the present moment? Evidently because the conceptions are indistinct in the one case and vivid in the other; because all confused conceptions render us restless; and because restlessness can drive us to vices that promise no enjoyment, no, not even the cessation of that restlessness. This is indeed the dread punishment attached by nature to habitual vice, that its impulses wax as its motions wane.”

● COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER VI.

Sins the Authors of Wrongs—The Essentials of Social Elevation—Mistakes—Intemperance—Old English Inns—Dr. Southey—Striking Facts—Coleridge's Fable of the Golden Age—Prevalence of Intemperance—Servility of the People—The Facilities of Servility—Life of a Spitalfields weaver—Absence of Political Independence—Improvidence—Testimony of Thomas Beggs—Pawnbroking—Illustrations of Independence—Dame Stradwick—Britton Abbot—James Austin—Sarah and Mary Spencer—The Lesson of Accumulation.

But there is no truth more certain and absolutely fixed, than that the wrongs of any nation, men, or man in the world, is the inevitable result of wrong-doing; the people are the authors of their own debasement and prostration, for all degradation and suffering has a moral cause and origin; our physical wretchedness is born of our spiritual. No truth is more certain than this, that all elevation and depression is from within—the sap is in the soul; if you give to a man a right and happy soul, he will soon find himself a right and happy body. Is it not true, that the secret of our misery is, that we have, as Carlyle says, “forgotten God?” Our spiritual condition is diseased. And oh, what a life we have led, my brothers! What a life! Our transgressions glare out upon us, and still we do not believe we have sinned. All this cant, and sham, and falsehood, and fudge, all

this cupidity and mammon-worship, and want of truth to God and to society, and to ourselves ; this intemperance, and meanness was to go unpunished, all these paper payments and dishonoured bills, and gambling with a nation's souls and acres, to be unreplicated, uncondemned—the bankrupt never to be brought to shame. We have found, in plain truth, that it is not so. And now, what is it that we have to do ? Simply to retrace our steps in some matters, or at the least or most be stationary. This is needed ; but the blind ostrich nature will not see to do right itself, nor avail itself of the eye that can see, and the arm that might perchance, if only trusted, guide into safety.

In attempting the work of the elevation of the working classes, two things are especially to be kept in mind : first, that the method proposed be practical and plain, that it be tangible and most practicable ; and second, that it be in accordance with high, sound, and just principles. Let not reformers and preachers have to retrace *their* steps. These two have seldom been united, yet neither can be successful if divorced from the other ; the masses of a country cannot comprehend abstract propositions ; at the same time, every doctrine is to be tried in the light of an abstract proposition—the one gives the geometrical proportion, the other the mechanical law. The absence of abstract principles by which to test modes has ever been the cause of extensive error ; theory and practice ; weigh them against each other

and you cannot well go wrong. But man is impatient of tests, and perhaps the most gifted of human beings would be unable to work beneath the light of truth alone, if it did not shine upon him from some goal in the distance, the reaching of which was at once desirable and probable. Hence it is, that ignorance in its blindness would do every thing by act of parliament. With the unreasoning and uninformed, moral truth is to be enforced, religion maintained, and the cottage redeemed, only by the sanctions of law: and from the sole presence of the opposite feeling it is that some would carry the action of independent principle and motive so far as to dispense with all mechanical action, all association, and compel man not only to trust his individuality, but to trust that alone. Thus the one in the human forgets the spiritual, the other in the spiritual being forgets the human. The perfect method of elevating man may be defined to be, whatever is compatible with the future expansion of his spiritual nature, at the same time sufficiently practicable for present exigencies, to solve this problem, to unite the practical and the speculative in the work of reform, should be the task of the reformer. And how can that be done? Contemplation is the inheritance of a few; but a man will neither meditate himself into virtue or happiness. Man is formed and intended for action; all his propensities are intended for action—they are all in action, but for the most part perverted action; these propensities have to be arrested

and made subservient to the purposes of virtue. We must not dream that men will yet for ages lead the life of scholars. In a state of society very much more advanced than the present, man will demand excitement; the lonely grove and the resounding shore will yet not be much more frequented even when the charms and graces of moral truth shall have captivated the nature. To expect, therefore, of the mind to arrest the passions, to divert the will by mere abstractions is vain enough, so far as the mighty masses of the country are concerned; as the propensities of man's nature are active and demand excitement, it follows, that in the conquest of vice we need excitement too. We could often say to those who seek to make virtue not only a new life but a new temperament—

Oh, ye mistook, ye should have snatched the wand—
 Without *his wand reversed*;
 And backward mutters of dissevering power;
 We cannot free the spirit that sits there,
 In stony fetters, fixed and motionless.

We cannot approach the poor without measures bearing the stamp of current and immediate benefit; it is difficult to propound measures which shall at once elevate and conserve the present, and, at the same time, prove a boon to future ages and generations. Hence it is, that political agitation is of all others so popular, political meetings so crowded, political platforms so exciting—there is amongst the people a very widely-spread faith that their amelioration must

spring from political action; but although governments may debase and degrade, may ruin, the degree to which they can raise a people is low, very low; indeed, any influence which any government can exert is but negative—the unclasping of fetters, the undoing of their own work; this is about all that they can do.

Beyond all question, the most prominent of all the sins of the people is their INTEMPERANCE; this is a vice to which there always must have been a strange propensity in our land, but the drunkenness of our day still seems to be a new feature. The public-house of modern times, especially, is the source of intemperance and destitution to the whole of the surrounding neighbourhood. The second Act of James I. c. 9, entitled, “An Act to restrain from inordinate tippling in ale-houses,” in the preamble, truly observes, “the ancient true and principal use of inns, ale-houses, and victualling-houses, was for the receipt, relief, and lodgment of way-faring people, travelling from place to place—for the supply of such people as were not able, by greater quantities, to make their provision of victuals—and not meant for entertainment and harbouring of lewd, idle people, to spend and consume their money in a rude, idle manner.” This act therefore enjoined, that if any inn-keeper, victualler, or ale-house keeper, permitted any person, in any city, town, village, or hamlet, to continue drinking and tippling in his inn or ale-house, other than should be invited by any traveller, and should accompany him during his necessary abode there—or labourers, on the

usual working-days and times of repast and diet, should forfeit £10. to the use of the poor of the parish." This law is not unlike some which are now in being on the American continent. From the last *Report of the American Temperance Union*, we find "that the legislature of Pennsylvania have compelled all licensed venders to pay into the State-treasury a sum proportioned to the amount of their sales. But in the far west, we have the most cheering action for humanity. A new State just rising into being, and desirous of laying all its foundations for the safety and prosperity of future generations, has enacted a law, allowing "no man to vend or retail spirituous liquors, until he shall have given bonds to pay all damages the community or individuals may sustain by such traffic, to support all paupers, widows, and orphans, and pay the expenses of all civil and criminal prosecutions growing out of, or justly attributable to, such traffic. A married woman may sue for damage done to her husband; and no suit shall be maintained for liquor bills."—We confess that, in laws like these we see only the regulations of justice and wisdom. We have long since subscribed to the truth of the observations of Dr. Southey:—"At a time," said he, "when the legislature is taking into its consideration the momentous question of the poor-laws, it is more than ever of importance that it should be well understood. How large a part of the evil arises from causes which are completely within the power of the local magistrates, and how much might be accomplished

by the efforts of benevolent individuals, which cannot be reached by a legislative enactment. As the establishment of inns is one of the surest proofs and accompaniments of increasing civilization, so the multiplication of ale-houses is not less surely the effect and the cause of an increased and increasing depravity of manners. It may be affirmed, broadly, and without qualification, that every public-house in the country which is not required for the convenience of travellers, wayfarers, and persons frequenting a market, is a seminary for idleness, misery, and pauperism. To advise any sudden reduction of their numbers would be absurd. Hasty reformations bring always with them greater evils than those which they are intended to correct * * * For the labouring man, the ale-house is now a place of pure unmingled evil; where, while he is single, he squanders the money which ought to be laid up as a provision for marriage, or old age; and where, if he frequent it after he is married, he commits the far heavier sin of spending for his own selfish gratification the earnings upon which the woman whom he has rendered dependent on him, and the children to whom he has given birth, have the strongest of all claims. The diminution of these houses is one of the most practicable and efficient means of real radical reform.”*

In support of these most wholesome suggestions, there stand forward most promptly a tre-

* Southey's Essays, vol. ii. pp. 116, 117, 120.

mendous array of facts of the most startling character, facts at once informing us of the average habits, as well as the detailed expenditure, of the people, on the pernicious sin of intemperance. Thus, in the great metropolitan cities of our empire, "nine-tenths of all the crime which exists may be traced immediately to the intemperance of the people;" of all their sins, this is the most glaring, startling appalling. Let the following facts speak, from thousands of others which might be adduced:—

1. A few years since, it was found that Bury in Lancashire, with a population of 25,000 inhabitants, was spending above £54,000 in the article of beer and spirits. The condition of the town was put in other words by Mr. Chadwick, when he said the sum spent by the people of this town is £2. 3s. 4d. per head, for each man, woman, and child; "and that this sum would pay the rent and taxes of upwards of 6,770 new cottages, at £8 per annum."

2. In Dundee, in 1841, the bakers' shops were found to be 11!—the publicans, or places licensed to sell spirits, 108!!—the whole earnings of the people by the year amount to £73,190. The parish tavern bill was £19,710 per annum!

3. Mr. Alison, the distinguished author of the *History of the French Revolution*, says, "In Glasgow, among 290,000 persons, included in 58,000 families, there are 3010 houses for the sale of intoxicating drinks, being nearly one public-house for every twenty families. The number of inhabited houses is about 30,000, so

that every tenth house is appropriated to the sale of spirits, a proportion unexampled, it is believed, in any other part of the globe. This number, 3010, has risen from 1600 since the year 1821, though not more than 140,000 souls have been added to the population.

4. A friend has recently handed to the author the following calculations, founded either on the *Companion to the Almanack*, or parliamentary documents:—

IMPORTATIONS OF GRAIN.

| <i>Wheat.</i> | | <i>Barley.</i> | |
|----------------------|--------------------|--------------------|-----------------|
| 1840... | 2,515,610 quarters | ... | 630,557 quarte |
| 1841... | 2,654,471 " | ... | 766,197 " |
| 1842... | 3,015,070 " | ... | 766,197 " |
| 1843... | 1,058,969 " | ... | 190,591 " |
| 1844... | 1,315,904 " | ... | 1,005,311 " |
| 1845... | 1,142,700 " | ... | 371,196 " |
| 1846... | 2,351,907 " | ... | 1,058,444 " |
| 1847... | 4,937,655 " | ... | 747,046 " |
| <hr/> | | <hr/> | |
| 18,292,286 quarters. | | 5,353,539 quarters | |

TOTAL IMPORTATIONS OF GRAIN.

| 1846. | | 1847. | |
|--------------------|-----------|------------|-----------|
| Wheat | 2,351,907 | Wheat.. | 4,937,655 |
| Barley | 1,058,444 | Barley... | 747,046 |
| Oats, beans, and . | | Maize .. | 3,436,058 |
| other hard corn | 1,348,761 | Oats,&c. | 2,267,888 |
| <hr/> | | <hr/> | |
| 4,759,112 | | 11,388,647 | |

FOREIGN 'SPIRITS' IMPORTED.

| | |
|-----------------------------|------------------|
| From 1843 to 1847 inclusive | 34,558,320 gals. |
| Foreign wines djtto..... | 52,679,565 „ |

CONSUMPTION OF LIQUORS IN 1846.

| | |
|-------------|--------------------------------------|
| 4,054,523 | quarters of malt brewed into |
| 13,892,484 | gallons of ale and porter. |
| 24,106,697 | ditto of British wines distilled. |
| 52,004,603 | ditto of spirits, imported, and |
| 6,740,316 | ditto of wines ditto. |
| 413,892,484 | ditto beer, at 6 per ct.=24,883,549 |
| | gallons of pure spirit. |
| 24,106,697 | } do. spirits, 50 per ct.=14,555,650 |
| 5,004,603 | |
| 6,740,316 | |

One year's consumption ! !.....40,737,262

VALUE OF OUR IMPORTATIONS FOR EIGHT
YEARS.

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Wheat, at 60s. per quarter..... | £56,976,888 |
| Wine, at 6s. per gallon | 15,803,872 |
| Spirits, at 4s. „ | 6,911,664 |
| Barley and other grain used in brewing and distilli. g, say 48,000,000 quarters at 40s..... | 96,000,000 |
| | <hr/> |
| | £118,715,536 |

“The gross expenditure by consumers of intoxicating liquors may be taken at £50,000,000 per

annum at the very least average for the last eight years. We have spent over £4,000,000,000 on strong drinks since 1688, and in the same period, to make a pest, we have destroyed £1,500,000,000 of grain."

5. John Dunlop, Esq. declares, that in a town consisting of 33,000 inhabitants, the following has been estimated as the annual expense of only seven drinking usages.

| | £ |
|---|---------|
| Apprentice footings | 170 |
| Journeyman ditto | 450 |
| Launch and graving bowls ... | 250 |
| Fines and bets | 550 |
| Foundation pints | 160 |
| Drinking at sales, orders, and settle- ment of accounts | 9,000 |
| Pay-night usages | 16,260 |
| | <hr/> |
| | £26,230 |

6. If you take the average of your own neighbourhood, wherever that may be, you will find that each public-house is maintained by about twenty families; make the calculation for your own neighbourhood, and perhaps that will seem a very fair estimate, and developing no especial amount of intemperance: twenty working men meet together, pay rent, taxes, find the family in meat, clothing, and competency for future maintenance. The other day, passing through a large village in Huntingdonshire, we found a population of 17,000 inhabitants, and 47 public-houses. Suppose there

had been but 20, they would have been an index to a great amount of improvidence and intemperance.

Coleridge has illustrated the universal follies of mankind by a fable of the golden age, "when labour was a sweet name for the activity of sane minds in healthy bodies;" "an old prophet warned the inhabitants of that day, that during the space of thrice three days and thrice three nights, a thick cloud would cover the sky, and a heavy rain fall on the earth; 'Go ye, therefore, said he, retreat to the cavern of the river, and there abide till the clouds have passed away, and the rain be over and gone, for know, of a certainty, that whomsoever that rain wetteth, on him, yea, on him, and his children's children, shall fall the spirit of madness.' The old man retired to the appointed cavern, but his friends and relations, despising his prophetic warning and advice, were all frightfully changed, till, harassed, solitary, endangered in a world of forms like his own, without sympathy, without object of love, he at length espied in some foss or furrow a quantity of the maddening vapour still unevaporated, and uttering the last words of reason—"It is in vain to be sane in a world of madmen," plunged and rolled himself in the liquid poison, and came out as mad as, and not more wretched, than his neighbours and acquaintance."

This is scarcely an exaggerated picture of the prevalence of the influence of those terribly enfeebling and maddening clouds of intemperance that flow through our land; until within

these later years, every means for rendering them abortive was vain ; nor was it unfrequent to behold the very prophets who had warned against the deceptive stream, borne away upon its tides. The causes tending to make this sin of the people a most customary and frequent one, are first, our northern climate. The passion of intemperance in our British Isles seems to be a natural propensity ; the cold and sluggish blood demands not only a beverage, but a beverage that shall at once supply fuel to the system, and kindle the fuel into a blaze. Our intemperance is aided, too, by the stirring and exciting age in which we live ; we are so accustomed to the novel and the rousing, that we demand something more than the necessary and healthful stimuli of nature. The rage for novels in the circulating library, and the rage for intoxicants in the tavern, result both from the same morbid and unhealthy thirst for the heated and the feverish action, rather than the calm and the natural. And the poverty of our times is another fruitful source of our intemperance ; men and women find in the public-house a shelter from the cold fireless hearth, and in the glass they find a lenitive for all their woes and sorrows. This combination of circumstances has fired the brain of the nation—we have been reeling through the streets of history a drunken people. Our intemperance at this moment is at once the most woful stain in our national character, and the worst omen of our future prosperity ; and when we confess that intemperance

in its most fearful colours is in our midst ; what a confession do we make?—It is impossible to admit it, without at the same time admitting the breaking of every civil and social law. If it is here, then every form of evil must be here, from simple neglect to flagrant criminality. How could intemperance be maintained, without at the same time feeding and sustaining poverty and pauperism ? How could home become a scene of riot without danger to the very existence of the nation ? How could a man neglect his duty to the present hour, and yet be mindful of his duty to the distant, the solemn future ? Why, the sums expended on intoxication alone are sufficient to account for all the woes our nation has sustained. It may be very much like saying, that earth would have been heaven if sin had not entered it, and yet, in sustaining the argument, we may ask, what had been the consequence had those vast sums been appropriated to legitimate and useful purposes ; instead of being turned and perverted, and made to flow in a poisonous and destructive channel. Our population has been overcrowded, we are told—our fields yield an inefficient harvest—many circumstances are assigned as the real operating causes of our misery. Mr. Laing declares himself unable to assign any cause at all ; had he but referred to this, which he does not, even for a moment, it surely might have removed the mystery. Cause is here sufficient to pull down a less burdened nation than our own : Well has our great poet said—

“Boundless intemperance

In nature is a tyranny; it hath been

The untimely emptying of the happy throne,

And fall of many kings.”

A simple reference to the intemperance of our community might satisfy us, for we can go no where but we trace the pollution and the stain—Court, Parliament, Church, Mart, Market, Press, Pulpit—

“The trail of the serpent is over them all.”

The inevitable consequence of a life of shame is, of course, A LOSS OF INDEPENDENCE. Virtue and independence are related; they cannot be separated. The manly, self-relying effort, is the source of all effort and attempt, and it tends to preserve to the soul its rights while supporting its dignities. This is the safeguard of society; it is the key of strength and power; it is the terror of the tyrant, and the only want of the slave; this gives courage to the soul—it makes martyrs and patriots. “We must be free, or die:” this is the moral principle of all trade; there can be no moral reliance where this is not. Where this is not, the barriers of virtue are gradually weakened and broken down, and the man is ready for any criminality; the head is ready to plot, and the hands to perform the deeds and the biddings of vice. Where this is, especially where this is grounded on a high sense of religious duty, no amount of tyrannic cruelty can bow to slavery; the conqueror yields himself, and becomes the conquered. This has made the undaunted Scot so

successful in every clime, in every place whatever; other sins he may have, he has the virtue of high independence. It is the secret of all power, for it is faith in self—it is repose on conscious inner strength and capability—it is the untiring spirit of restless, earnest activity; if one resource fails, why, there is another. The craven spirit begs; the independent soul says, "No, I am prostrate, but I will not beg; I will hold a horse, I will sweep a crossing, I will hawk a box of matches, but I will not beg." Independence feels no small measure of delight, too, in recollecting that, although we are held by ties of mutual dependence and trust, yet that there are few situations in which he cannot help himself, if need be; he will take an axe, or hold a hammer—he can wait on himself, he can serve himself. This feeling is to be fostered in society; we have gotten a notion among us that the most elegant life is that which is surrounded by helpers, in fact, an infirm life—a life where one pair of white, delicate, be-ringed, do-nothing hands, are waited on by ten or twenty pair. Ah, it is an ignoble ideal; for the noblest idea of life is, to have few wants, and perpetually to accustom the body and the mind to the noble task of self-service. We wrong man whenever we present to him any other idea of life, and man has been so wronged; there have been perpetually present before him the pictures of men, noble, because lazy, or lazy because that was supposed to be the most distinguished life; and, true to their own life, the lessons they have given for

the elevation of the people, have either been lessons of mechanical routine; or of gift or donation, far more likely to repress and prevent the development of individual elevation than to aid or lift; hence the growth of the spirit of meanness which so sadly stains our national character. The Rev. Mr. Stone of Spitalfields, severals years since, ridiculed the fictitious charity of the metropolis, and it is a cause for sorrow that the occasion has not yet ceased which gave rise to his humour. He supposes a young weaver of twenty-two, marrying a servant-girl of nineteen; they have not provided, they do not provide, against the prospects of a family. They do not toil, they do not retrench: they reside in London, and live on the charitable institutions. The wife gets a ticket for the "Royal Maternity Society," she is delivered for nothing; she wants baby linen, the Benevolent Society supply her. The child must be vaccinated, he goes to the Hospital for Vaccination. He is eighteen months old, "he must be got out of the way," he goes to the Infant School; from thence he proceeds, being distressed, to the Educational Clothing Society and the Sunday Schools: thence he attains to the Clothing Charity Schools; he remains five years. He is apprenticed for nothing to a weaver; he becomes a journeyman. The example of his parents is before his eyes: he marries a girl of his own age. His child passes the ancestral round of charities; his own work becomes precarious, but his father's family was for years in the same circumstance, and was always saved

by charity ; to charity, then, he again has recourse. Parish gifts of coals, and parish gifts of bread, are at his disposal ; parish associations, soup societies, benevolent societies, pension societies, all fostering the comfortable luxury of living gratuitously. He comes at length to the more fixed income of parish relief : ' he begs an extract from the parish register, proves his settlement by the charity-school indenture of apprenticeship, and quarters the family on the parish with an allowance of five shillings a-week. In this uniform alternation of voluntary and compulsory relief, he draws towards the close of his mendicant existence : before leaving the world, he might, perhaps, return thanks to the public. He has been born for nothing, he has been nursed for nothing, he has been clothed for nothing, he has been educated for nothing, he has been put out in the world for nothing ; he has had medicine and medical attendance for nothing ; and he has had his children also born, nursed, clothed, fed, educated, established, and physicked—for nothing ! There is but one good office more for which he can stand indebted to society, and that is his burial ! He dies a parish pauper, and, at the expense of the parish, he is provided with shroud, coffin, pall, and burial-ground ; a party of paupers from the workhouse bear his body to the grave, and a party of paupers are his mourners."

Mr. Stone adds, that he wishes it to be particularly understood that, in thus describing the operation of charity in his district, he is giving an ordinary and not an extraordinary instance ;

it simply describes the extent to which relief may be and actually is made to minister to improvidence and dependence.*

There is such a constant action and reaction of thought into thought, that it is frequently difficult to fix the precise date to a virtue or sin, the system, however, of DRINKING fines and footings, belongs to this list of charges, and the spirit of subjection has been so much encouraged by those who professed the training of the people's thought; the whole machinery of the world has been apparently elaborately constructed to chain in the proper independence of the mind. The independence of man has been laughed at, scrupulous consciences have been punished cold by torments, and in these modern times by the loss of bread. Mechanical contrivances—societies of various kinds have been founded, to keep down the independence of the spirit, by a load of gifts and donations, given and expected. At almost every village church annual piles of beef and bread are distributed, the qualifications for the obtaining a mouthful of which are something like the following:—Either that the recipient hath no conscience at all, or that said recipient is blind, or that at least, said recipient is disposed to wink at anything seen, or fancied as having been seen. Regularly as the election for the borough or county member comes round, the Englishman has an illustration that independence is held of little worth; he learns that “independent

* Quoted in Bulwer's *England and the English*, vol. i. pp. 23 1-233.

elector," means mostly briber, truckler, parasite, tyrant. So long have the people in many places been accustomed to tacit and understood slavery of opinion, that when they put on the livery of freedom they do not know themselves, and suppose there must be something wrong. Only a year or two since, in one of the dales of the north of England, at the last general election, the tenantry came round a baronet, the head of an ancestral house, to ask him to which of the two rival candidates they should give their votes; true to his professions and his character for high intelligence and liberality, he immediately responded, "What have 'I to do with that? Vote for whom you think it proper to vote." It had been the custom with their forefathers, for ages, to take the hint from the lord of the manor, without exercising a conscience on the subject at all. The robe of freedom seemed a strange garb to them; again they replied, "Who do you vote for, Sir Walter?" and almost imagined something wrong, because the answer to the question was coupled with the assurance that they were not on that account to vote for the same party.

But, generally, virtuous independence is frowned upon, conscientious differences are made the subject of illegal taxation; how can we expect other than a cringing race, when the independent actor is surrounded by so many cruel exactions, and oppressive inflictions? We fear this one of the chief sins of the people, the spirit of moral cowardice, the shrinking from the side of truth, the fear of the conse-

quences of free inquiry, the meanness of petty persecution, is scattered over the whole society. There are exceptions to this, as there are to all the errors we enumerate; but we fear that there is a fearful mastery of the spirit of lurking meanness—and we do not find our illustration of this so much in the crowds of beggars haunting our streets—there are paupers in palaces too, feeding on the food wrung from the starving, dying child or widow. The immense wealth left by benevolence for many ages to feed the poor, to clothe the naked, to educate the child, to relieve the outcast, where is it? whom does it benefit? In most instances, it increases the delicacies of luxury, and *pers* the pride of the rich; if the poor need the intrepid, daring, and self-denying spirit, the wealthy classes need it too, for the opposite of this may exhibit itself in many ways, it has many a covert disguise. The good done that the name may be emblazoned in golden letters in the church or the town hall—the swell of pride at the paragraph in the newspaper—the apportioning out of allotments, under the name of charity, while the price of the land is increased—all these are in reality as much acts of meanness, as the standing cap in hand in beggar's guise, in the open street: nor can such a spirit spread in any class of the community without gradually developing its malignancy and its corrupting influence.

Another of the sins of the people is, the sure and natural result of the foregoing—IMPROVIDENCE; of course, when we speak of intem-

perance we may include this beneath the general idea of improvidence. But there is a large expenditure not generally included beneath that term ; indeed, the great want of the poor is foresight and perception, innumerable facts show this to be the principal source of their misery ; nor is there any hope of improving their condition until the habit of foresight shall be taught them. Without this what is the working man, or indeed any man, but a savage in the midst of civilization ; the same absence to all the interests of futurity ; the same sacrifice of all distant good to present gratification, the same inveterate preference of the most valueless of all enjoyments to the most excellent and enduring. Thus does man interfere with one of the most salutary and providential laws of our social state of preserving the balance of society. It is sad when man in a state of civilization approaches so nearly to the savage, that it is difficult to say where the difference in moral nature can be found or traced. Providence is wisdom, and it brings with it an increase of wisdom. There is a judicious economy which generally regulates the whole proceedings of a man whose walk has been with prudence and circumspection. Unfortunately, in the history of the working classes the absence of all prudence has been one of the most obvious and manifest traits of character.

Thomas Beggs, than whom few men are better fit to speak of the labouring classes, in a valuable paper read before the World's Tem-

perance Convention says, "When will working men be wise enough to manage their own affairs? It is difficult at all times to examine the expenditure in drink, but the most reasonable calculation gives a great amount; we will select one instance at Walsall, where there are ninety benefit societies. The sum compelled to be spent by rule varies from 2*d.* to 3*d.* per month; and supposing no more than this be spent, it would make the sum of £981 per annum. The annual feasts at 2*s.* 3*d.* and 3*s.* 6*d.* per member, amount to an annual sum of £257., making a total of £1238. Every one at all acquainted with these annual feasting will know, that they tend to some days of intemperance, and they will see that the sum allowed by rule would form only a small portion of the whole. But besides the expenses enumerated, there were those entailed by expensive decorations, one society spending £70., another £80. Several societies had lost more; seventeen societies had lost £1500., and one £600., entirely attributable to defective management. If these amounts had been placed out at the savings bank,—that is, one year's expenditure in drink, feasting, and decoration money, together with the losses arising from mismanagement, in ten years, it would have amounted to the sum of £5328. 12*s.* 3*d.* If this calculation was carried out in connexion with other localities, it would be found that, on the part of working men there is a profligate waste of means, that if carefully husbanded would surround them with comfort and independence; but which, spent as it now

is, only renders their condition more precarious, and neutralises the good effects of these institutions originating in their better feelings."

The following extracts illustrate the improvidence of the poor from another view of life—"I have often regretted the extreme facility with which the means of gratifying the propensities to drink, and other indulgences are afforded by the system on which the pawnbroker's business is carried on. In the course of my experience and investigations, I have had many thousands of duplicates of articles pledged by the poor; and I have found that nearly all the articles pledged by these classes are at sums from 3*d.* to 1*s.*, and not exceeding 1*s.* 6*d.* each pledge. It is notorious to those acquainted with the habits of the people; and it is indeed admitted by the paupers themselves, that nine out of ten of them are pledged for liquor. The immense proportion of those pawning were by women, and chiefly of articles usually deemed essential to their use and comfort, such as handkerchiefs, flannel-petticoats, shifts, or household articles, such as tea-kettles, flat-irons, and such things; these articles being always in requisition, they are usually redeemed in a few days, and frequently on the same day. I made a calculation of the interest paid by them for their trifling loans, and found it to be as follows :—

| | | PER CENT. | | PER CENT. |
|---------------------------------|---|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| "A loan of 3 <i>d.</i> , if re- | } | | | |
| deemed same day, pays | | 5200 | if weekly | 866* |
| interest at the rate of | | | | |
| " 4 <i>d.</i> " " | | 3900 | " | 640 |
| " 6 <i>d.</i> " " | | 2600 | " | 433 |
| " 9 <i>d.</i> " " | | 1733 | " | 208 |
| " 1 <i>s.</i> " " | | 1300 | " | 216.** |

And what can be said of such a picture as this? The Rev. Whitwell Elwin of Bath, in a communication to the Poor Law Commission, in 1842, says—"Two winters ago I found a painter whose bed was without blankets, whose room was without furniture, who was destitute of the ordinary utensils of civilized life, whose floor was covered with worse filth than that of the streets. I found this man at dinner, with a roast loin of pork, stuffed with onions, a Yorkshire pudding, a large jug of ale, and a salad. I will undertake to say, that half the gentlemen in Bath did not sit down on that Sunday to so good a dinner." So far is this from being an extraordinary case, that every town has similar instances of the fusing down of a whole week's economy, perhaps into one or two days' gluttony and drunkenness. The beginning of all reform for the people is in teaching them the duty and the royalty of a prudential check upon their appetites and passions. Nothing is to be hoped, everything is to be feared, from an improvident people, a

* Report of "World's Temperance Convention," pp. 71, 72.

people who never build fortunes, a people who never grow either in character or estate.

Many tales have been written to illustrate the power of prudence and providence to wrestle with the ills of life, to conquer them, and to pass through life with respect, and to the grave with honour; but no high-toned romance, no tale of tinselled sentiment, ever equalled the beautiful annals of noble and enduring poverty, both in our own and previous times. Let us charm our pages with a tale or two of real life. Here, now, is one for the humble to admire and imitate.

ANNE HURST was born at Witley, in Surrey, where she lived the whole period of a long life, and there she died. As soon as she was able to work, she went to service, and before she was twenty, she married James Stradwick; like her own father he was a day-labourer. With her husband she lived a helpful, hard-working contented wife, for more than fifty years. He worked more than sixty years on one farm, and his wages, summer and winter, were regularly 1s. per day; he never asked more, nor was offered less. They had seven children, and lived to see six daughters married, three of them mothers of sixteen children, all of whom they are bringing up to be day-labourers. Stradwick continued to work till within seven weeks of his death: at the age of eighty in 1787, he closed in peace, a not inglorious life, for he had acted his part well; and, oh, reader, is not that the secret and the soul of all glory; to the day of his death, he had never

received one farthing by way of parochial aid. His wife survived him about seven years, and though bent with age and infirmities, and little able to work, except as a weeder in a gentleman's garden, she was too proud to ask or to receive any aid from her parish. For the six or seven last years of her life, she received twenty shillings a year from a gentleman who highly esteemed her. With all her virtue and all her merit, she was not much liked in her neighbourhood; people in affluence thought her haughty, and the paupers of the parish, seeing, as they could not help seeing, that her life was a reproach to theirs, aggravated all her little failings. Yet the worst thing they had to say of her was, that she was proud, which, they said, was manifest in the way in which she buried her husband. Resolute, as she owned she was at the funeral to have every thing relating to the funeral decent, as she called it; nothing could dissuade her from having nails on the coffin, and a plate, bearing the name and the age. She was also charged with having behaved cross to her son-in-law, a mason, who went regularly every Saturday evening to have a pot of beer at the ale-house. "James Stradwick, in all his life," she said, "had never spent five shillings in any idleness;" luckily, as she was sure to add, he never had it to spend. A more serious charge against her was, that living to a great age, and but little to work, she became seriously afraid that at last she might become chargeable to the parish, the heaviest, in her estimation, of

all human calamities ; and that, thus alarmed, she did suffer herself, in a fit of distempered despondency, more than once peevishly, and perhaps petulantly, to exclaim, that God Almighty, by suffering her to remain so long upon earth, seemed actually to have forgotten her.*

Such are the simple memorials of Dame Stradwick, and her historian closes her annals by lamenting such village memoirs are not more frequently sought for and recorded over the dust of this humble creature, most probably no stone is raised, yet, where could the richest tomb or noble marble boast of inhabitant more worthy ? How vain are all the delineations of gorgeous romance ? How poor the colourings of dramatic life compared with this (we might say, if she were not a Briton and a Christian). Roman matron, the pride of this woman had its source in the noblest fountains of our nature. Happy would it be for them and their country, if all the noble paupers who pitied her, and whose children pity and blame those of the same nobility in our own time ; those noble paupers who are on the parish and receive allowances for doing nothing : happy would it be for them had they the same pride. Had she been born in the days of Greece and Rome, had her name been preserved to us from those times, she would have been applauded by those who could admire the virtue they would not practice—

* Sir Morton Eden, vol. i. p. 579.

Rex est qui metuit nihil
 Rex est qui cupet nihil
 Hoc regnum sibi quisy dat.

Illustrating this principle the power of prudence and industry, we shall cite three cases from a series of highly instructive columns, now seldom to be met with, published about twenty years since; the *Reports of the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor*; they were edited by Sir Thomas Bernard, and displayed at once great ability, energetic philanthropy, and varied information; these illustrations show the importance of hope as a motive. laws have been made to compel to industry and economy; but to encourage these without enfeebling them will be a wiser policy than can be presented by any code of laws, whatever; hope, is without a figure, the sunshine of the soul, You may as well expect the fruits of the earth without the sunbeam, as the life of industry and exertion without the animating influence of hope to animate and inspire the spirit. In the year 1779, a tenant of John Way, Esq. of Hasketon, in Suffolk, died, leaving a *widow and fourteen children*, the eldest a girl under fourteen years of age. The tenant had rented fourteen acres of pasture land, on which he kept two cows, which with a little furniture and clothing was all the property he left. A house of industry in the neighbourhood proposed to his widow to take her seven youngest children off her hand; but with great anxiety of mind she refused to part with any of her children,—

said she would rather die in working to maintain them ; or go into the house with them all and work for them there. She then declared that if her landlord would allow her to keep on the farm, she would undertake to bring up all the children without any parochial assistance. And she did so : the first year she occupied rent free,—but afterwards, although she had a benevolent landlord, she needed no more liberality,—she brought up all her children, twelve of whom she placed out to service ;—every year she paid her rent regularly of her own accord,—every year after the first. At length, all her children, except the two youngest ones, were able to get their living, and they could almost maintain themselves ; the widow gave up the land with expressions of gratitude for the enjoyment which had afforded her the means of supporting her family under a calamity which must otherwise have driven both her and her children to the workhouse, and what an expenditure did this intrepid and noble-minded mother save the parish too, by her right and dignified conduct.*

In the same work is an interesting history to which we have frequently referred with hearty pleasure, it is the history of a man named Britton Abbot. Several years have passed away since the account was drawn up, and he doubtless sleeps in the churchyard of his village, and all those who have mentioned his name have doubtless gone to rest. It is many

* Report of Society, &c., vol. ii. p. 43.

years now since a small cottage by the road side, near Tadcaster, by its singular beauty and the neatness of its garden, attracted the notice of every traveller. Sir Thomas Bernard, ever inquisitive about the poor, called, and learned the history of the owner, BRITTON ABBOT:— he was a careful day-labourer, he began to work at nine years of age, and by the time he was twenty-two he had saved £40. ; he then married, and rented a farm at £30. but the farm was unsuccessful, he was obliged to give it up, and lost nearly all his little property. He then went to a cottage, passed nine years in it, and with two acres of land and his right of common, he kept two cows and lived in comfort: the common was enclosed and he had to seek a new habitation; he had six children, and his wife was ready to lie in. He went to Mr. Fairfax, and told him if he would let him have a bit of ground he would show him the fashions on it: the slip of land he asked for was exactly a rood. Mr. Fairfax enquired into his character, and let him have the land; there, then, with a very little help from his neighbours, he built a house, enclosed his ground with a hedge, and planted his garden. So much good sense and propriety did he display, that Mr. Fairfax told him he should live rent-free. His answer was significant: “ Now, sir, you have a pleasure in seeing my cottage and garden neat, why should not other squires see their cottages and gardens as nice about them? The poor would then be happy, and would love them and the place where they lived;

but now every nook of land is to be let to the great farmers, and nothing left for the poor but to go the parish."

Sir Thomas Bernard called upon him when he was sixty-seven years of age, and saw him in his cottage and garden, and has given us a description of the happiness of the cottage and the scene. He had lived happily with his wife forty-five years, earned from 12s. to 18s. per week, by task work; "*but to be sure*" said he, "*I have a grand character in all this country.*" His children had been well brought up, and were thriving in the world. Upon his rood of ground he had fifteen apple trees, one green-gage, three winsome plum trees, two apricot trees, currants, gooseberries, and beehives. He reared from his garden abundance of common vegetables, and about forty bushels of potatoes annually. Now suppose when this man had left his cottage, the rood of land had been denied him—suppose he had been turned adrift on the world, his wife pregnant—he would have gone to the workhouse, have lost heart and hope, and finally, instead of being an example to the neighbourhood, he would have been a burden. And there are unsightly and unprofitable acres and wastes that might yet reward such noble industry.

Sir Thomas Bernard says, summing up the whole history, five such acres would afford habitation and comfort to twenty families like Britton Abbot's, the quarter of an acre granted him was not worth 1s. when it came into his hands.

There is also the story of a poor bricklayer, JOSEPH AGSTIN, of Little Shelford, near Cambridge. He had often looked with a longing eye on a bit of ground by the roadside, situated on what was called the Lord's Waste, and thought what a nice piece of ground it would be for building a house on. So continually was his mind occupied about it, that he dreamed of beginning to build so soon as he fell asleep at night: at length he applied to the manor court and got verbal leave to build; and when two of his neighbours, moved with envy, threatened that if he began they would either pull or burn it down, he applied and obtained legal possession, paying for the entry of his name in the court rolls, and 6*d.* per year quare rent. The building of that house was a romance: when he began it, he was possessed of only 14*s.* in cash; he had a wife and four children for whom he was obliged to work; he bought an old cottage for nine guineas, the amount of which he was to work out—this he did in three years; he constructed the bricks or bats himself, and they formed good substantial walls, while the bricks of the old cottage formed a foundation; but after the walls were raised one story high, it was found that the timber of the old cottage would not serve for the cottage he had begun to build. Nothing daunted, undespairsing, he erected a shed for his wife and family, and proceeded with his building as best he could; he had his daily labour to perform; he had to walk four miles in the morning and to return in the evening; but he assiduously

laboured without assistance, at his favourite building—by moonlight, frequently at midnight—when all other men were wrapped in sleep. So wall after wall arose, and room after room, and at length, by industry and economy rarely to be met with, Joseph Austin built for himself a substantial comfortable dwelling-house, at the cost of about £50, beside labour, in the course of about ten years. His garden was no less the object of his attention; with all this he maintained a good character for honesty, sobriety, and regular attendance at church. The narrator of the achievement of Joseph Austin, well says, that his house may vie with the sculptured marble of statesmen and warriors.

Another instance of prudence and providence is still more surprising. MRS. SARAH SPENCER was the daughter of a gentleman in Sussex; her brother had been high sheriff of the county, though her family only possessed a competent landed estate, and not engaged nor in circumstances to engage in any lucrative profession or commercial transaction, it insensibly dwindled to nothing. On the death of her father she was left with £300. Her sister, MARY, was similarly fixed. Their persons, though not uncommonly, were not so attractive as to lead them to think that without fortunes they could marry advantageously;—a mere clown was not more likely to be happy with them than they with him. They either had no relations on whom they would have been permitted to quarter themselves, or they thought that but a kind of specious beggary. Yet, living in an age and

country, where well educated women not born to fortunes are peculiarly forlorn, with no habits of exertion, nor even a rigid frugality, unable to work, and ashamed to beg, they had no prospect but of pining to death in hopeless penury. Even the most resolute spirits do not often embrace a life of labour until driven to it by necessity; but it is no ordinary effort of virtue to submit to such necessity with a becoming dignity. This virtue they possessed. They took a farm, and without ceasing to be gentlewomen, commenced farmers; this they carried on for many years much to their credit and advantage. They were not popular characters, they even met with many discourtesies the most active of them was called Captain Sally, and her sister, her man Mary. But the gentry respected them; and it was no uncommon thing to divide the day in filling the dungcart and receiving companies of rank and distinction. They were useful to their poorer neighbours. They have now been dead eighty years, but before their death they had gained the respect of even the most perverse of their neighbours.

These instances have been cited, not as developing the exact mode of modern prudence and economy, but as illustrating the principle, that in every person there lies an immense wealth only to be reached and made available by prudence and energy. How many of the innumerable heroes of the famishing and the poor have toiled through similar efforts and labours—we could almost dare to say, even to

the suffering and the impoverished, this lesson of prudence beyond every other lesson, needs inculcating. The improvident man is at once the robber and the incendiary of society. Some insist upon it that there is no possibility of providence and prudence;—bad wages, high prices, rents, taxes. Yet all these admitted, still the improvidence of the people is immense; the importance of saving little sums is not known nor regarded; the accumulation of small sums is remarkable, and many a man who has begun with the most insignificant trifles, has found himself worth £10, or £100, before he was aware of his wealth. The spendthrift spirit is the cause of a country's depreciation, there can be no capital where men have not learned the habit of saving; nor indeed could there be any works of any dignity or moment,—vast bridges, columns, railways, steamboats, or excellent mansions, can only arise from the surplus of labour. Thus, if labour itself is worthy of the chief merit, so is capital worthy of the next place of eminence, since it is clear how frequently it is both the friend of labour, its child, and in return its author. It is obvious that we were intended to produce more than our own necessities immediately demand. Thus we have explained to us how this surplus labour should be applied. Very few, comparatively, of the working classes are aware of the benefit to be derived by them from a wise economy of their earnings, by dealing with ready money, and determinately resisting all credit, by purchasing in larger quantities some

of the articles needed, by renouncing the use of all mere luxuries, by cultivating home pleasures and enjoyments. By these means they may develop a true provisionary government over their households, and the benefits of their conduct will be reaped by them when others, who in the past time have had their good things, are mourning over the consequences of their folly. We may speak then of the improvident man, as the Ishmaelite of civilization, the man who, in a literal and most ignoble sense takes no thought of the morrow, who shouts with the ancient Bacchanalian, "let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die." It is a lesson hard to be learned, the lesson of proper and healthy accumulation; the misfortune is, that so often when the habit is reformed, and the man becomes an accumulator, it is but a change of sins, for there is not so much difference as one would at first suppose, between a spendthrift and penurious man—they are different forms of self-gratification. And we are perpetually meeting with instances of those who have spent their first days as drunkards, and upon some strange and violent relapse of reaction in their moral being, turned only from the prodigal to the penurious.

Thus we have glanced at some of the sins of the people; they were, indeed, all well-known before. But how are we to appeal to the sinner with the greatest probability of success, in order to reclaim him, and make him, too, an efficient fellow-labourer for the reformation of the manners and customs of the world. It is useless

merely to appeal to his intelligence, to array before him fact and argument; in few natures can we anticipate the presence of clear and determined, and consecutive thinking. In order to reform, it is most essential to ally the obvious interest with the determined will. The will is the column of true majesty in man. The will is the military and heroic principle of the human soul; it is the great captain of our nature; it stands in the relation to the other faculties of the mind in which rhetoric does to logic—its province is not so much to find truth as to fulfil truth,—it is the fountain of virtuous action. At the same time, it must be remembered that the strength of moral protestation depends upon the strength of the impression made on the affections or the understanding. That impression may be made by many motives: the rhetoric will be warm in proportion as the logic is clear and exact; and we find that those motives act the most powerfully and lastingly which have the highest sanction on their side. *Prudential* considerations present the lowest range of motives, but then they are not the most obvious; *philosophical* are in some degree associated with the prudential, but MORAL motives are sovereign in their influence and their action; they are frequently so lofty as to be unseen by the crowd, but this is only because their scope is so wide that they include the highest prudence and the highest wisdom. The object, therefore, of all regenerators of the people should be to robe the prudential motive in the nobler raiment of rectitude and moral

principle, thus calling into exercise, for the present good, the highest powers and capabilities of the human soul; and yet, even then, we must not send the will, shelterless and defenceless, to confront the trials and battles of life. The will is indeed the strongest part of our nature, and for all purposes we must appeal to that; but who does not know how weak even its power is. Place yourself in the grasp of some potent passion, stand in the pathway of some strong temptation, confront some charming bait, and if you conquer, still who does not know that the "salvation is by fire," while the greater number are borne away by the overpowering flood of passion. The strongest motives, the highest determination, would be weak indeed, if we could not shelter ourselves beneath the sacred guardianship of the "Father of spirits" and "the God of all grace and supplication."

CHAPTER VII.

THE MISSION OF THE SCHOOLMASTER.

PROLOGUE OF QUOTATIONS.

"The cause of education is the cause of liberty. Nature and Providence point it out as the great means of human improvement. Let us all endeavour to give to our School Committees a loftier pitch; to inspire into the teacher a more generous ambition, and stimulate his exertions by giving him a still nobler estimate of high vocation. Let us attempt to move every individual in the community to a better sense of his obligations to aid in the cause of public instruction."

S. G. GOODRICH.—"Fireside Education."

"Teachers address themselves to the culture of the intellect mainly. The fact that children have moral natures and social affections then in the most rapid state of development is scarcely recognised. Such elevation of the subordinate—such casting down of the supreme—is incompatible with all that is worthy to be called the prosperity of their manhood. In such early habits there is a gratification and proclivity to ultimate downfall and ruin. If persevered in, the consummation of a people's destiny may still be a question of time but it ceases to be one of certainty.

HORACE MANN,

'First Annual Report of the Board of Education of Massachusetts.'

CHAPTER VII.

Right Estimate of Educational Power -Objections to Education -Evidence taken by Mr. Chadwick illustrating its Benefits to the Workman -Importance of Moral Education -Education and Crime -Intemperance and Education—Sweden--Norway—Glasgow--The Fable of the Syrens -Influence of Education on Holland—The Schoolmaster -Duty of Elevating the Profession -The End of Learning -Milton •Dr. Channing—Degradation of Children -Ragged Schools—Old House in Pye Street—The Old Stable—Auxiliaries to the Schoolmaster.

EVERY essay on the people, every treatise on political economy, at this time is incomplete which does not include, as one of the most important elements of the social state, education. We have already seen that the foundation of the people's sorrows is in a diseased moral condition. Education, therefore, is prominently insisted on, because if properly interpreted, it is the readiest means of access to the moral nature of the classes it seems so desirable to elevate; it is not that the possession of certain elements of knowledge, the power to read and to write, are magical, and that the possessor of such knowledge has an amulet, a sacred charm hung round the spirit; but knowledge, it is well known, enlarges the soul, it gives to the *mind* more correct apprehensions and more noble dispositions; it seems, on the

whole impossible for a man to obtain even the first rays of true instruction without also enlarging the boundaries of his moral being for power, if not for goodness. Hence the foundation of all improvement is said to be in judicious education; it ennobles and dignifies a man, it makes him of worth to himself, puts him in the way for obtaining ideas, makes them a source of worldly value, and infinitely curious and beautiful speculation to him; education holds the enchantment of power, it is the surest means of making even the poorest man an excellent citizen, it will by dignifying him set him beyond the contagion of corruption, by exalting and purifying his tastes it will compel him to select his companions with greater care, as he will seek in them education and taste similar to his own; this at once girds the soul for warfare, and trains it to stand in the attitude of moral defiance by which it may meet the assault and achieve the victory. Every other system of improvement will be successful, just as it sends education before it as its herald. It is true too that the educated man has a preservative against crime and vice which an uneducated man has not. It is further true that the soul of the educated man expands to the time and the occasion, and he is better fitted to avail himself of all opportunities for uplifting himself from his condition. Finally, we may say, that education is at once the soul's eye and hand, that by which it sees and holds, it is a knowledge of the means of Providence, and how to use them. But while this is conceded, it must

be also admitted that the eye may remain voluntarily powerless.

There has been, it may be that in some minds there is, an impression, that it is not necessary that the working man should be educated; that he will perform his labour no better, nay, that in some particulars the ignorant is more desirable than the educated labourer; that education leads to discontent. Objections like these, however they may still find a place in the minds of some, are for ever dispelled from all intelligent minds, by the best evidence; the evidence taken by Mr. Chadwick, several years since, is as fresh and important as ever. The testimony of Mr. Escher, of the large firm Escher, Wyss, and Co., machine makers, at Zurich, in Switzerland, is immediately in point, in many particulars; the employers of from eleven to twelve hundred men, are well qualified to give their opinions on the matter.

“What do you find to be the differences of acquirements imparted by specific training and education?”—“As workmen only the preference is undoubtedly due to the English; because as we find them, they are all trained to special branches, on which they have had comparatively superior training, and have concentrated all their thoughts as men of business and general usefulness; and as men with whom an employer would best like to be surrounded. I should, however, decidedly prefer the Saxons and the Swiss, but more especially the Saxons, because they have had a very careful general education, which has extended their capacities beyond any

special employment, and rendered them fit to take up, after a short preparation, any employment to which they may be called. If I have an English workman engaged in the erection of a steam engine, he will understand that and nothing else; he will understand only his steam engine, and for other branches of mechanics, however closely allied, he will be comparatively helpless to adapt himself to all the circumstances that may arise, to make arrangements for them, and give sound advice and write clear statements and letters on his works in the various related branches of mechanics. *The better educated workmen are distinguished by superior moral habits in every respect.* In the first place, they are entirely sober; they are discreet in their enjoyments, which are of a rational and refined kind, they are more refined themselves, and they have a taste for much better society, which they approach respectfully, and consequently find much readier admittance to it. They cultivate music, they read, they enjoy the pleasures of scenery, and form parties for an excursion into the country; they are economical, and their economy extends beyond their own purse, to the stock of their master; they are trustworthy."

Of the English workmen, Mr. Escher remarks, "With respect to the work to which they have been especially trained, they are most skilful, in conduct they are most disorderly, debauched, and unruly, and least respectable and trustworthy of any nation whatsoever that we have employed. These characteris-

ties of depravity do not apply to the English workmen who have received an education ; but attach to the others in the degree in which they are in want of it. * * * In the present state of manufactures, where so much is done by machinery and tools, and so little is done by mere brute labour, mental superiority, system, order and punctuality, and good conduct—qualities all developed and promoted by education --are becoming of the highest consequence.—There are now, I conceive, few enlightened manufacturers who will dissent from the opinion, that the workshops peopled with the greatest number of educated and well informed workmen, will turn out the greatest quantity of the best work in the best manner. I am sorry to say, that some of the best description of English workmen do not take so high a stand as foreign workmen who only receive £50 a year. One of the most superior of the English workmen, to whom we gave £5 a week wages, had so lowly-bred and educated a family, (he came from Oldham, where they are notorious for want of education,) that this salary scarcely sufficed for his expenses. The most educated of our British workmen is a Scotch engineer, a single man, who has a salary of £3 per week, or £150 per year, of which he spends about one-half; he lives in very respectable lodgings, he is always well dressed, he frequents reading-rooms, he subscribes to a circulating library, purchases mathematical instruments, studies German, and has every rational enjoyment. We have an English workman, a single man also, of the

same standing, who has the same wages, also a very orderly and sober person ; but as his education does not open to him the resource of mental enjoyment, he spends his evenings and Sundays in wine-houses, because he cannot find other sources of amusement, which presuppose a better education, and he spends his whole pay, or one-half more than the other."

Mr. Smith, of Deanstown, bears the same unequivocal testimony in the same volume of evidence. Mr. Smith is a large cotton worker, employing about 2000 individuals in all, and he testifies that the educated, in all classes, stand the highest as to general intelligence and character ; but they are not always the best workmen. Some workmen manifested great talent and mechanical skill, which qualities were quite distinct from book-learning ; the book-learning did, however, greatly advance the character, and did anything but prejudice the intellect. He, as a master, thought it so important, that he provided at his own expense schooling for about 200. His best workmen were the soberest men ; he had 350 teetotalers amongst them. He made it a point to encourage their rational amusements. At the end of each division of houses there was a white blank for playing at tennis ; he encouraged quoits and foot-ball among them. Some of his cotton-spinners were tried at foot-ball with some picked men from the agricultural parts, whom they beat. Music was encouraged, and they had among them fifteen or sixteen performers. They had also a library. They had not

had a strike for the last thirty years, nor had he a man that had lost a day's work through inebriety." Another employer, who had paid similar attention to the education, the dwellings of the work-people, and their amusements, who employed about 800, and at his own expense educated about 200, said, "I would not, as a pecuniary speculation, consent to take less than £7000 for my set of workmen, who amount to 800, in exchange for the uneducated and uncultivated workmen of another manufacturer opposite."

We find that the steadiness of the men induces steadiness of work, and comparative certainty in the quantity and quality of the produce. Speaking of the recreations which he had provided for his workpeople, he said, "Thou mayst think it strange for one of my persuasion, (he belongs to the society of Friends,) but it is true, I have paid for a big drum and some horns, to give them mirth after their hours of labour." Mr. Thomas Ashton, of Hyde, in Cheshire, who employs about 3000 workmen, says, "I find that those who are best educated see to their own interests most clearly; as a master I have the fewest disturbances, and manage the most easily with them. Whenever the workmen have been disturbed, and strikes have been threatened, I have called together the most intelligent men in my employment, and I have said to them, 'Now, my advice to you is, that you will study your own interests, and do what you think is best for yourselves; but be careful and think; examine and consider'

what is really for your own interest ; I shall be glad that you will really do for your own interest, because, that which is *really* best for your interest is also the best for mine.' After considering for a time, they usually find that it is not for their interest to join in strikes, and we have been very little disturbed by them.'

Yet one other instance. Mr. William Fairbairn, an engineer, who has a large establishment in Manchester, and is also connected with another firm in London, bears the following important testimony : " That the best educated are invariably entrusted with the most important parts of the work ; if there be any intricate work in anything that requires close mental application, as a class we always select the man of the best school education first. The best educated are always the best paid ; the educated are more sober and less dissipated than the uneducated. During the hours of recreation the younger portion of the educated workmen indulge in reading and mental pleasures ; they attend more at reading-rooms, and avail themselves of the facilities afforded by libraries, scientific lectures, and lyceums. The older of the more educated workmen spend their time chiefly with their families, reading and walking out with them. The time of the uneducated classes is spent very different, and chiefly in the grosser sensual indulgences. The very clever and the very drunken workmen are becoming less identified, much less, and they are less in demand, for the drunken workmen can never be depended on. There has, indeed,

arisen a new and very important class of mechanics in this country, within the last fifteen years—those who are required for the construction and management of new works, such as the railroads, the locomotive engines, the engines required in steam navigation, and the machinery for carrying on the manufactures of the country. I think it very desirable, that public means should be extended to increase by education this class of mechanics, who are at once moral in their conduct, and highly important to the manufacturing interests of the country.”

These extracts have been lengthy, but then how important are they, and how deeply should their substance and matter be pondered by :’l who profess an interest in the future prosperity of the country. demonstrating no less than this, that beyond every other expedient for the elevation and regeneration of the people, we are to place the diffusion of a sound and entire education. We say an entire education. It will be observed in all the illustrations given above, that the idea of education has included something more than the attainment of mere elementary instruction—reading, writing, arithmetic : the acquisition of better tastes, the thirst for mental, for moral amusement, the habit of forethought—these have been distinctly indicated ; the active powers have been called into play on the side and in behalf of virtue and prudence—this is education. Some very severe things have been said about the tendencies of the instruction imparted in the school-

room.* Dr. Alison's strictures are far from being wholly unjust or undeserved even by many of the warmest friends of instructional progress. It is true enough there is no antithesis in mere reading and writing to vice and crime; we have sometimes wished, when looking over the prison returns and other similar documents, that instead of taking the data from reading or writing, it had been taken from a faint acquaintance with arithmetic. In that exercise there is so constant an appeal made to thought and forethought, that it might be more properly confronted with depraved moral habits, which are always certainly as much opposed to the interest of the individual as to the general welfare of society.

The power of education to benefit man and society, depends, of course, upon what we include in our ideal of education. Our hope in its power is neither as it enables its possessor to spell but a newspaper or to sign his name, or to enter into the temple of fancy, and regale himself amidst all the luxuries of art and genius; we do not expect that the thralldom of vice is to be broken by enabling the spirit to yield itself a captive to the thralldom of voluptuous poetry and sensual philosophy. Nor even as profounder speculations are opened to the mind, and the avenues are cleared to the intricate mazes of metaphysic or mathematic lore, we cannot expect that we are more likely to present

* Alison on Population, Chap. xiv. c. "Advantages and Dangers of Popular Instruction."

to the world a better citizen; we can have no expectation that either of the latter attainments can be made accessible certainly, yet, to the majority of our fellows, but there can universally accompany the first simple lessons of the teacher, instructions in the duty of self-control—in the dignity of true independence—in the beauty of virtue—in the loveliness of the character of Christ as a Teacher and Exemplar—in the all-pervading presence of a kind and loving Father—in the mission of man to labour and to battle. These are truths of a far higher magnitude than any of the imaginings of the most impassioned and radiant poetry, awful in their depth and grandeur, yet simple and apprehensible by all. There is no genuine education of which these lessons do not form a part; the man who has not learned them may crowd his intellect with speculations, and curiosities, and images: it is but like a vessel freighted with guns, pilotless, drifting over a starless, shoreless, thunder-stricken sea. The poor illiterate to whom these beams of celestial intelligence have come, has already reached the knowledge of "spirits made perfect," and lives in the Tabernacle pitched in the wilderness, the life of the hierarchy nearest the Father of Spirits.

Education without a doubt is the great imperative necessity of the age, but the education of moral feeling, the education of duty, of principle, must be the foundation. The mechanics' institute, the class room, and the lecture hall, the library, and the public meeting, must not be regarded as the pillars on which the edifice

of education is to rest. "Education," says Coussein, "if not based on religious tuition, is worse than useless." Further, he says—"I know a little of Europe, and have never witnessed any good popular schools where Christianity was wanting. He who speaks to you is a philosopher, one looked on with an evil eye, and even persecuted by the priesthood; but who knows human nature and history too well, not to regard religion as an indestructible power; and Christianity, when rightly inculcated, as an essential instrument for civilizing mankind, and a necessary support to those on whom society imposes hard and humble duties, uncheered by the hope of future fortune, or the consolations of self-love." The statement of M. Guerrey is a painful one, unhappily well authenticated and long known, that the great majority of the licentious females of Paris come from the northern and most highly cultivated provinces of France. Attention has been called to the startling fact, that in France too, on statistical returns made some years since, it was found in the whole eighty-six departments that the amount of crime was just in proportion to the prevailing degree of instruction.* And in Beaumont and Toquevil's work on the penitentiary system of the United States, we find the following singular passage:—"Nevertheless, we do not think that you can attribute the diminution of crime in the north to instruction; because, in Connecticut where there is far more

* Bulwer's France.

instruction than in New York, crime increases with a terrible rapidity, and if one cannot accuse knowledge as the cause of this, one is obliged to acknowledge that it is not a preventive." The evidence lies round us saddening and mournful, it is proved that crime in this country generally has increased five-fold since the beginning of the present century; and, therefore, in a far larger proportion than the population. The foes of education have clapped their hands at this, it has seemed something like a demonstration that education and crime were connected with each other. There does not seem any adequate ground for reaching this desirable conclusion, for ourselves we place our own value on statistics; we do not believe that there has been an absolute increase of crime, or the propensity to crime, during the present century. There has been in the country a far more efficient police than during the previous period, temptations to vice have been so much more numerous, and relations of society have undergone so important and entire a change, so many petty crimes have been added to the statute book, poverty has induced so much vagrancy: all of these are to be taken as so many qualifying circumstances, very materially modifying our estimate of the average of crime. A man with the perfect use of his eyes is certainly not more liable to danger and accident than a blind man; and all things being equal, we should certainly suppose that knowledge would naturally save from vice and crime. The fact, however, in connection

with our moral nature is, that the knowledge we have of our true interest does not always prevent our taking the road most opposite to our interest. A great modern philosopher has said, "With clearer conceptions in the understanding, the principle of action would become purer in the will."* Experience proves that this is not so; for the will of man itself is "led, captive by the devil at *his* will," very frequently in opposition to the clearest intimations of the understanding, and to the warning of conscience, a man prosecutes the way which inevitably conducts to certain ruin—many a bankrupt might have replaced himself in society before the final stroke by a timely retrenchment—many a drunkard might return to happiness by a timely self-denial; in these, and many such instances, the path of rectitude is clearly perceived, but the enthralled intellect, the slave of passion, is powerless to assert the supremacy of the moral nature. Thus it is, that in nations where education had obtained an important hold and footing, all its councils and schools, its intellectual barriers and turrets, are broken down and overswept by the terrific waves of intemperance; before that passion and propensity all mere intellectual vigour seems vain; it must be held accountable to a supreme degree for the solemn parallel intimated already between the progress of education and vice. Sweden and Norway were and are amongst the most educated nations in Europe;

* COLERIDGE.

the rudiments of instruction are universally attainable, prudence has held their population in check, while material and intellectual advantages have been held out to all the people for many years. There the parish minister, the schoolmaster, and the parent have wrought together to give to coming generations, a healthful, moral, and instructional discipline. And what is the condition of Sweden and Norway? "In Sweden, the proportion of criminals is as great as in the worst manufacturing towns of Great Britain," and old Norway, too, has been unable to preserve itself from the rapid inroads of vice over her country. What is the cause? Intemperance! the practice of universal distillation, is the destroying agent, the fountain of iniquity, the source of demoralization and national shame. And Scotland, great brave Scotland, the "land of genius and intelligence, with all its schools and ministers, and books, bears the same record. A few years since, it was found in Glasgow, that while population was advancing about seventy per cent., serious crime had increased FIVE HUNDRED per cent., while over the whole country crime had increased more than THIRTY-FOLD. Solemn indeed! but do we gather from hence, as some have done, any argument against the spread of education? What proportion of the whole of this fearful increase is traceable to intemperance? Why, in Sweden, the population is about 3,000,000, and the whisky annually distilled and consumed is about 30,000,000 gallons a year, the stills licensed by government are

150,000. Thus we find that ten gallons, or sixty bottles a year, are consumed by each person, including men, women, and children at the breast—a hundred bottles drunk by every adult annually, a third of a bottle a day all the year round !!!

In Scotland we are conducted to the same terrific cause of evil. “The quantity of spirits consumed in Scotland is six times as great in proportion to the population as it is in England.”* In Glasgow, of £1,200,000, annually expended on whisky, it seems probable that £1,000,000 is expended by the working classes, where it is not uncommon for cotton-spinners, moulders, and colliers, to spend from 10s. to 12s. a week on ardent spirits. The House of Refuge in Glasgow furnishes the following painful fact, illustrating the influence of whisky over the morals of present and future generations. Out of 234 boys in the Institution in 1840, the drunkenness of the parents stood thus:—

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| Had drunken fathers, | 72 |
| Drunken mothers, | 69 |
| Both fathers and mothers drunkards, | 62 |

Upwards of two-thirds of the whole boys in the Institution precipitated into crime through the habits of intoxication of one or both of their parents. Enough has been said to show that the attempt to intellectualise the people is not a perfect education, and can never highly ele-

* See Alison on Population.

vate them without the addition of strong appeals to the moral motive and character. This is the argument, not as some seem to have taught, that education should not be given, but that it should include more. It is remarkable, that many persons who deprecate attempts to educate the people, and others, who, nevertheless, believe that education should receive a high moral tone, refuse to see in the movement of Temperance and Total Abstinence Societies, the very agency most adapted to contravene the prevailing evils. Who has not heard the classic PARABLE OF THE SYRENS, who dwelt in some fair and lovely islands fabled to be full of beauty, through whose groves and alcoves there moved a perpetual loveliness, and who sat on the tops of the tall rocks, pouring their tender and ravishing music over the ears of passing mortals, till they turned the prow of their vessel thitherward, and rushed upon that destruction to which the deceitful song was only a prelude.* All round the islands through whose grottoes the syrens' melody floated, lay the bleaching bones of thousands who had sought the shore, but had sought in vain. Two, the fable tells us, escaped. ULYSSES caused his arms to be bound to the mast, and the ears of his company to be filled with wax, with special commandment to his mariners, that they should not loose him even though he desired them to do so. But ORPHEUS, neglecting and disdaining to be so bound, with shrill and sweet song went

by, singing praises to the gods, thus out-sounding the songs of the syrens, and thus he freed himself from danger. The islands of self-indulgence and intemperance still lie on the ocean of life; the syrens still sing there; it is still said that the forms of beauty and of genius, of manly freedom, and of bright-eyed wit, and golden-tongued eloquence and fancy, walk there; but those who tell us this forget also to tell us, how all around the islands lie the bleaching bones of the thousands who turned thither—princes of the broken sceptre, poets with the broken harp, labour broken from its moorings, and genius from its law. True, ORPHEUS and ULYSSES still escape—ULYSSES, by intrepid abstinence, bound by a rigid determination to the mast, bound perhaps by a pledge, hears the tempting song, but knows that the way to the island is the gate of the grave;—and ORPHEUS, the gifted, sanctified intellect, devoted to truth, to goodness, to God, flings scorn on the song of the syrens. But there are few Orpheuses—the writer is not one. My friend, thy eye is on this page—art thou one? Well then, does it seem well for us, and men like us, that the principle of a virtuous abstinence, a rigid abstinence, should be maintained as an essential part of a moral education, as the world's best corrective to intemperance.

Before we pass on from these remarks, especially devoted to the influence of education, in moulding the life and manners of a people, it may be noticed, that Holland gives an illustration of its power to raise the standard of na-

tional manners. Sixty years since, the peasantry of that country were described, as most boorish in their habits, and much addicted to intemperance from ardent spirits. Without saying that they are universally sober (there are instances sadly disproving that), it is found that intemperance has very much decreased; drunkards and brawlers are comparatively never seen; their character in this respect is described as far superior to that of the British peasantry. This is attributed to the fact, that about sixty years since schools universally began to be established. Holland is now honoured in possessing perhaps "the best educated poor in Europe." There has been extensive communication of religious knowledge; the schools have been conducted beneath the important influence of religious doctrine and discipline, and the result has been most cheering. To fly to the opposite hemisphere, Tocqueville tells us too, of some institutions in America, where the method of instruction pursued is so successful, that by it even the most abandoned criminals have been reformed. But that instruction has been *moral*; its object has been, not merely to furnish the memory, but to purify and lift the soul. When these children are admitted into these schools, the simple words with which they are admitted are, "Do not sin, and do as well as you can." Their discipline is entirely founded on morality, and reposes on the principles of true philosophy.

Perhaps it would be found, if we were to test our advancement in education by the highest

rules, that as yet we have scarce begun the work at all. Do we not need more of the Fellenberg and Pestalozzian spirit in our education. Raise the character and profession of the schoolmaster: it is not surprising that in speaking of educational agents, we give the first place to him—the great priest of instruction, to whom future generations must look up as the author of their spiritual life. Seldom in any age has his character been rightly estimated or understood; it would be quite trite and commonplace to refer to facts which prove how low was his mental and moral structure once. In our own day it is much higher, and still what is it? In how few instances is it the noble and the dignified profession we feel it ought to be? How seldom is it the calling of a man's spirit? How few betake themselves to it from the love of it? Is there among the schoolmasters of Britain one who in the spirit of Fellenberg, would be content to "Live like a mendicant, that he might teach mendicants to live like men?" Our Ragged-school teachers might, perhaps, furnish to us some such noble souls; but unless appealed to by the most noble motives, how few have any attractions held out to them? In all professions where an earnest and active intellect is demanded, there is held out the prospect, in the course of years, of retiring from the profession with honour, or, at any rate, of being saved from the expectation of want. The same expenditure of intellect in any other calling would win fortunes; but expended in this, they only win for the outlay,

suffering, penury, and sorrow—this is of course especially the case with the masters of the children of the poor—poor indeed is their pittance generally. The people of this country have not yet a high sense of the value of education—of the nature of it—of its profound importance. In a selfish age like ours how can it be otherwise? Men who spend one shilling or two shillings per week in tobacco and ale, those pestilential curses and fumes, evidencing manners and morals equally degraded, spend perhaps twopence, most likely nothing weekly on the school-room, that great fountain and temple of blessings to the community. This is disgraceful! for it is the duty of every man, not only to give an education, but the very best that he can give, in proportion to his means. The schoolmaster then is the most important person of any age; upon him depends what the next shall be; he will give, if any will give, right and just ideas to the future times of the world. Who can wonder that protestant opinions in the sixteenth century made high headway against the opinions of Rome, when he finds that the report of the Inquisition reckons 3000 schoolmasters as attached to them.* The schoolmaster has to train (and how important is *that* duty) the mind of the child to obedience and law. Normal colleges can do nothing for him like what he can do for himself; he will best fit himself for his office by prayer, by frequent mental communion, by a careful study of

* Ranke's History of the Popes, book ii. pp. 106.

the minds of his children, by hearty earnestness, (this is more than intellectual,) by belief in his own authority and power, and by knowledge of the human heart and its subtleties. The idea of the schoolmaster should be extended to all those who, in any place, attempt to train the mind of youth; their work makes them venerable, be they ever so young, when the work is undertaken, in faith, in reliance, in a noble sense of duty. We are quite aware that, perhaps, in connection with no office has there been the utterance of so much of the merely theoretical, as in connexion with the schoolmasters; at the hazard of again appearing guilty of this, we will say it is his solemn and sacred office to take the child by the hand as a tender parent, and thus to give it the first distinct views of the purpose, the severity, and the earnestness of life. He should happily attemper in his nature solemnity and cheerfulness: solemnity, for he is to stand henceforth through all the years of that child's life, as its ideal of wisdom; and the lessons he gives it are the very tools to fashion its being: cheerfulness for the future may, nay, must be, sad enough to its mind; let him speak of that future in a subdued earnestness, and with a tender hope let him lighten over the mind with the wise saying and the cheerful illustration; let him act as a wise gardener, training the tendrils of his spring flowers, tenderly pruning the wilding, and lifting the bowed branch.

He is, beyond every other man, the architect of the Age; in his energy or supine-

ness, his fitness or unfitness, the respect or the disrespect with which he is treated, in the idea which he has formed of his mission, and the conception generally formed of it by others, we shall be able to read the destiny of the future mind of the country. In a number of the schools of our land there is an amount of intelligence and moral worth beyond all price and above all praise. The weekly, monthly, or quarterly meetings of masters, in many parts of the country, to discuss the best method of training—the growing seriousness of their demeanour, their quickened sympathy, and awakened perception, all these are noble promises, but the true schoolmaster is yet undeveloped: nor is that surprising, if it is remembered that, with all our schools and educational agitations, we are an uneducated people. Indeed, few schoolmasters “magnify their office,” and few people have a lofty conception of what the schoolmaster should be; in the more lofty walks of education, and in the lowly he is wanting in the great things which must make the teacher great. It is a sacred vocation; no priest or minister of public instruction, no permanent judge, no ruler of the people, no representative in legislative halls, is invested with so high (certainly not with higher) dignity as the awful being to whom you give in charge the shaping and the feeding of these young souls; and no seer, or prophet, or orator, ever needed a wider range of gifts, a more profound earnestness or peculiar endowment, from the Highest, than he. When sometimes thinking

of the affluence of mental and moral energy needed to make a perfect teacher—of the deepening of the intense sympathy with the feelings and hopes and joys of childhood—of the toleration needed to take, and make a proper estimate of its frailties and sins—of the boundless and inexhaustible hope, untiring, unducting, as wave after wave of the great human ocean flows past, so difficult to rule, to resist—of the various attainments necessary, and that far more rare thing than attainments, the power of communicating with facility and ease facts and thoughts—of that observation of character necessary to give the proper variation to instruction imparted to different characters—of that intuition, that soul and source of power, and prime element of moral captaincy and command, the secret spring of love and sympathy, the only method of meeting and managing a child—of the most difficult of all requisites, the happy mediocrity of all talents and attainments united to the perpetual growth and improvement, the balancement of character, saving from the disposition to abstract and abstruse investigation and inquiry; and on the other hand, from that characteristic which all children so quickly perceive in a teacher, and of which children are more intolerant than any other persons—vulgarity. When we have thought how necessary it is for the perfect teacher to be thus gifted, when we are told, “Who, then, can be schoolmaster?” The answer, the office is everywhere paid, and most abundant on earth: the lecturer, the preacher, the needing qualifications somewhat similar,

must view to it in the magnitude of their influence and power, and in the requisites likely to ensure success. Perhaps there is no temerity in prophesying that, in the course of some few years, the teacher will increase in his influence, respectability, and authority over public opinion; it is not unlikely that he will become what hitherto the teachers of religion have been, instead of the toiling slave, the half-paid mechanical instructor, the illiterate drudge, he will be elevated to a place of power in the commonwealth, by the universal suffrage and homage of the citizens—he will be the shepherd of the community, endeared by every association and recollection—he will move amongst men the perpetual intimation of the days of innocence and the days of warfare. The civic corporations will not decree him crowns, and laurels, and tombs, but will so venerate his office, that while in it he shall be honourably maintained, while he is enabled to make provision for his retirement in age to the quiet of a serene decline.

"The end of learning," said John Milton, "is to repair the ruin of our first parents, by regaining to know God aright." If this had ever been regarded as its true end, there could have been no foundation for the assertion of the ancient moralist, Seneca, that "since learned men have flourished, good men are scarce." It is the keeping of this end constantly in view that hallows the science of education, and the office of the educator; it is this, too, which surrounds it with especial difficulty, it is indeed

easier to command, to call forth any quantity of intellectual fervour, than the smallest return of moral worth. So much easier is it to excel in greatness, than to be great in goodness. We have often thought of the answer made by a little urchin, a schoolfellow of Dr. Channing, "I wish in my heart," said the mistress, you were like William Channing;" "Oh!" exclaimed the poor child, "I can't be like him, it is not half so hard for him to be good, as it is for me."* It is even so: the attainment of moral excellence is to most of us, whether teachers or pupils, a very severe and hard work. Properly speaking, what we mean by education is the calling into life and action, the training and disciplining of inward strength of character, by which the instinct is held in submission, the impulsive and the emotive held in control and check by the sceptre of sovereign reflection. Thus, the educated moral character sits umpire alike over the desires, imaginations, and passions, and the cold and forbidding forms of abstract reasonings. In a word, moral education is the conduct of life; our prelections abound with quotations, but still we must quote—there are lying before us two or three passages from gifted men, most apposite to the whole reasoning of these pages. Vehrli, one of the masters of Hoffvyl, says, "the lot of man is very equal, and wisdom consists in the discovery of the truth, that what is *without* is not the source of sorrow, but that which is

* Life of Dr. Channing, vol. i. p. 22.

within. A peasant may be happier than a prince, if his conscience be pure before God, and he learns not only contentment but joy in the life of labour, which is to prepare him for the life of heaven. We are all equal before God. Why should the son of a peasant envy a prince, or the lily an oak? Are they not both God's creatures?" Truly and well said Fellenberg, "It is nothing to say, that my pupils cannot carry off prizes at Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Oxford, or Cambridge. I train them not for that, but to return to their families in peace, as affectionate sons, intelligent masters, vigorous in manly constitution, benevolent to their inferiors, loyal to their kings, upright in all their transactions. These are the objects I propose to myself, and by them I must be judged, not by academical honours." This is education; if such were our masters, and such their lessons, sophistry would have no opportunity to "bolt its arguments;" and that does not seem to be a perfect education which comes short of this.

Oh, masters of the schools of Britain, the hope of the land is in you! It is well that you track out the mazes of a map, and guide the young wondering minds through all the grandeurs and glories of physical geography; it is well to show the beauties of a fern leaf, or the wonders of a flower—well to move the young heart by the lofty lore of old days, and gorgeous diction of our verse—well that the tongue pronounces correctly, that the hand moves gracefully, that the spirit measures accu-

rately ; but unlock, unlock the better nature, teach them the holiness of rectitude, expound to them the nature of courage—the martyrs, not the braves. Teach them to look with scorn only upon meanness and sin—teach them what vice is, and show them how it alone of all things is shameful. So shall you approve yourselves a ministry, mighty to compact and make solid the nation's welfare—so shall your virtues distance the dreams of statesmen, your deeds the calculations of economists ; and turning many to the right path, your reward shall be to “shine as the stars for ever and ever.”

But alas ! the discussion of those topics which have claimed our attention, does not terminate the matter. How shall we reach those whom it seems most desirable to educate ? Nothing strikes one with so powerful a dumbness, amounting almost to despair, as the beholding, walk wherever we may, so many thousands of poor ragged children beyond the reach of instruction and improvement ; the employment of any children under ten or twelve looks like, and we shall believe it is, a crime, a shame, and a scandal to any nation. It is horrid to think of exchanges, and marts, of crowded ports, and argosies floating to and fro over the broad waters, and that all this mighty array of trade cannot possibly be maintained without the labour of childhood, almost of infancy. While we are writing this, a little blue-eyed darling of our own, some four years old, comes with little totting footstep and looks up in our face, and it moves our blood to indignation to think that

little tender infants, like that one, are called to labour. Why we have seen statements of children employed even at *two* years of age, in lace-drawing, in fields and mines, in factories and shops; the cruel and inexorable laws of trade have wrung from the sweat, and the blood, and the feebleness of infancy, the wealth and the glory of the nation. Then there is the fearful proportion of those whose home is the street, who have learned the premature trickery and cunning, who are adepts in vice before other children have put off their childhood; familiar with the magistrate's bench, the house of correction, the company of prostitutes, burglars, and thieves; whose most innocent occupation is beggary, who have lost the conception and idea of honesty. Will not they, when they reach the age of maturity, wreak a terrible vengeance on the nation neglecting them thus? Will not they grow up with the belief, that as no duties have been exercised towards them, so society can have no claim upon them? And will they not take the earliest opportunity of showing their faith by their works?

Children without any childhood!—Does the world's wicked way show any picture more sad and solemn than that—born into the world without any mother to love them, to fondle them?—no father, to whom they were cheery playmates after the day of toil; who never played in the innocence of the child's nature, who were called to toil, to beg, to chicanery, to defraud, before they were well out of the cradle; who never saw green fields, or yellow flowers,

'unless in a blackened and darkened beauty, they fringed the borders of the mine into which they descended, to spend the dreary hours of the day, during which the sun was shining in the upper world—happily this is now a fact derived from the past—who never said, "Our Father," unless as a charm, used in ignorance of its meaning; and if an absence of all these, then how much further the absence of all those lessons, by which the mind is gradually unfolded, and the man is made gradually wise. How much further the absence of all those instructions, which prepare for respectability and effort; and how further than even these, those first gleams of heaven, and faith and hope, shining over the child's nature, and lighting it up with the glorious beauty of the land, where the young brother or the young sister had gone to rest with Jesus and "Our Father!" Poor creatures! as our powerless pen moves along we wonder how they are to be met; their sobbing, or their sin, are alike most painful, whether starving and hurrying along to their little shroudless coffin, or painfully toiling with their bony arms, and bloodless, fleshless hearts, through tedious years, or growing up into dark-browed or shameless men and women, in whose souls the divine candle of truth and intelligence never shone: any how regarded, the millions of our children beyond the pale of instruction, should call for more than tears of sympathy—for the strong arm to extricate and save.'

All honour to the Ragged-school; indeed, we do not care whether it be entitled the Ragged

or the Industrial-school. So long as by its benignant operation it meets the abandoned juveniles of our community, and restores them; we indeed prefer the epithet "Ragged," which some delicately fastidious would substitute for another, not so vulgar in truth. We have learned to feel respect for rags ever since we knew they were transformed into white paper, on which men wrote their thoughts and ideas;—so from those Ragged-schools may the transparent character be evolved, on which the truths and ideas of a renovated life and character shall be impressed. The Ragged-school and the Temperance Movement are the most practical methods for the salvation of the poor and the wicked, that this age has devised. They meet the most fearful necessity of the age; they go before, immediately before, the policeman, the gaoler, the hangman, and their economical policy is as great as their benevolence is noble. They maintain a child for £4 per year; the expensive machinery of crime costs about £12 or £16 per year; and they have succeeded in a marvellous degree. The faith of the labourers in this field was great, and greatly has it been rewarded. The achievements of the Ragged-school missionaries form the last chapter in the ROMANCE OF EDUCATION—they have traversed new shores of philanthropy; think of the transformation of the OLD HOUSE IN PYE STREET, from the school of theft and crime to be the very normal ragged school; the room where the master formerly gave lessons in pickpocketing,

now the girls' school; the tap, where the liquor was dealt out to lull conscience, or to fire passion, now the dining-room; the skittle-ground, now a school-room: in short, the school and the machinery of vice transformed into a school of virtue. Law did not do it—law could not. Law administers its lessons on treadmills, and on board transport ships, in prisons and penal colonies. Law employs as its teachers turnkeys and gaolers; its most efficient books are chains and cells. Law never prevents; it frowns and talks learnedly when the deed is done. Some time since, in Morpeth jail, when sentence of death had been pronounced upon a man for murder, as soon as the prisoner reached his cell, the chaplain visited him, and, presenting him with a bible, warned him to prepare to die; indignantly the man seized the book and threw it from him. "Nobody ever gave me a book before," he said, "or taught me to read, and now you come to me just as I am going to be hanged." We like to look at a ragged school teacher better than the chaplain in the condemned cell. Poor Charlie: Law would have been a good while in doing for him what the Ragged-school did. He was one of the first scholars in the old stable in Westminster. When he had a pair of shoes given to him, he was seen on a frosty day in December coming to the school with them under his arm. "Is it the fashion, when the snow is on ground, to carry your shoes under your arm?" He replied, "You see, sir, my feet all chilblains—I could not bear them on,

I would not leave them at home because I would not be likely to see them again; my mother would take them to my uncle's, and drink the money: you know, sir, my mother would have drunk me, if I would go up the spout." Poor Charlie! Poor Charlie!—one brother transported, another in prison, father and mother both victims of the gin-palace. What could be done for him? He was set up in business with a dozen boxes of lucifer-matches—hard times of it you may be sure; but he was honest, he was industrious, he was attentive to his school, he had a sister, he shared his bit of bread with her when there was none at home. At last he obtained a situation—he rose in it; five years have passed away; he keeps it; and when, after the mother's death, his father, in a fit of brutality, turned the sister out of doors, why Charlie took care of her, and paid for her lodging, until she obtained a situation. From what did he save her? The Ragged-school in the old stable will be remembered by this couple—will it not, think you? That old stable is a very crucible of moral alchemy, where lead has been transformed into gold. There were two boys, the sons of a woman who, with a man with whom she lived, carried on a trade in begging-letter writing; the man had received the hopeful and flattering title of "King of the Beggars." The Ragged-school missionary was interested for the boys, he sought them, and the mother agreed that they should go to the school. "However," said she, "it is but right to let you know that

if Jack and myself should be sent to the 'downs'" (Tothill-fields prison) "for a month, the boys must go to the workhouse." She made an apology for their clothes, and well she might; for the coat of the eldest boy appeared as though it had done faithful service to a man of no ordinary stature before it came into his possession; one sleeve had entirely disappeared. It was hinted that buttons would look a little more respectable than having the coat and trousers tied up with strings. "Bless you," she exclaimed, "you know the boys are so fond of playing at buttons, that were I to put on wooden ones, they would cut them off." But to school they went, and a hopeless pair they appear to have been at first, sure enough. But some years have passed away—the mother's habits have quite changed: she no longer fears going to the "downs." The boys are steady young men, doing well, one as plasterer and the other as a paper-stainer, both monuments of the transforming power of the lessons communicated in the old stable.

From this question of education, and the influence of the schoolmaster in society, there arise many others, for with it are connected all the spiritual and all the social aspects of life; for our homes and our temples, our literary institutes and halls of legislation, our courts of law and halls of commerce—merchants, magistrates, law-makers and judges, lecturers, ministers, and all other fountains of authority and instruction are, and will be yet more, what the influence of the schoolmaster will make them.

But the thought presents itself to the reader, that the whole life-long discipline of the world is the discipline of the school-room; the business of education does not terminate when the school is left, and the instructions of the master are over, we then only apply the lessons we had before received. The lesson learning then, in all seriousness and earnestness, begins, and in the world we reflect and repeat the lessons derived at the desk and the form. Does not this invest the teacher of the early years with terribleresponsibilities; this consideration might be supposed to affect his mind, and give unwonted earnestness to his life.

When Camillus, the great Roman general, besieged the city of the Falerii, a schoolmaster offered to betray the children of the people into his hands, and secure for him the conquest of the city; and the magnanimous Roman caused him to be scourged to his dwelling by the children he sought to betray. But when a teacher is unfaithful to his trust, how much more fearful is that scourging he receives, not merely from his memory, when reflection forces home upon him the consciousness of his dereliction from duty, but that far worse scourging with which his name is visited by those who were committed to his trust, when they remember how inefficient was their teacher.

Happy! happy! will that day be when the moral character shall be so elevated, and intelligence so widely diffused, that every man shall be his own lawyer, his own priest and parson, and in almost every instance of life,

his own doctor too. Far distant seems that day; but to some reading these pages, it has already dawned; it is to be sorely lamented that the appreciation in this country of education is yet so low, so little true apprehension of its value, that its power to confer upon its possessors the most important of all boons and benefits, is so little understood. For never can the English people be free from the shackles of priestcraft and ancient misrule; never can they by prudence and foresight, and temperance, secure for themselves the blessings of health and wealth; never can they be independent of "the oppressor's scorn, the proud man's contumely, and the insolence of office," until education shall altogether have changed its relation and aspect to them. We boast now of University Educations, of endowed colleges, and grammar schools—we have an educated class—the key of knowledge is even yet in the hands of the privileged few; the luxuries of reflection and contemplation, the charms of the library and the museum, exercise an influence over a scanty proportion of the community;—this is not educating the people; this is not the education it is desirable to see. We have heard of the refinement of the college, we long to behold the refinement of the cottage; and as the probability is, that by independence and temperance, and the possession of political rights, the people will be introduced to comparative wealth, all these should be adopted to pour over the of the country that perception of beauty & love of simplicity, without which happiness

will be impossible. Pay the schoolmaster better: sympathize with, venerate, and speak highly of his profession. Make it worth his while to pursue a course of finished education, to seclude himself in the study, to store his mind with book lore, to travel; and thus become acquainted with men, objects, and scenes, to prepare himself as the minister of future intelligence and education. Let the schoolmaster's character be altogether raised: let his knowledge of facts and of method be indeed ample, but let his fancy, his descriptive power, be educated too: let his power of expression, and of humour, and of illustration, be educated; so that we may be able to make the child immediately see the desirable thing. He is the future minister, the generations wait for him; not in cumbrous and heavy armour, but in the light, easy panoply, let him go forth to encounter the demons of ignorance and vice. It is before the schoolmaster that all bad things shrink back abashed. He pours upon them the dreadful power of light. He is the captain of the hosts now banding together against titular and hereditary evils. And it may be hoped that the whole land shall very shortly be far more profoundly penetrated than at present with the greatness of the mission, and the necessity of a great man, for the great mission, a man of energy and of probity, of christian sympathy and human love. A man to bear up the office, a man inspired by the grandeur of the perpetual crusade in which he is engaged.

It may be thought by some readers, that this

paper has not paid sufficient homage to the religious teachers; in truth, the writer has most perfect homage of all. Teachers, for that word is to his mind a synonyme for thought, for intelligence, for capability, for foresight and moral heroism. All this should every minister be, all this, and more; or he will be distanced by his compeers. But let the intelligent spirits of the age muster themselves together, let them reflect the beam they have received; throw on, as in the Grecian race of old, the torch from one to the other, till there shall be no longer seen, as now is frequently seen in the land, the anomalous picture—a man paid to teach and professing to teach, yet with nothing to communicate.

The mission of the schoolmaster, the mission of intelligence; will not this effect a reform in many fields throughout our land? and happily, gloriously the employers of the country, are in many places aiding in the work. The Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, and that good man, J. Dodgson Carr, of Carlisle, are illustrations, we may hope, of what many more will by and by be. Knowing the latter well, we may be forgiven for expressing the pleasure we have felt in noticing how near, and yet not too near, the schoolroom and the workshop are brought to each other; what an interest in the people, and what a noble body of workmen! baths, reading-rooms, rooms for learning to write, libraries, benefit clubs, all exclusively supported by the men of this one firm. And those annual trips, when employers and employed all sally

beauty or power, before we can rise to eminence, or in any way bless the world.

THE MOTHER, it has been said, IS THE DEITY OF INFANCY: THE FATHER IS THE DEITY OF CHILDHOOD. The figures are bold but not irreverent; their beings are all that the mind of the little one can yet image of tenderness and greatness: the mother's duty is beginning to be better understood, and her power to be duly estimated and appreciated; the cradle and the fireside are hers, and committed therefore to her trust, is a power far beyond that delegated to any earthly ruler; mind is hers to kindle, almost to create. When bending over the cradle, let the mother remember how the dark black curtain falls and prevents the entrance of her eye into the halls of vision. But often will the mother's heart ask, What, what shall it be—that baby's brow so calm and unconscious?—But so looked they all. The great spirits “who rule ours from their urns,”—Newton, Milton, Shakspeare looked like that; so looked the orator that shook the senate; so looked the astronomer who mapped out the constellations; so looked the murderer who was brought upon the scaffold to die; so looked the convict working yonder in his chains; so looked the poor prostitute shivering beneath the arch in the cold night. Ah! the mother's heart is asking now—and what shall my child be? This only is known, that child is given thee to nurse for God! Train it so that it may not trace its destiny of woe to thee.

We speak of Woman, as the reformer; but.

alas ! in how many ways has her own condition to be reformed ! The sad moral and physical state of woman, in almost every part of the nation, should transform every right-minded and intelligent sister into a labourer in behalf of the amelioration of the miseries which few comparatively are at all aware of. Our young men are bestirring themselves to diminish the hours of labour ; whenever they have the opportunity, let them speak some words in behalf of their sisters, who do not possess the power to concentrate thought and opinion to their wrongs. It is very sad to know that no concert, no ball-room can be crowded, but some poor girls must suffer, in order that paltry insufferable vanity may be gratified. Look round upon the boxes of the theatre—all those gorgeous dresses in which proud aristocratic beauties are arrayed—all those vestments of folly in which the old hag of seventy emulates the girlishness and frivolity of seventeen, were purchased by sleepless nights, by shortened lives ; a grinning Death peeps from beneath the skirts of every robe. Ah ! there is no worship so cruel, so inexorable, so exacting, as the worship of fashion ; the homage paid to vanity is as expensive, and as relentless as that to Moloch or Mars. Yes, the altars of that sleek and well-dressed, clean-looking demon Fashion, are drenched in blood. Some of the most cruel Eastern deities could only be satisfied, if young maidens were immolated in their temples, and the goddess of Fashion will not be content, unless Woman in her youth and beauty is sacrificed to her whims.

The Report of the Commissioners for inquiring into the state of children and young persons, gives sad illustrations of the condition of the females employed in milliners' shops. Sir James Clark, Physician to the Queen, describes "the mode of life of these poor girls; such as no constitution can long bear, worked from six in the morning till twelve at night." He further says,—“Judging from what I have seen and heard, I scarcely believe that the system adopted in our worst regulated factories can be so destructive to health, as the life of the young dressmaker.” John Dalrymple, Esq., assistant surgeon to the London Ophthalmic Hospital, says—“A delicate and beautiful young woman applied at the hospital for very defective vision. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained, that she had been apprenticed to a milliner, and was in her last year of indenture-ship; her working hours were eighteen in the day, occasionally even more; her meals were snatched with scarcely any interval of a few minutes from her work: and her general health was assuming evidently a tendency to consumption. An appeal was made by my directions to her mistress for relaxation; but the reply was, that in this last year of her apprenticeship her labours had become valuable, and that her mistress had become entitled to them, as a recompense for her teaching. Subsequently, a threat of appeal to the Lord Mayor, and a belief that a continuation of the occupation would soon render the apprentice incapable of labour, induced the mistress to cancel the

indentures, and the victim was saved." The evidence presented by the commissioner in the report alluded to, of the condition of these poor girls is very affecting. Of their long, long, weary hours of unnatural labour—of the distortion of the body, the loss of sight—their subjection to harsh and tyrannic treatment—to coarse insufficient food; and, on Sundays, in many places, to a denial of the most necessary meals of the day. All these are matters of so affecting an interest, that they clearly demonstrate to us that the condition of woman needs reforming. Nor less in manufactories: speaking of the girls, nail-makers at Sedgely, in Lancashire, Mr. Horne says—their appearance, manners, habits, and moral nature (so far as the word *moral* can be applied to them,) are in accordance with their half-civilized condition. Constantly associating with ignorant and depraved adults of the opposite sex, they naturally fall into all their ways; and drink, smoke, swear, throw off all restraint in word and act, and become as bad as men. The heat of the forge, and the hardness of the work, render few clothes needful in winter; and in summer, the six or seven individuals who are crowded into these little dens, find the heat almost suffocating. The men and boys are usually naked, except a pair of trowsers and an open shirt, though very often they have no shirt; and the women and girls have only a thin ragged petticoat, and an open shirt without sleeves. Amidst circumstances like these, it is but too evident, that the efforts of the Sunday-schools

can only be productive of very limited good, chiefly confined to the children of those parents who are of a religious turn of mind." The condition of woman in the agricultural districts, reveals to us a life equally, if not much more severe, though scarcely disgusting us with such a repulsive moral character. Woman needs the reformer. Our domestic servitude is for the most part a piece of social barbarism. Oh, if we carried Christianity to our homes, we should treat our servants as members of the same family. Why, a different tone of voice to the servant? Why less kind? True, her home is in the kitchen, and yours may be in the parlour; yet make that kitchen indeed a home; let it be a source of pride and pleasure to you to hear Mary or Betsy singing while scouring the irons or trundling the mop. Compatible with propriety, let there be liberty; let there be time to read and to write, let there be good books in the kitchen, and instil the spirit of courtesy and true politeness into the mind of your servant, by an invariable kindness to her. I am ashamed to look at most of the servants I meet and am served by; they look many of them like jaded slaves, and materially as things are improving and have been for some time past, there is abundant room for a large improvement yet. In this domestic world woman may become the reformer, and create other women to be themselves reformers in their own circle, as they leave the place of servitude for that of humble superintendence.

Woman needs the reformer in her social

position, as well as her social condition. A great deal of nonsense has been uttered about the rights of woman; but it is yet true that her wrongs are very heavy. The legal position of woman is a most anomalous one, a position altogether at variance with her individuality, with justice, common sense, and christianity. The law of England does make marriage a legal slavery to the woman. By the law of England, the wife surrenders herself entirely to the will and pleasure of her husband; however sentiment and affection may regard the bond of marriage, evidently, in the eye of the law, it is rather a feudal than spiritual relationship. The husband may imprison his wife in his house, may strike her so long as he inflicts no severe bodily injury, leave her, and live in adultery with another; yet return, seize on her inheritance, and use it for himself and paramour. We are accustomed to speak of all our courtesy to woman as coming to us from the woods of Germany, with our Saxon fathers; yet from those woods came these ridiculously wicked enactments, which are as much an insult to our nationality as to woman, while they continue in force. There is an unjust inequality in our treatment of woman, unworthy of a free, generous and refined people. Political existence she has none, although she may have property from her father, and live in independence and importance. Widow or spinster, she is no citizen, and as a wife her whole being is merged in the being and existence of her husband. In another aspect the position of woman in society

is a false one—an arbitrary conventionalism has contrived to throw round *some* employments the air of feminine propriety. Let woman herself reform it altogether; let mothers and fathers forbear to train their children to the overcrowded and unnatural pursuits of the majority of the daughters of our people; the professions of the engraver, the watchmaker, the artist, are open to them; let the more muscular body, in the name of all honour, betake itself to the more arduous work. Why should not woman be a printer? Why not leave to her more graceful, courteous nature the greater number of our shops and counters? Give to woman the same chance as man. At present, her lot is indeed a very hard one—the curse is upon her—we have shown our gallantry to her only in words, a few deeds will be acceptable. Scout and scorn the idea that woman should receive an inferior education to man; that her position should be inferior to his; that her individuality should not be so clearly acknowledged; and her opinions held in equal estimation. For it is a word of truth that all depends, or mainly depends, on her; the hope of our land is in the elevation and ennobling of the home affections. And who shall do that work for us? Woman alone can change home, and in doing so, change the man, her husband, who lives there. Whether the girl shall be the wife or not, all the better will it be for her if she receive such an education as shall fit her to be a worthy one: the humblest girl may be educated to become an intelligent companion.

Such an education, moral, economical, and prudential, will best shield her from the seducer's arts, will give to her an ideal of excellence fitted to bear her company through life, and enable her, however humble, to meet the toils and trials of life with becoming resolution and virtue.

Reformed, woman will prove the most efficient reformer; when her amazing influence is brought to bear on the side of virtue, and not merely that negative, which scarcely deserves the name, but positive virtue, how rapidly the streams will turn. She may be said almost to hold the manumission of slave and drunkard equally in her power; if she would determine not to wear or use any cotton, purchased by the sweat, and blood, and degradation and slavery of her sisters in America, and as far as possible prevent its entrance to her home, American slavery would be doomed; and if she invariably pushed aside the glass in the parlour and the dining-room, intemperance in England would lose its chief buttress and stronghold. Yes, and she possesses the power of breathing a purity over the whole concerns of life, that may save from desolation many hearts. The world does not need the purity of prudery and cant, but it does need that woman should vindicate purity by shrinking from those stained popinjays, the drunkard and the debauchee. She would rise in her estimation by refusing the arm, the courtesy, of those men who in the degradation of her sex have insulted her. Her virtue need be neither a boasting,

ostentatious exhibition, as little need it be an unfelt, unknown, unobserved thing; she may wear it as good beings wear their smiles, a light so constantly upon the face, as to be rather identified with it than apart from it.

Women have been the Architects of Ages. Power has been with woman more than once in the history of the world. Elizabeth of England was no "Lovely Delia, dearest maid!" We confess it, a house that held such a lady would be too hot for us. But she was a mighty princess; the independence of Britain as a nation was, under God, owing to her; she rescued the land from foreign interference, from meddling Pope, morose Spaniard, and proud Frenchman, and all by a policy of peace mightier than war. Ferdinand of Spain was a poor craven sort of coward, but his wife, his gentle religious wife, so far beyond her age, she was a Woman and a Queen; she pawned her own jewels to fit out a fleet for Columbus, and even threw her arms round the brave old navigator, to shelter him from his foes. What boy's head has not been turned with the genius and taste, the wit, the eloquence, and power of Christina of Sweden, the wonderful daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, who, perhaps, needed only to be on such a throne as that of England to do greater things, and to leave a far lovelier name than Elizabeth. What did Austria owe to its Maria Theresa, and ungrateful France to its Joan of Arc? What breast has not thrilled beneath the gorgeous and mournful tragedy of Zenobia of Pal-

myra? And, powerful in crime as in genius, who has not read with horror the careers of Lucretia Borgia and Catherine de Medicis. The ancients embodied their vices and their virtues in the form of woman. Powerless Woman? Yet we have received from her some of our richest intellectualities and instructions. Have we not—borne away by an irresistible impulse, admired, nay, and venerated Madame Roland, and, let it be said, the noble, the magnanimous, if mistaken, Charlotte Corday, so much greater than Brutus, “the angel of assassination,”* and De Stael, and De Genlis. Powerless woman!—Who that ever dared to say so could exceed Mrs. Somerville in profound and varied philosophical learning, or Miss Martineau in the graceful ministration of even difficult knowledge, or Miss Barrett in æsthetic speculation?—or Mary Hewitt in the power of giving to us beautiful household words?—or Clara Balfour in charming the listening hundreds with the grace and pathos of her melodious eloquence?—or Elizabeth Fry in inspiring a whole nation with love to the outcast?—or sister Ursula† in heroic fortitude? Powerless woman! Why, our fireside conversation flags without her; she renews our youth, animates us, bids us to hope on, work on; every person reading this book is an illustration of her power. She is the only portion of many a man’s existence that is not a dream and a

* Lamartine.

† A recent instance.

fable, coming perpetually between us and the grósser things of life. With warm affection, instinctive piety, she weans and warns us to the noble, the holy, the heavenly. The husband has lived to little purpose who has not found that the life of the lover begins *after* marriage; and every day and every hour is but a compliment paid unconsciously to woman's power. She rules us with her soul.

This chapter on woman was intended to have gone far beyond its present length, and the remarks were prepared upon the psychological character of woman as compared with man, and on some of the distinguishing characteristics of the education she would confer, especially her power to educate the sense of the infinite, and the moral sense or conscience. But returning to the point from whence we started: what is needed in all walks of life is, practical women. There is much said about woman in her sphere and woman out of it. A lady occasionally delivers a lecture, and some good folks are frightened—she is out of her sphere; yet few women are really educated for their sphere, spite of all this fastidiousness. The accomplishments of the boarding-school have little to do with the future of life. Mothers must reform the education of their daughters, and fit them for happiness. Music is a delightful accomplishment, nay, it is almost as necessary as any indispensable of life, and it is a famous tie to keep husbands at home. This is what education indeed should do; for woman should give attractions rather than

accomplishments. The last is a heavy material, seldom in request; the former is the secret and source of much sympathy; and, as a loving woman is ever better than a learned one, so must an attractive nature be more useful than one crowded, like a bazaar, with showy accomplishments.*

* But as some of my friends may prosecute an inquiry into ideal woman further, let me suggest the reading of AIME MACCIN's work on the *Education of Mothers*—the style is peculiarly French and St. Pierreish, but it is very instructive—and Margaret Fuller's *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*; it is, however, a purely æsthetic essay. *The Life of Mrs. Sherman*, by her Husband, is a fine Madonna-like painting of Woman the Reformer.

CHAPTER IX.

WESTWARD HO !

PROLOGUE OF QUOTATIONS.

"Even those who are forced to remain behind feel a melancholy restlessness, like a bird whose wing is crippled at the season of migration, and look forward to America as to the land of the departed, where every one has some near relation, or dear friend, gone before him. A voice like that heard before the final ruin of Jerusalem, seems to whisper to those who have ears to hear, "Let us depart thence."

JAMES DOUGLAS.—"Advancement of Society."

"Wide as our own free race increase,
Wide shall extend the elastic chain,
And bind in everlasting peace,
State after State a mighty train."

BRYANT.

"Too crowded indeed! Meanwhile, what portion of this inconsiderable terraqueous globe have ye actually tilled and delved till it will grow no more? How thickly stands your population in the Pampas and the Savannah of America. round ancient Carthage, and in the interior of Africa; on both slopes of the Atlantic chain in the central platform of Asia; in Spain, Greece, Turkey, Crim Tartary, the Curragh of Kildare? One man in one year, as I have understood it, will feed himself and nine others! Alas, where now are the Hengists and Alarics of our still glowing, still expanding Europe; who, when their home is grown too narrow, will enlist, and like Fire Pillars, guide onwards those superfluous masses of indomitable living valour; equipped, not now with the battle axe and the war-chariot, but with the steam-engine and the ploughshare? Where are they? Preserving their name?"

SARTOR RESARTUS.

CHAPTER IX.

Remedies for England vain without Emigration—Capacities for Population—The American Continent—Benefit of Emigration to the Mother Country—The moving People—Territorial Resources—Colonization—Probable destinies of the New World.

BUT all that has hitherto passed in review before our eyes will seem ineffective to meet and to remedy the great social diseases of the people, resulting from the dense overcrowding, consequent upon our very ancient civilization. Population would seem, from the life we lead in the British Isles, to have pressed in the last degree upon the confines of production. We know, indeed, that this is not the case; we know that millions of untilled, but profitable land, exist in our country; long years must pass before they can be redeemed. Meantime, what is to be done with the destitute and wretched? What shall save the reputable and respectable middleman of scanty means from sinking to degradation in society? And the reply is, if he has moral courage let him husband his resources, and fly to the kindlier soil smiling and waiting to receive him. England is not, indeed, as yet overcrowded—her broad acres would maintain well, many a million more of inhabitants: but the prospect at present before

the majority of the children of toil, agricultural or manufacturing, is indeed dark and stern; but in yonder old world of boundless woods and waters, labour need not be in vain—the acre and the farm are there to be easily obtained—to the oppressed of every clime, especially to the British race, to the Anglo-Saxon people; behind the encurtaining waters spread the soils of plenty, and it behoves every intelligent reformer to guide and hasten the stream of humanity pouring thither; let him swell the shouts of “WESTWARD, HO!”

We have been told, that in this land we indeed press too closely upon each other; yet the moors, and parks, and commons, and wastes, are extensive still, and with due cultivation 50,000,000 of persons could live at ease in England. But hasten across the Atlantic; there, in North America alone, is a platform on which 636,000,000 of souls may stand in comfort, and then be no more inconvenienced than now we are here; and South America would hold a population of 535,000,000 more, and we perish with hunger. All things are waiting for the emigrant; for him all things in season have been prepared; mountains are wasting and sprinkling their detritus over the plains; trees are decaying and enriching to surpassing exuberance, an already kindly soil; rivers are winding their slow majestic way; and imagination finds no difficulty in picturing the time, when their banks, the banks of the Orinoco, the Amour, the St. Lawrence, shall be fringed with happy fields and farms. A

solemn human silence broods over a great part of the earth and the ocean, while we, a starving festering people, lie inanimate here. Yet nature is doubtless working still: forces there are, preparing beneath the waves the foundations of future homes; the coral insect builds, the volcanic fire pants and roars, the submerged continent pants, and throes, and heaves, the Deltas are forming at the mouths of mighty rivers; there, over those boundless prairies and woods, corn-fields might wave; ~~there~~ foam millions of wild beings fit for food; the fish impede the solitary occasional canoe struggling through the waters; the clefts of the rocks are crowded with birds—and we here perish with hunger. Has the spirit of the ancient Northman Sea-king gone from us? *There* is “ample room and verge enough.” Let the capable adventurous man leave a blessing on his fatherland, but let him bestir himself, and away. We shall hear the ringing of his hatchet in those far-off woods and wilds; we shall mark the trail of the keel of his vessel over those watery wastes; we shall hear the echoes startled by his gun, rumbling through the distant hills and mountains. Sad indeed is the condition of the man who cannot find wherewith to go. Going, he leaves many comforts behind: he leaves the lecture-hall and the library, the city and the post-office; he also leaves taxation and a workhouse, jails and fashions; the living for appearances, the hopeless, aimless struggling with life, he leaves. There he goes to rear

himself a home in the wilderness : almost a beggar here he may be a person of great importance there ; he will leave a heritage to his children. Questionless, he is going out to battle, to fight with forests and swamps, with beasts and with the elements. And if he stays here, will he not have to fight a far more unpromising battle ? *There*, he fights a noble battle for himself, his family, and his race ; here, he fights a battle with the world, the flesh, ~~and~~ the devil ; and the probability is, that he will be worsted in the encounter. Beside all this, in all the operations of society God is saying to him Go ! This pressure of man on man has been the cause, in every age, of the young blood from the old poured upon a new continent. And God has sent the necessary elements of success, has launched the steam-boat, and laid the long line of rail, thus, as plainly as possible, pointing him to distant worlds to sow the seeds of new kingdoms. Tradesmen, pressed with anxieties, to whom life is an intolerable burden, crushed beneath bills and rates, shut up shop, take stock, and away. Mechanic—hard wrought much enduring man—sell the furniture, shoulder the tools, and away. Poor labourer, apply to the government agent, get together the pound or two, and away ; there is room for all ; the long procession pours on ; yet there is no jostling, no disturbing force ; we hear the ripple of no wave, the tramp of no footfall ; yet the crowds are incessantly pouring over the mountain, through the forest, over the wave, one ani-

inating stirring note rousing them all, WESTWARD, HO!

There is no new thing to be said in reference to this great movement of the people of the old continent and kingdom, towards the forests and prairies of the west. It is most obvious as those places are peopled that those who settle there have not merely benefited themselves, but in every way conferred a boon on the mother country; they form the farms of the old continent; for generations, perhaps for ages, yet, Europe, and especially England, *must* be the workshop of the world. England stands in the same relation to the young colonies that the cities of the middle ages bore to the farms. England now is one great workshop, nor does it matter how widely she diffuses over the land the peculiar genius of her industry; perhaps it would be better for us all, if Manchester was a county rather than a town. To this island then naturally they will come for goods, who left it to procure labour. They are to be farmers, and they will employ the men of Sheffield to make them farming implements; their departure will leave more room in the old world for the strugglers they leave behind, while they will be enabled to obtain their tools more cheaply from our markets, and thus give life to the trade of the old land. Thus, while they open their mines, clear their forests, till their soil, the engines will ply briskly in the city to aid them in the conquest of nature. Vessels will pass to and fro over the broad waters, in the beautiful interchange of commerce and in-

stead of these men by millions being unproductive at home, they will be producers of wealth in both hemispheres. Yes, the departure of some millions to our American colonies would cause the pulse of trade to throb more healthfully through all parts of the island, from all the stores and treasures of home-trade the necessities of the young colony would be called for.

Mr. Buckingham has very comprehensively said—"There would not be a single individual of all the million going out who would not become a speedy customer to Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, and Rochdale, for woollens and flannels; to Manchester, Bolton, Oldham, and Stockport, for printed and plain calicoes and fustians; to Derby, Coventry, and Macclesfield, for silks and ribbons: to Nottingham and Leicester, for hats, hosiery, and lace; to Northampton for boots and shoes; to Norwich and Exeter, for serges and stuffs; to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, for ironmongery of every kind; to Sheffield, for axes, edge tools, and cutlery; to Staffordshire, for china, earthenware, and glass; to Belfast and Dundee, for linen; to Glasgow and Paisley, for cotton and woollen goods; and to London, for books, stationery, plate, jewellery, and a variety of other articles which, as British settlers, they would not consent to do without, beyond the period in which they could pay for them, and that period would begin after their first or second crop of corn had been raised."* The world

is a garden waiting for man ; he is placed here to till it, "to increase and multiply, to replenish the earth, and subdue it." The last part of the command is as sacred and imperative as the first ; thus, and for this reason, children are an heritage from the Lord, and where they cannot be thus regarded, where life is not a blessing and wealth, God is saying to the people of that country, go ! Thus he has from age to age pushed life over the globe ; thus wave after wave, and tribe hurrying on the footsteps of tribe, have adorned the earth with farms and gardens, and cities and kingdoms ; thus the earth rejoices in a happiness higher than that of the brute, nobler than that of the merely sensual existence. Intelligence erects its home on the plantation, and religion rears her temple ; but amidst all the migrations of humanity recorded, or faintly hinted at in history, not one is so solemn, so imposing, as that which now takes place. They go, no war-rrior tribe, no battle cannon accompanies them, no sabre, no spear, no war rifle ; they go for the noblest conquest, equipped for the bravest encounter. The Hun, the Goth, the Dane, the Northman, these lowered like thunder clouds, and like the bolt, they fell upon the people they displaced ; but in most instances these modern emigrants displace few people. The eagle retreats to a higher cliff, the panther to a deeper jungle ; they go where the fountain has made music, in the dark gloom of the forest, for three thousand years, fretting itself a channel, so working while it sung ; they go, the massive

monarch of the wood will bow before their axe, and nature there will be reft of the drapery of variegated beauty, the whip-poor-will and the woodpecker will retire to a distant grove, and there, fifty years hence, will be the centre of civilization, freedom, and thought. Hengist and Horsa, Rolla and Guilemus Conquistador brought more to us than they knew of: but thou, oh Saxon, hero of our time, with axe and hammer, prepared for invasion and victory, thou art nobler, thou art even doing a nobler work than they. What servants immediately do thy bidding. Thou hast a Bible, printing-press, steam-engine, all behind thee, serving thee. Wrongs we know are there, and will be there; but, nevertheless, is not America, happy America, to receive first the evangelization of labour and Christianity. There have been going forth from us ovangelizations of a very different sort—of swords and impudence, of laziness—but this which now goes on is the eyangel of labour sanctified to God and man; it is the new battle-chant of democracy: this act of emigration is a noble song, by which democracy says to the exclusives it leaves behind: “True, true, in our land we are worsted, our own beautiful land ye have reft from us, we have been ‘a people peeled and scattered from the beginning.’ You have torn from us field, and homestead, and farm, and have made the price of justice and the worship of the merciful matters so costly, that ye in effect declare that justice and religion are not for the poor. We leave ye. The kingdoms we raise across

the deep shall be unstained by the mummeries and cajolings of state religions, the thefts of taxation, the fraud of primogeniture and entail. Hunger and priestcraft, and state cunning, and tithes, and monopoly, are not omnipresent. Freedom and justice, and religion are building their homes in the woods of the new world—
 WESTWARD, HO !”

No one can doubt that the resources of our country seem at present inadequate to supply the teeming and increasing population ; yet our North American colonies contain an area of 276,355,880 acres—the British Isles only contain an area of 75,399,040. The whole extent of our North American colonies alone is more than twice as great as that of all France, but France has a population of 35,000,000 of people, these provinces have only a united population of 2,000,000. Vast tracts of untrodden land, except as the beasts fit for food roam there. In many districts animal food is so abundant that thousands of sheep are melted down every year for tallow, as a portable article of commerce ; the flesh that would feed thousands of our hungry artizans is literally thrown away.*

Colonization is one of the best and readiest means of relief to the mother country. The convulsions of the continent preclude the hope that, for a long course of time, equanimity can be restored to our continent. Lord Ashley has had a conference with a large deputation from

* Buckingham's National Evils.

the thieves of London, desirous of removal to some place where they are unknown, and where, by independence and industry, they may work out for themselves a position and a character in life. Our expenditure on paupers and criminals is about £5. per head, a sum that would carry the whole of them to Quebec or New Orleans, provisions included. What benefit do we confer on these persons or ourselves by punishing them; but if removed to the provinces of North America, instead of paupers and vagabonds, they might every one become a productive purchaser. The expenditure of £10,000,000. in feeding the Irish people is but a paltry staving off the starvation. The relieving the pauper perpetuates the race—enable him to cease to be a pauper. “506,000 colonists, who have during this and the last season departed from this country, probably taking with them £2,000,000. sterling, will earn four times as much before a year has ended, and will remit quite as much as they have taken away in less than eighteen months.”* For the relief of the country, there should be a large, and noble, and worthy scheme of colonization; while the more wealthy emigrant should be allowed to follow the inclinations of his own will. The terrors of the wilderness can only be well, and successfully, not to say happily, grappled with, by the large band of settlers. Those who would be inclined to accept the opportunity afforded them of thus colonizing

* Sydney Smith.

the desert, would be best fitted for the rough work of civilization, and would consist of a class of whom it would be most desirable to relieve the country. The expenses of the transmission of these people should be equally shared by the Colonial Government, the Home Government, and the localities relieved; the counties should pay the cost to the place of embarkation, the Home Government to charge itself with the cost of conveying them across the Atlantic, and the Colonies to defray the expense of their journeys from the place of their landing to the territories to be occupied by them.

But these few pages are not intended to be a digest of the question of Emigration. It comes only within the compass of this volume to note it as a fact of the age, the most significant fact—all the discussions about colonization or emigration are minor. The fact is, there the tide has begun to pour on the New World, and in the course of a few years, it will wonderfully accelerate in rapidity. On a large proportion of the children in the schools of our country we look as future men and women, destined to fight out their lives and to end their days in the New World. It is a mighty prophecy for democracy these scattered bands, poured through the forest, over the prairie, and by the bank of the river and the lake. What WILL will be nourished in those men!—how indisposed will they be to wear the yoke of authority and power! May it not be hoped that they will re-create on that great continent,

the noble humanity of our Cumberland and Westmoreland. May we not hope that the republican spirit will grow there to maturity and power, before any emergency shall demand a consolidated opinion. It is impossible not to notice the immense advantages the future must derive from the method of colonization and conquest. It seems to us now that the great curse of our country has been its feudalism, that arose from the method of territorial acquisition. Feudalism included the law of primogeniture; thus there was perpetuated, from age to age, a chief-man system, an aristocracy more unquestionably ridiculous in its outline character than any of the nations of the earth has known, an aristocracy who may present as their representative the King of men to-day, and the Duncce of men to-morrow. From this most serious evil the new colonies of the world will be saved. In the attempt to thread the future, it is impossible not to be cheered by the growth of power in the West; it is, indeed, the new chapter in the great book of Time. Comparing the demon violence of the builders of the castles of the middle ages with even the worst of those who are building their homes in Texas or Iowa, which are, we take it, the great metropolitan cities of rascaldom and knavery, there is hope for the world; the strength which fights and struggles with the swamp and the morass, the mountain and the wood, is not one whit inferior to that which conquered Northumbria or formed the Heptarchy, while the influences of a generous refinement may be expected to pre-

vail eventually over the rough, and rugged, and primitive Saxonism of manner. But in colonizing we have yet to learn much. Government might with advantage imitate more of the ancient Roman spirit and wisdom in its aids to the colonist; that it must aid, is now, by most whose opinion is worth consulting, a settled matter; and when it shall come forward, and surrender its battle-ships to "bridge the ocean" over, and make its soldiers pioneers for the future adventurers—when it shall attempt the yet unattempted work of colonizing India and Africa—when, in the spirit and manner of a workman needing not to be ashamed, it shall meet the difficulties at home by creating a market abroad, thinning the population here, and opening the boundless infinitude of resources there—there will be at once a blessing conferred on this despairing land, and a happy augury for the future.

CHAPTER X.

MODERN UTOPIAS.

PROLOGUE OF QUOTATIONS.

"MEN, my brothers, men, the workers ever reaping something new,
That which they have done, but earnest of the things that they shall do.
For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be.
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales;
Lo! the war drums throb no longer, and the battle flags are furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

TENNISON.

"We are on the eve, it seems to me, of what may be called the
constructive era of society."

Rev. J. S. BOONE. One Manifold.

"I looked; aside the dust cloud rolled,
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Upspringing from the ruin old
I saw the new.

"'Twas but the ruin of the bad,
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had,
Was living still.

"Take heart, the waster builds again,
A charmed life old goodness hath;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.

"God work in all things; all obey,
His first propulsion from the night.
Ho! wake and watch, the world is gray
With morning light."

J. G. WHITTIER.

"To work, then, one and all; hands to work."

CARLYLE. Latter Day Pamphlets.

CHAPTER X.

The Moral of Shakspeare's *Tempest*—What are Utopias—
The unproductive Dream Land—The practical Utopist
—The Utopian of Peace—Roger Bacon—Galileo Communism.

READER of Shakspeare,—have you studied “*The Tempest*?” You have read it, but have you marked the principles of its construction, its method, its one interior truth—from what point of vision did the great bard contemplate man in it? Prospero, Caliban, Ariel, who are they? Is it not Utopia dramatised? Is it not the dream of perfectibility, with the intercepting shadows that disturb its fulness of beauty, and interfere with its realization? Gonzago talks as many of the dreamers have written :—

Gonzago. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,
And were the king of it, what would I do—
In the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things . for no kind of traffic
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,
And use of service none ; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, with vineyard none ;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil,
No occupation—all men idle, all,
And women too—but innocent and pure—
No sovereignty !

Sebastian. Yet he would be king on't.

Antonio. The latter end of his common-wealth forgets the beginning.

Gonzago. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour ; treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine
Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all—all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

“Honourable Gonzago” expressed in this way the struggling of many a spirit in the real world, since, to become disentangled from the web of circumstances surrounding man in himself and in society. In the “Tempest” we have sometimes thought we have beheld, more or less palpable, the intimations of all the idealizations of our age. We have not been unwont to regard CALIBAN, imaginative, selfish, envious, cunning ;—as the ideal of Socialism, Communism, Fourierism, St. Simonianism, or by whatever other name “the hyena in breeches” wishes to be known to the world. ARIEL is the impersonation of the spirit of intellectual democracy, wanting to be free as mountain winds, beautiful, powerful, but imperfect, until endowed with a power higher than its own. PROSPERO is that strong power of goodness and moral truth, against which, now and ever, “the sensual and the dark rebel in vain,” by which the evil are chained, made powerless, and tormented, by their own want of harmony, and the good are held in uniformity with a goodness higher than their own. Some such lesson as this was on the soul of the great master when he portrayed those mighty

portraits. Dimly shadowed there are the hopes which shape themselves into ideals and Utopias in every man's life—in the worst as well as in the best; the world is but the phantom, the painted shadow reflected from that more profound reality, the soul's great chamber of imagery; the last Utopia pleases us as the last novel—we laugh—it is at ourselves we laugh. Such books are the recollections of dreams, more or less noble, according to the mind dreaming them, more or less vivid according to the intense slumber of the dreamer to outward objects—the dreams of future improvement, amelioration of the woe of the species, anticipations of coming brightness: a number of us can very heartily chuckle over the palaces painted like figures on a mirage along the distant sky; the hopes of man at best, affect us no more than the vivid colours of sunset, the painted splendours of the heavens, or the gay hues of morning, or fairy palaces piled in the half-hour's reverie—they go, and we feel some contempt for ourselves, that we ever allowed our minds to be affected by the passing gorgeousness. Alas! we might have remembered that when those phantoms faded, some portions of our better nature died within us too. We, and the figures on the mist have in some sort a sad relationship together: We too—

“Are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded by a sleep.”

The construction of Utopias, whether they result in the painting the perfect in character and conduct, or in the state, is the result of

mighty inner conviction, perception, greatness; no man can paint a greatness higher than his own; the painting of nobleness is the result of nobleness felt, believed, enjoyed. Utopian now is a word the synonyme of impossible: in that sense it was never Utopian to the man to whom first the conception came; it came with the force of conviction, and was painted, written, sung, because he felt its truth. When the word Utopia is uttered as a taunt, literally translated from the mouths of those who have used the phrase, it only means; you see, what we cannot see; you believe, what we cannot believe; you stand on an elevation to which we can never reach; but a belief in the unattainable is impossible, is a contradiction, we are the subjects of our ideals;—if they are low and coarse, so shall our lives be, if they are elevated and refined, so shall be the order of our lives: men who believe in great things, live great lives: the man who proclaims the advent of liberty, of peace, hastens the advent-day not so much by a voice, and a conviction following a voice, as by a life; a sacred magnetism belonging to goodness, by which it attracts weakness to itself, invests itself with an ideal life, and subjects others to conformity with it;—further; man never believed yet, what had not a side of truth to it if looked at—the belief of truth is not only a life of truth and witness for it, it is more, it is an earnest of universal belief, the faith of the Christian, intelligent few, is a portrait of the future life of the globe. Why, thou and I, my

friend,—thou, a disbeliever in Utopias,—if all men were like us twain, gave so little trouble to lawyers, so little annoyance to neighbours, we should have Utopia here. Christ's sermon on the Mount, is an Utopia: but I would not say the world will never realise that; coming, without observation, we may one day hail it here.

It is pleasant to indulge in summer-day dreams in the gardens of Utopia—it is a pleasant land; not more cheering or more soothing were the views which old John Bunyan had from the delectable mountains; to lean over its waterfalls, and to lull the spirit to repose by their roarings—to stretch the body at length on the green marge of some delightful stream—to plunge into the umbrageous shadow of its woods, where winters never penetrate, and reptiles never live or move—to stand on the tall and too dizzy cliff, and see the golden city shining; afar to behold the burnished vanes and columns glistening in the sun, and the hum like the drowsy music of bees at noon, wafted up to our ears from its vast peoples—to feel that they are all free—beautiful, intelligent, happy—to realise a patriarchal or a millennial time: to live in that time where pleasure may be enjoyed without any pain—life without any death—bees and roses without stings—fruit without influenza—intense enjoyment without any reaction—memory without any remorse: where the pleasures of theft never are compensated by the pains of punishment, and the night's intemperance never followed by the morning's head-ache. What a delightful world.

in the distance this seems to be ; if we were to spend our time in it, perhaps we should find it a very dull, insipid world after all ; perhaps we should hurry out of it, with all its monotonous round of "perpetual sweetmeats, *Eau de Cologne*, sugar-candy and distilled waters, and try the stir and strife, the hope and excitement of the old world once more.

Man's Utopias, too, are the pictures of himself, and many of them so flattering, so soothing, so picturesque, are the colourings of unmingled selfishness. Most of the dreamings of the socialists are transcripts of irritated vanity, and the most sorry selfism : "let me swim, and as for thee—sink," so may that creed be translated. The Utopia of true benevolence, true world service, is of another kind, it is realizable—it is a harmony—it is a blessedness—it is no mere dreaming, no mystic hieroglyph, written only on one soul, and finding no reader beyond the solitary heart : it is the finger pointing the way to labour and to effort : the promised land lies fifty years' journey away, yet still, calm, silent, it is seen dimly, but surely through the intervening mists ; and when the city of Utopia is reached, it is not expected that the land will be better than it is—there will be falling rains and angry clouds, and peevish men and women, and muddy streets ; there as here ; it will be no peculiar city of the future, its glory will be tempered, it will be a state of humanity, and, therefore, of frailties and feebleness ; but a state in which bankruptcy and beggary, and tyranny, and helplessness

ness, and hypocrisy, and fraud, shall not have the upper and higher hand ; a state in which the man who kills most men shall not be worshipped as a god, while the labourer is a cypher ; a state in which the wicked man shall not be looked upon as a fitting person to minister at the altars of religion ; a state in which law shall not be another name for villany ; and taxation—for swindling. The reaching of that place is not so long, so unattainable a journey ; and if they call it Utopia, still, let us go thither.

One of the great Utopian thoughts of the present age is, the extermination for ever of the bloody jurisprudence of the sword, the cessation of national hostilities. Perhaps of all id'as floating or fixed in the minds of men in this day, this of the exorcism of the war-spirit from the policy of nations is the most important in its consequences—"the leaves of this tree are for the healing of the nations." All men know how in the presence of that Titanic horror—WAR, all the healthful forces of nature are suspended ; the flag of commerce droops before the blood-red flag, streaming—

"Like a meteor through the troubled air."

Education, religion, trade, domestic bliss ; all suffer a temporary suspense. The people fast hastening on to prosperity and happiness, find their path suddenly barricaded, and their course backward instead of forward. The duty of every good man, therefore, is not only to preserve peace by all means, but to build up an age of peace. Peace is the natural state of the

human race ; in the reign of peace, the race realises its destiny. War and anarchy cannot be ideal ; our estimate of man must be taken not from what he is, but from what he may be, and can be, and desires to be ; there is not in man an innate thirst for blood. All war results from imperfection in legislation, when the means of obtaining redress shall be complete, wars will cease. What is the object of all society ? Why do we place men in the gubernatorial chair ? What is the intention of all law ?—Peace, unquestionably peace. The fact that man submits to law proves, that he heartily desires peace. War may be obtained very cheaply without submission to taxation, every step in human progress illustrates an innate desire and propensity for peace—as man advances he leaves behind him more and more of the war-spirit and fever. The first state shews to us mere lawlessness—the individual reigns supreme, he knows no law—acknowledges none, the right of diffidation is held in its most full and ample power. Is it not the love of peace that compels this state to yield to the feudal—the state of the clan—the company, the society. In the first chapter of history, villages, individuals fought ; in the second—counties, races ; from this the love of peace leads man higher still : the heptarchy merges in the kingdom, the dissevered bind themselves in a compact together ; all these victories over anarchy have been achieved—this has hitherto been the progress of the constitutional propensity in the mind of our race. Man pants after

high, pure, undoubted law ; he does not revel in riot and licentiousness. The proof of this is seen in the moral world, where the results of order are as noticeable as in the material. The desire for peace is primal and instinctive in human nature, and although baffled, it is not defeated ; it starts up again in the course of centuries ; it acts and obtains its rule. The end of all law is peace—rebellion and anarchy require no law.

Have we advanced to our limits in these happy conquests ? Are there no more victories for peace to achieve ? Villages, cities, have been bound together ; cannot kingdoms, cannot hemispheres ? How bound ? By the sovereignty of opinion, by the supremacy of law—law, not written on pandects and scrolls, but on consciences, intelligences, hearts. The first step in the progress of civilization was to restrain the power of the individual, by making him obedient to law. Offences were said to be committed against the state, not against the person. The council-fire, kindled by the wild nomades of the desert or the wood, the boundary fixed by the first rude aborigines of the soil, the gathering of tribes in villages, all these assert this :—Egbert, Charlemagne, St. Louis, Maximilian of Austria, Henry II. of England ; this is the true value of them all in their historic place ; educated as warriors, they yet recognised the holiness of peace ; they recognised its policy, its prudence, and necessity ; they added something to the stock of moral influence already in the world. Already we see how moral

influence holds us, rules us. Public opinion is more powerful than legislative enactment—conscience more powerful still. The deeds of the peacemakers are hastening the consummation of these powers; the ultimate peace of the nation, of the globe, is now an idea—it is a refinement. The refinements of nations invariably precede their manners, as their manners precede their laws. It has been well said, that the perfection of civil and social science is when individuals have thrown off a restraint, without affecting the order and welfare of the community; or when nations have imposed a restraint, without surrendering their substantial liberties. To this happy ideal, all things, it may be believed, are tending; the sympathies of nations interwoven together; war, beheld in all its iniquity and horror, by the mass of the people; its interference with justice, with liberty, with intelligence, with the welfare of the people; these things seen, the reign of war is at an end. May not hope go thus far. May not the cheerful gales from that Utopia of peace freshen the spirit. May not the judgment, as well as the heart, anticipate the time when the arsenals of our land, of our world, like the ruined turrets of some mouldering castle, shall be a triumphal monument of a state of society long left behind. If, with pertinacious obstinacy, the blood-stained ~~grat~~ oligarchs of the north resolutely adhere, like savages, to their War Paint, may we not hope that, in the fair forests of the western world, the milder beauty shall smile upon and bless the world, warning the nations of the

future by the experience of an earlier day, and sowing, as nature sows, in silence, the seeds of humanity, and virtue, and prosperity.

"Peace for ever, and peace everywhere;" this is one of the great catholic thoughts of the times in which we live; by its side advances another great human idea, the sacred right of personal convictions, the sanctity of private judgment; is that Utopian too? Is the day very far from us when opinions shall be equal—free—unfettered—untaxed? Is there no hope for the dawning of the day when the measuring line of party, the compass of creed shall be forever destroyed? There is hope; every indication of the times favour it; tyranny and intolerance are accelerating and hastening it. And the shadowy differences to which all men are now subject, resulting from difference of education, of temperament, of association; and leading to the partitioning into different sections; all these are aiding the advent of the time of universal thought, and universal homage to thought. When heresy, blasphemy, faith, shall be removed far beyond the dictation and authoritative voice of man, and placed where only they can be properly regarded, in the light of eternity. A few years more and we trust human governments will be forced to lay down all their usurped spiritual weapons, and confine themselves to the affairs of this life; affairs which though temporal, they have certainly not managed so well that they deserve the higher and more responsible trust of the things of another life. It is from the division of

opinion that union in heart and in purpose will eventually result. Our separate sanctuaries—our ministries educated and hired to proclaim only certain particulars of fractional theology—our confessions of faith—our sectarian war-cries—our endowed opinions—our state altars and priests. These, all these are the mournful evidences of limited intelligence and feeble faith, and most contracted sympathy; enlarged intelligence will at once enlarge the scope of vision and the bond of sympathy, and while it will doubtless lead for some time to come, to yet more numerous divisions, and clanship of sentiment, in which some little, trivial, insignificant ism will be exalted to a rallying banner and central point of faith; yet these divisions will doubtless eventually result in amalgamation and union. Sympathy is the bond by which souls are bound; it is like the attraction and gravitation of bodies to each other in the universe of matter; stars of different colour and size, and glory, revolve harmoniously in their orbits; rocks and rivers, forests, fields, and flowers, are bound by one invisible and most potent tie. So is it in the world of morals, of mind; sympathy endures no shackle, tolerates no tie; when the heart demonstrates the sympathy, disunion, antagonism is at an end. The good men of all creeds, classes, countries, are already beginning to suspect that they are nearer neighbours to each other than they had supposed, in time-honoured establishments crusted over with the hoar-frost of ages; from democratic bodies famous for sturdy defiance to

the prelate's frown, and to the magistrate's scourge; from the bands of the illiterate, whose faith is the fervour of juvenile blood, and roused for the most part by the sensual appeal; from even elegant *dilettantie* faith, cassocked and banded, dressed in the decorous white kerchief, and mindful of dignified speech and becoming gesticulation. From all these the hearty voice, more or less in earnest, yet hearty, is ascending, demanding the liberated consciences and the free faith.*

To live in the present, and for the present merely, satisfies no man. All are the children of speculation and of theory; but there are some who realise to us, the idea of men before the age. The man before his age, the Adam Warner of his times.† This is one of the finest conceptions of poetry, one of the noblest characters of biography or history. The man before his age is the Prophet, the Madman, the Enthusiast, the Persecuted of his day. He stands so high upon the mountain that he seems like a speck to most men, if not out of sight altogether. England has had such men, the two Bacons, Roger, and Francis, the first far greater apparently than the last—assure us of it. Friar Bacon is almost forgotten, or only remembered in connexion with superstitions which debase their narrators or believers, but

* Most earnestly, I would ask my reader to peruse and re-peruse EDWARD MIALl's book on the *British Churches*. Mr. Miall is a true Age Architect, his book is doubtless the exposition of the church of the coming era.

† Bulwer's *Last of the Barons*.

he has left us some evidences, of his foreseeing mind. "I will mention," he says, "things which may be done without the help of magic, such as indeed magic is unable and incapable of performing; for a vessel may be so constructed, as to make more way with one man in her, than another vessel well manned. It is possible to make a chariot which without any assistance of animals, shall move with the irresistible force, which is ascribed to those scythed chariots, in which the ancients fought. It is possible to make instruments for flying, so that a man sitting in the middle thereof, and steering with a kind of rudder, may manage what is contrived to answer the end of wings, so as to divide and pass through the air. It is no less possible to make a machine of a very small size, and yet capable of raising or sinking the greatest weights which may be of infinite use on certain occasions, for by the help of such an instrument not above three inches high or less, a man may be able to deliver himself and his companions out of prison, and he and his companions may descend at pleasure. Yea, instruments may be fabricated, by which one man shall draw a thousand men to him by force and against their will, as also machines which will enable men to walk without danger at the bottom of seas and rivers." Here is a man before his age, a man, who in the day of darkness puts no bounds to human performance, because seeing clearly what may be done. The man before his age, beholds the drifting of the great seas of humanity; he knows not how far they may roll, but he knows

that *thither* they must go. This man is the Magician, the Sorcerer, the Faust, the Michael Scott of his time; he is the Heretic, the child of error, the Wycliffe, the Huss, the Savonarola of his day; his life is frequently passed in supreme sorrow, his soul is bowed within him when he thinks of the abounding errors and deceptions of men; but in his patience, he possesses his soul, he utters his word, and waits, and knows that his despised sentences will one day be *aurea sententiæ*.

They will be esteemed as fine gold; his thoughts, mocked at by man now, will be the stepping-stones of improvement. Solitarily as he works he is the Architect of an Age! It is this which invests all the Martyrs of Science, and those other martyrs nobler still—the martyrs for civil and religious liberty, with so high and transcendent a lustre. Thus especially is it with Galileo, whom we may call the Huss of science, if it be not better to call him the Columbus. Of Science he was the prophetic—the evangelic man. And why does the mind revert to him so affectionately? Is it not because his life struck the hour? It was the time of the trimming or kindling of the lamps in the great temple of knowledge, and he, like a priest, held aloft the tapers. How our breast shakes with the deep human emotion, when we read the history of this mighty spirit, the serene and heavenly old man, whose eyes were darkened by looking at the stars—blind—bereaved of his young pious daughter, —seventy years of age, dragged to the tribunal

chambers of the Inquisition, subjected to the extreme torture of the rack and the rope, naked, defenceless, there upon his bare knees before his inquisitorial judges. Yet was he an Architect of the future age. How much does Europe and the world owe to his sagacious and penetrative soul? In his great maxim, that "we cannot teach truth to another, we can only help him to find it," is contained the germ of all knowledge, and the foundation of those future inductions which have won the faith of the world.

And our times witness for us, too, the existence of men before the age; of men, whose minds are engaged in sketching the maps of the future. Almost all the intellectual labour of the present day is sparkling; great in disconnection and disassociation, the mechanic age has scarcely dawned. The want of the world is system; this is the most difficult Utopia to colonize our people. To learn, the power of combination, to mount by combination to independence and worth, this must be the economy of society, the subject of future effort. All the efforts of the friends of the people should be directed to the methods by which the resources of labour may be unfolded, and the energies of labour compacted together. We have hitherto seen but the diseased side of combination in the socialisms and communisms by which men have in alternation, deceived and been deceived. It may with much certainty be prophesied, that Communism has no relation to the future; it is a modern disease which

the reactions of society will cure. Class legislation with all its evils, results from the selfishness of Democracy—for it is unmingled selfishness; it is a chapter from the great book of Utilitarianism—Benthamism. Man is regarded as a brick in a great building; his affections, his hopes, his ambitions, are to be meted and measured out to him, if such things or thoughts are to occupy any share in his attention at all.

The space is gone—the subjects seem untouched. The gardens of Utopia spread away before us, and upon our table are lying the hand-books of many guides who would conduct us thither; man pants after the perfect—he strives to realise a nobler life than the present; to the distant, to the prophetic, every teacher of worth in our age bends his eye. Every true soul is striving to liberate himself and groaning earth, from the evils incident to our very imperfect state. Some architects are striving to build a more perfect health for the body, to give to it wholeness, the happy play of all its functions and its powers. And is not this the idea we form of any Utopia? What can we conceive beyond wholeness? Equilibrium? It is this which makes love and justice one. It is this which brings to the individual or social spirit, repose—that highest word. The remedying of one social or individual evil is an approximation to that state; where every power of man has its own free legitimate healthy play; where goodness comes and moves without an effort or a constraint. At present, human nature is sorely perplexed with its mul-

titude of guides. Truth is one, and simple. Oh that one would in this day simplify it, and instead of carrying about with them a being shaken at all points and from various batteries, that the rays of truth could fall as the blessed flakes of beautiful light, penetrating, subduing, moulding.

Christianity is that influence, that light, that power; it is wholeness which the world needs, which man waits for; it is the Architect of the Age, of Ages. There is no building well without it; it absorbs all good; the machinery of all benevolence, all virtue, all power depends on its genius and spirit, for motion and success. The spirit of christianity is alive; and mighty, for it is the spirit of Eternity. And now that the spirit of man may receive liberty, intelligence, religion, health, what is needed but that the old forms in which God's word has been immured and enshrined should be unclasped; that its permanent power, free from the transient robe and chain, may move forth the apostle of peace to the heart, the herald of good things to come. Thus may the age be balanced and blessed. If man is to be aided in his future development, it must be by christian truth, not the infusion of any new truth, but the presentation of the old, free from the swaddling bands of error in such a manner, that its adaptation to the universal heart of man shall be felt and professed!

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